

BEFORE STOCK TAKING

J. M. **HIGH** & CO.,

Eager to reduce stock prior to August 1st, have marked down everything in their store. Profit and cost is not even considered. Getting rid of surplus merchandise is what they now are after.

TOMORROW:

A lot of about 2,500 yards fine Hamburg, Cambric and Mull Embroideries, been selling at 15c and 25c, now to go at 5c.
90 dozen Ladies' Fast Black Hose, regular 35c value, 19c pair.
79 dozen Ladies' all linen Handkerchiefs, hand embroidered initial, worth 20c, to go at 4c each.
A lot of Ladies' Black Silk Mitts and Black and Colored Silk and Thread Gloves, worth as much as 50c, to go at 10c.
A lot of Silk Teck Scarfs, usually 75c each, now to go at 35c.
A lot of Gents' French Percale Negligee Shirts, were \$1.25 and \$1.50, now 89c.
A lot of Boys' Laundered Percale Shirt Waists, been selling at 65c, now 29c each.
A lot of Kai Kai wash Silks, were 39c, selling Monday at 15c yd
11 pieces Black Figured Brilliantines, very pretty, were 60c, now yours at 35c.
Lot of Colored Figured China and Japanese Silks, were \$1, now to go at 49c.
1000 Remnants, and Dress Lengths black and colored woolen Dress Goods, being closed out at 1-4 regular prices.
100 dozen extra large size Linen Huck Towels, were 35c, now just half value, 17 1-2c each.
19 pcs Turkey Red Table Damask, worth 45c, now to go at 25c.
11 pcs German Half Bleached Table Damask, been selling at 50c, now yours at 32c.
3000 yards Figured and Stripe Lawns, easily worth 7 1/2c and 8 1/2c, Monday yours at 2 1/2c yard.
A lot of Figured, Striped and Dot Duck Suitings, worth 10c, now 5c.
2700 yards Short lengths, Figured Batiste and Dimities, worth 12 1/2c, selling at 5c.
A lot of plaid and stripe Dress Gingham, worth 7 1/2c, at 3 1/2c yard.
3000 yards Figured Persian Lawns, were 10c, now 5c yard.
A lot of blue ground figured and stripe Lawns, were 12 1/2c, now 7 1/2c.
2300 yards Scotch Zephyr Gingham, worth 20c and 25c, now yours at 7 1/2c.
A lot of blue ground figured and stripe Satines, were 12 1/2c, now yours at 7 1/2c.
2 cases yard wide bleached Domestic, worth 7 1/2c, at 5c yard.
1 lot Ladies' French Chambray and Lawn Shirt Waists were \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00, now to go at \$1.00 each.
1 lot Ladies' Duck Suits, were \$3.00, now to go at \$1.50.
1 lot Ladies' Percale Wrappers, were \$1.39, to be closed at 75c.
A line of Ladies' All-wool Serge Skirts, black and navy, worth \$7.50, yours now at \$4.00.
A lot of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Suits, Eton and English Sacque style, worth \$15 and \$20, to go now at \$5.00.
47 rolls All-wool Ingrain Carpets, made, laid and lined, at 50c yard.
39 rolls best Tapestry Brussels Carpet, made, laid and lined, at 65c.
300 pairs 3 1/2 yard Lace Curtains, worth \$2, to go at \$1 a pair.
1 lot Ladies' Tan Oxfords, opera heel and toe, were \$1.50, now 98c.
1 lot Ladies' hand-turned Longola Oxfords, patent tip, were \$2, now \$1.25.
A line of Ladies' hand turned Oxfords, cloth and kid top, opera and square toe, patent tip, worth \$2.50, at \$1.50.
1 lot Ladies' fine Oxfords, in small sizes, were \$3 and \$4, now \$2 pair.
Men's Tan Bal Shoes, opera and square toe, worth \$3.50, at \$2 pair.

Our store now presents rare opportunities to parties wishing to furnish hotels, cafes and boarding houses for the Exposition. Our prices on Carpets and Floor Coverings, Linens, Sheeting, Comforts, Blankets, Crockery, Glassware and Housefurnishings were never so low. Have you visited our French Art Parlors on third floor? If not do so at once.

J. M. **HIGH** & CO.

CROCKERY.

CROCKERY.

CROCKERY.

... GREAT ... CLOSING OUT SALE

The mammoth two-floor Crockery Department of MILLER BROS. must be moved out by August 10th. Endless chance for families, hotels and boarding houses to get their

Exposition Crockery

Etc., at less than half of regular value. The entire Crockery stock must go.

CROCKERY.

5,000 large English Plates 5c each.
342 25c Ironstone deep Dishes 9c.
150 25c large flat Dishes 9c.
20 \$15 handsome English Dinner Sets \$7.48.
142 \$5 and \$6 handsome Chamber Sets \$2.48.
120 \$1 decorated Cuspidors 23c.
148 assorted sized Pitchers 14c.
92 dozen hotel Dishes 40c.
75 60c large covered Dishes 33c.

Closing out prices on French and Carlsbad Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets. Beautiful Art Goods, big assortment of Japanese Novelties, and everything in CROCKERY.

GLASSWARE.

302 10c assorted Pickle Dishes 4c.
980 10c and 15c Salt and Pepper Shakers 3c.
141 25c Sugar and Butter Dishes 9c.
42 sets 50c Goblets 23c.
39 50c Cake Stands 25c.
198 35c large Glass Pitchers 15c.
27 \$1.50 Table Sets 48c.
300 dozen large Jelly Glasses 33c.
50 gross quart Mason Fruit Jars 90c.
60 gross half gallon Mason Fruit Jars \$1.10.

Magnificent line of Saloon Glass, high grade assortment of Imported Blown, Cut and Engraved Sets, Tumblers, Goblets, Olive Dishes, Berry Bowls, etc., at CLOSING OUT PRICES.

TINWARE and HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

20 cases half gallon Coffee Pots 5c.
9 cases one gallon Coffee Pots 15c.
12 cases 2-quart covered Buckets 5c.
8 cases 2-quart covered Stew Pans 7c.
7 cases 10-quart Milk Buckets 14c.
Any size Milk Pans 5c.
144 large 25c Cuspidors 9c.
50 \$1.50 Japanned Water Sets, \$1.
120 dozen 1-quart grad. Measures 5c.
24 dozen 10-quart Dish Pans 12c.

Everything in Granite, Ironware, Tinware, Wire Goods; and all kinds of Housefurnishing Goods must go at this great CLOSING OUT SALE.

See our Closing Out line of BRUSHES.
See our Closing Out line of SILVERWARE.
See our Closing Out line of STATIONERY.
See our Closing Out line of SOAPS.
See our Closing Out line of GAMES AND TOYS.
See our Closing Out line of BANQUET LAMPS.

You can SAVE MONEY by investing in this great sale.

MILLER BROS.,
46 to 50 Whitehall St.

OFF 1/4 OFF

All our Men's Suits subjected to a discount of 25 per cent. The variety includes Cheviots, Cassimeres, Worstedes, Summer Tweeds, Scotch Homespun, Melanges and Serges. They are our own manufacture and the original retail prices were far below competition.

Our \$10.00 Suits, worth \$12.50...	Now \$7.50	Our \$16.50 Suits, worth \$20.00...	Now \$12.38
Our \$12.50 Suits, worth \$15.00...	Now \$9.37	Our \$18.00 Suits, worth \$22.50...	Now \$13.50
Our \$15.00 Suits, worth \$18.00...	Now \$11.25	Our \$20.00 Suits, worth \$25.00...	Now \$15.00

Bargains in Trousers.

Men's Odd Trousers, Worth up to \$2.75; now.....	\$1.98
Men's Odd Trousers, Worth up to \$4.00; now.....	\$2.98
Men's Odd Trousers, Worth up to \$5.50; now.....	\$3.98
Men's Odd Trousers, Worth up to \$7.00; now.....	\$4.98

SPECIAL A large lot of Men's Office Coats, 50c worth \$1.00; now.....

Men's Swell Negligee Shirts Greatly Reduced.

All Straw Hats at Half Price.

Children's Wash Suits 25 % Discount

Our variety of Boys' Wash Suits was never so rich or complete. The weather is just right for them. We waive all conditions in our and their favor and offer them to you at regular prices less 25 per cent discount. We have all the exquisite effects.

Children's Wool Suits 33 1-3 % Discount

This department is brimming with beauty and novelty. Everything that appeals to the taste and prudence of discriminating shoppers is here in profusion. Light and medium weights and colors in all the fashionable fabrics. Notwithstanding all this prices are off 33 1-3 per cent.

EISEMAN BROS.,
15-17 Whitehall Street.

"When then you feel the magic spell
And wake to life the dulcet shell,
Delicious beer to beauty sings
And love dissolves among the strings."



Healthy,
Delicious,
Sparkling.

Barbarossa Beer.

Bacchus, on his sun-crowned throne, looks smilingly around when this beer is used for family, private or club purposes. It is cool, creamy, and beyond cavil the finest beverage of the kind ever produced. In splendid qualities it has no competitors.

Drink "BARBAROSSA," made by the Moerlein Brewing Co., of Cincinnati. It is the best. Being bottled, it will keep indefinitely.

It can be obtained, Wholesale or Retail, from

J. B. WHITLEY,

33 Alabama Street.

Also for sale by the

R. M. ROSE CO.

By the cask or dozen

IN STOCKS THE INDUSTRIALS SUFFERED

**Cotton Held Its Own for Futures, but Spot
Was Weaker—Wheat Sold Off 1 3-4
Cents, While Corn Lost a Fraction.**

New York, July 13.—Speculation at the stock exchange was dull throughout, only 104,199 shares being traded in. The changes, such as they were, were due mainly to the operations of the professionals, although

at the start there was a little selling by holders who exaggerated the importance of the shipment of \$200,000 in gold by the Lucania today. The reactionists, however, were unable to make any impression on prices to speak of outside of the Industrial

als. Sugar, Chicago Gas, Leather and General Electric were noticeably heavy in this group, and fell $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent. Sugar, leading with sales down to 106%. Chicago Gas ran off to 55%, General Electric to 25%, Leather to 16% and Leather preferred to 86. The railway list was not influenced to any extent, and the losses were generally confined to the fractions. The shorts are chary of extending their lines in this

is gaining ground that an important movement is contemplated in the Anthracite coal trade. It is thought that during the coming week something will be heard from some of the big bankers who have been looking over the ground with a view of adjusting the situation which has arisen. This adjustment for some time past. In the last hour speculation developed a firmer tone on covering of short contracts, and prices rallied somewhat anywhere from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. The market, however, closed barely steady in tone. No

changes in the railway list show losses of 100 per cent. Sugar, however, lost 13 per cent.

The bond market was quiet and higher.

Steel was \$22.00.

The sales of listed stocks aggregated 4,000 shares, and of unlisted stocks, 40,000 shares.

Money on call nominally 10 1/4 per cent.

prime mercantile paper 5 1/4 per cent.

Exchange is steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at \$4.89 1/4-83 for 60 days, and \$4.90 for demand; posted rates \$4.89 1/4-83; commercial bills, \$4.88 1/4-83.

Bar silver, 65 1/2.

Government bonds firm.

United States bonds quiet.

Railroad bonds higher.

Silver at the board was 64 1/2-67 1/2.

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DESCRIPTION.	Opening	Highest	Lowest	Today's closing bids	Yesterday's closing bids.
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Delaware & Lack.....				163	165
Northwestern.....	98%	93%	99%	98%	99
Tenn. Coal & Iron.....	37%	47%	36%	27%	37
Southern Railway.....	14%	14%	14%	14%	14
New York & N. E.....	49	49	43%	48%	49
Lake Shore.....	147%	147%	147%	147%	148
Western Union.....	91%	91%	91%	91%	91
Missouri Pacific.....	32%	32%	32%	33%	32

Union Pacific	20%	20%	20%	18 1/2	13
Dist. & Cattle Feed Co.	20%	20%	20%	20%	20%
Atchafalaya	18 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2
Bellevue	18 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2
Louisville & Nash	5%	5%	5%	5%	5%
North Pacific pref.	65%	65%	65%	65%	65%
St. Paul	65%	65%	65%	65%	65%
Rock Island	71 1/2	71 1/2	71 1/2	71 1/2	71 1/2
Chicago & N.	35%	35%	35%	35%	35%
Chic. & R. & Quincy	85%	85%	85%	85%	85%
Ame's Sugar Refinery	107 1/2	107 1/2	106 1/2	107 1/2	108
Erie	107 1/2	107 1/2	106 1/2	107 1/2	108
Am'n Cotton Oil	35%	35%	35%	35%	35%
General Electric	35%	35%	35%	35%	35%

The following are bid and asked quotations	
STATE AND CITY BONDS.	
Ala. 5½s, 27 to 30	Atlanta 4½s.....101
years.....103	Augusta 7s, L. D. 113
8½s, 25 to 40	Macon 6s.....111½
years.....103½	Columbus 4s.....107
New Ga. 4½s.....	Rome graded.....124
1915.....115	Waterworks 6s, 102
Georgia 7s, 1895-191	Rome 5s.....93
Savannah 5s.....106	South Car. 4½s, 105
Atlanta 5s, 1902, 115	Newman 6s, L. D. 103

Atlanta 1912-1924	1921	93
Atlanta 1924-1930	Col. A. C. Grogan	
Atlanta 1930-1933	Col. A. C. Grogan	
Atlanta 1933-1935	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1935-1938	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1938-1940	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1940-1942	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1942-1943	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1943-1944	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1944-1945	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1945-1946	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1946-1947	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1947-1948	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1948-1949	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1949-1950	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1950-1951	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1951-1952	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1952-1953	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1953-1954	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1954-1955	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1955-1956	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1956-1957	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1957-1958	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1958-1959	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1959-1960	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1960-1961	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1961-1962	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1962-1963	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1963-1964	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1964-1965	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1965-1966	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1966-1967	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1967-1968	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1968-1969	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1969-1970	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1970-1971	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1971-1972	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1972-1973	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1973-1974	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1974-1975	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1975-1976	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1976-1977	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1977-1978	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1978-1979	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1979-1980	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1980-1981	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1981-1982	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1982-1983	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1983-1984	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1984-1985	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1985-1986	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1986-1987	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1987-1988	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1988-1989	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1989-1990	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1990-1991	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1991-1992	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1992-1993	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1993-1994	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1994-1995	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1995-1996	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1996-1997	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1997-1998	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1998-1999	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 1999-2000	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2000-2001	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2001-2002	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2002-2003	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2003-2004	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2004-2005	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2005-2006	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2006-2007	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2007-2008	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2008-2009	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2009-2010	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2010-2011	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2011-2012	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2012-2013	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2013-2014	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2014-2015	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2015-2016	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2016-2017	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2017-2018	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2018-2019	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2019-2020	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2020-2021	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2021-2022	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2022-2023	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2023-2024	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2024-2025	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2025-2026	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2026-2027	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2027-2028	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2028-2029	Chas. A. Grogan	
Atlanta 2029-2030	Chas. A. Grogan	

nancier says this week: The statement of the associated banks of this city for the week ending July 13, 1896, is the first in weeks to show a contraction in loans, the net decrease being \$2,512,700. The aggregate volume, however, is still far above the average. The falling off was not unexpected, since the business transacted on the stock exchange during the week had been much lighter than usual and the demand for funds had been less. One or two ago loans were declining regularly several weeks ago.

by week, while loans were then nearly steadily, and while loans were then nearly one hundred millions less than deposits the difference now is \$25,000,000. In other words, loans were then over twenty-eight millions less than at present and deposits were over twenty-two millions higher than the amounts now held by the New York banks. A very cheering sign, even though it may be due to temporary causes, is the stoppage of the movement of money from the interior to this point. The greater part

increased \$1,231,600.

New York, July 13.—The following is the statement of the New York associated banks for the week ending today.

Reserve increase	\$1,231,600
Loans decrease	2,812,700
Specie decrease	231,000
Legal increase	367,400
Deposits decrease	1,963,200
Circulation increase	44,800

The banks now hold \$33,405,300 in excess of requirements of the 25 per centum.

The legal

Local market closed nominal; middling 8 1/4.

ing the past week have been so extreme in their assertion of unusual crop-destruction, that the possibility of a record-dicrow. The exaggeration was carried so far. Still, there has been some unfavorable weather which, in some sections, has been injurious, but uniformly good conditions elsewhere. It is not probable that the yield will be said that the outlook for the forthcoming yield is not nearly as good as a year ago, and no one seems to have been reduced. Prices of cotton is also lower—quite low. The market is not likely to be so low will probably not be bold in attempting to make a serious break in the market. In

MONTHS					
	Opening	High/Low	Today's	Close	Yesterday's Close
July.....	6.91	6.90	6.78	6.78-81	6.82-83
August.....	6.92	6.98	6.78	6.99-81	6.81
September.....	6.88	6.88	6.88	6.88-88	6.96-97
October.....	6.93	6.93	6.88	6.90-91	6.91-92
November.....	6.97	6.97	6.92	6.94-95	6.94-95
December.....	7.02	7.08	6.97	6.98-96	7.00-01
January.....	7.08	7.08	7.01	7.05-06	7.05-06
February.....	7.12	7.12	7.06	7.06-06	7.06-06

Total	497	622	2819
The following are the closing quotations of future cotton in New Orleans today:			
January	6 7/8	July	8 1/2
February	6 7/8	August	8 1/2
March	6 7/8	September	8 1/2
April	6 7/8	October	8 1/2
May	6 7/8	November	8 1/2
June	6 7/8	December	8 1/2
Closed steady; sales 19,500 bales.			
Hubbard Bros. and Co.'s Cotton Letter.			
New York, July 13—The statistical position of cot-			

Telegrams from the south continued unfavorable. The New Orleans bulls mention unexpected material reduction in the Texas crop. The Chronicle's weather summary is of a somewhat more favorable nature, reporting general rain, but light rain as a rule. In Texas, it says, the conditions are now satisfactory with cotton opening in the southern part of the state.

The Sun's Cotton Review.
New York, July 13.—Cotton rose from 1 to 2 points, but lost this and declined 1 point, and then recovered part of this, closing steady with sales of 51,600 bales. Visible stocks, according to the latest figures 3,113,000 bales, against 2,922,000 a year ago, 2,759,000 at this time in 1893 and 2,158,000 in 1892. Liverpool declined 1-32d on the spot and half a point for future delivery, with spot sales of 5,000 bales. The port receipts were 4,029 against 2,285 a week ago and 823

thus far this season 1,991,494 bales, against 1,622,382 thus far last season. The total quantity brought into sight thus far this season is 9,649,085, against 7,345,014 thus far last season. The exports from the ports of the United States thus far this season are 6,654,389 against 5,116,639 thus far last season.

Today's Features—The fluctuations were within narrow limits, and the trading was very light. In favor of the market was the news of damage in Texas and of a heavy rainfall, not only in that state, but in the Mississippi Valley.

Liverpool, July 18-12:15 p. m.—Cotton, spot delivery with a bias in buyers' favor; middling upland 31-11-16; American 3,600 bales; American 4,600; speculation and export 500; receipts 9,000; American 6,600; upland low middling June and August delivery 3 41-64; August and September delivery 3 43-64; September and October delivery 3 44-64, 3 44-64, 3 44-64; October and November delivery 3 45-64, 3 45-64; December delivery 3 46-64, 3 46-64; January and February delivery 3 47-64, 3 47-64.

Our buyers leave on Tuesday for the Eastern Markets to begin their purchases of Fall Goods, where they will do great good by being early in the field with the **HARD CASH** in hand to place it with telling results.

EVERYTHING IS INCLUDED IN THIS SALE

Many things at less than cost; many things at cost.
Prices never so low as the coming week. Everything cut
See Our SECRET BARGAIN from 10 to 11 o'clock, Monday

ner 3 00-64, 651-64; March and April delivery 3 25-64, value furnished cult.
New York, July 13-Cotton steady; sales 888 bales; middling uplands 7 1-16; middling gup 7 3-16; no receipt; none from noon; stock 1,903,175.
Galveston, July 13-Cotton calm; middling 6 11-16; no receipt; 81 bales; none from 81; sales 1, new and sold for \$4.00; no 8221.
New York, July 13-Cotton steady; middling 6 1/2; no receipt; 3 bales; none from 81; sales none; stock 1,935,281.
Baltimore, July 13-Cotton dull; middling 7 1-16; no receipt; 47 bales; none from 81; sales none; stock 1,929,229.
St. Louis, July 13-Cotton steady; middling 6 1/2; no receipt; 3 bales; none from 81; sales none; stock 1,935,281.

THE CHICAGO MARKET.

Chicago, Ill., July 13.—After exhibiting an easy upward movement, the wheat market broke and closed weak at a decline of 1½¢ from yesterday's last prices. The crowd had bought too much wheat yesterday, and the market was unable to absorb the amount for sale, and in the end, sacrifices had to be made in order to dispose of the property. The news from the northwest was still conflicting, and the traders are feeling disposed to permit the market to fluctuate until the crop goes undetermined until the harvest returns begin to come in. September wheat is closing at 69½¢, while the market for 1904 is closing at 69½¢, with the loss

due no reason for an advance unless the winter wheat is killed. They seem to almost entirely ignore some of the large winter wheat states which will undoubtedly have to import supplies before the crop begins to come in. The market is known better in years, but it is nevertheless true that if the spring returns are not good, the price of wheat will be running the quality in the pool that is a small surplus already held in these states and the price of seed. If the northwest crop is large it will put a heavy strain on the pool that will quickly absorb it. The coming of the rain in the far west has depreciated during the past week the price of wheat, which has been a large exporter to Europe, will, from all reports, be required to sell at a sacrifice. The market is not so gloomy, however, in the trade just now that cannot be

lost and raised 50-100¢; 100-150¢; 150-200¢; 200-250¢; 250-300¢; 300-350¢; 350-400¢; 400-450¢; 450-500¢; 500-550¢; 550-600¢; 600-650¢; 650-700¢; 700-750¢; 750-800¢; 800-850¢; 850-900¢; 900-950¢; 950-1000¢; 1000-1050¢; 1050-1100¢; 1100-1150¢; 1150-1200¢; 1200-1250¢; 1250-1300¢; 1300-1350¢; 1350-1400¢; 1400-1450¢; 1450-1500¢; 1500-1550¢; 1550-1600¢; 1600-1650¢; 1650-1700¢; 1700-1750¢; 1750-1800¢; 1800-1850¢; 1850-1900¢; 1900-1950¢; 1950-2000¢; 2000-2050¢; 2050-2100¢; 2100-2150¢; 2150-2200¢; 2200-2250¢; 2250-2300¢; 2300-2350¢; 2350-2400¢; 2400-2450¢; 2450-2500¢; 2500-2550¢; 2550-2600¢; 2600-2650¢; 2650-2700¢; 2700-2750¢; 2750-2800¢; 2800-2850¢; 2850-2900¢; 2900-2950¢; 2950-3000¢; 3000-3050¢; 3050-3100¢; 3100-3150¢; 3150-3200¢; 3200-3250¢; 3250-3300¢; 3300-3350¢; 3350-3400¢; 3400-3450¢; 3450-3500¢; 3500-3550¢; 3550-3600¢; 3600-3650¢; 3650-3700¢; 3700-3750¢; 3750-3800¢; 3800-3850¢; 3850-3900¢; 3900-3950¢; 3950-4000¢; 4000-4050¢; 4050-4100¢; 4100-4150¢; 4150-4200¢; 4200-4250¢; 4250-4300¢; 4300-4350¢; 4350-4400¢; 4400-4450¢; 4450-4500¢; 4500-4550¢; 4550-4600¢; 4600-4650¢; 4650-4700¢; 4700-4750¢; 4750-4800¢; 4800-4850¢; 4850-4900¢; 4900-4950¢; 4950-5000¢; 5000-5050¢; 5050-5100¢; 5100-5150¢; 5150-5200¢; 5200-5250¢; 5250-5300¢; 5300-5350¢; 5350-5400¢; 5400-5450¢; 5450-5500¢; 5500-5550¢; 5550-5600¢; 5600-5650¢; 5650-5700¢; 5700-5750¢; 5750-5800¢; 5800-5850¢; 5850-5900¢; 5900-5950¢; 5950-6000¢; 6000-6050¢; 6050-6100¢; 6100-6150¢; 6150-6200¢; 6200-6250¢; 6250-6300¢; 6300-6350¢; 6350-6400¢; 6400-6450¢; 6450-6500¢; 6500-6550¢; 6550-6600¢; 6600-6650¢; 6650-6700¢; 6700-6750¢; 6750-6800¢; 6800-6850¢; 6850-6900¢; 6900-6950¢; 6950-7000¢; 7000-7050¢; 7050-7100¢; 7100-7150¢; 7150-7200¢; 7200-7250¢; 7250-7300¢; 7300-7350¢; 7350-7400¢; 7400-7450¢; 7450-7500¢; 7500-7550¢; 7550-7600¢; 7600-7650¢; 7650-7700¢; 7700-7750¢; 7750-7800¢; 7800-7850¢; 7850-7900¢; 7900-7950¢; 7950-8000¢; 8000-8050¢; 8050-8100¢; 8100-8150¢; 8150-8200¢; 8200-8250¢; 8250-8300¢; 8300-8350¢; 8350-8400¢; 8400-8450¢; 8450-8500¢; 8500-8550¢; 8550-8600¢; 8600-8650¢; 8650-8700¢; 8700-8750¢; 8750-8800¢; 8800-8850¢; 8850-8900¢; 8900-8950¢; 8950-9000¢; 9000-9050¢; 9050-9100¢; 9100-9150¢; 9150-9200¢; 9200-9250¢; 9250-9300¢; 9300-9350¢; 9350-9400¢; 9400-9450¢; 9450-9500¢; 9500-9550¢; 9550-9600¢; 9600-9650¢; 9650-9700¢; 9700-9750¢; 9750-9800¢; 9800-9850¢; 9850-9900¢; 9900-9950¢; 9950-10000¢; 10000-10050¢; 10050-10100¢; 10100-10150¢; 10150-10200¢; 10200-10250¢; 10250-10300¢; 10300-10350¢; 10350-10400¢; 10400-10450¢; 10450-10500¢; 10500-10550¢; 10550-10600¢; 10600-10650¢; 10650-10700¢; 10700-10750¢; 10750-10800¢; 10800-10850¢; 10850-10900¢; 10900-10950¢; 10950-11000¢; 11000-11050¢; 11050-11100¢; 11100-11150¢; 11150-11200¢; 11200-11250¢; 11250-11300¢; 11300-11350¢; 11350-11400¢; 11400-11450¢; 11450-11500¢; 11500-11550¢; 11550-11600¢; 11600-11650¢; 11650-11700¢; 11700-11750¢; 11750-11800¢; 11800-11850¢; 11850-11900¢; 11900-11950¢; 11950-12000¢; 12000-12050¢; 12050-12100¢; 12100-12150¢; 12150-12200¢; 12200-12250¢; 12250-12300¢; 12300-12350¢; 12350-12400¢; 12400-12450¢; 12450-12500¢; 12500-12550¢; 12550-12600¢; 12600-12650¢; 12650-12700¢; 12700-12750¢; 12750-12800¢; 12800-12850¢; 12850-12900¢; 12900-12950¢; 12950-13000¢; 13000-13050¢; 13050-13100¢; 13100-13150¢; 13150-13200¢; 13200-13250¢; 13250-13300¢; 13300-13350¢; 13350-13400¢; 13400-13450¢; 13450-13500¢; 13500-13550¢; 13550-13600¢; 13600-13650¢; 13650-13700¢; 13700-13750¢; 13750-13800¢; 13800-13850¢; 13850-13900¢; 13900-13950¢; 13950-14000¢; 14000-14050¢; 14050-14100¢; 14100-14150¢; 14150-14200¢; 14200-14250¢; 14250-14300¢; 14300-14350¢; 14350-14400¢; 14400-14450¢; 14450-14500¢; 14500-14550¢; 14550-14600¢; 14600-14650¢; 14650-14700¢; 14700-14750¢; 14750-14800¢; 14800-14850¢; 14850-14900¢; 14900-14950¢; 14950-15000¢;

[illegible]

Wheat	Oats	Rye	Barley	Hay
July	70%	80%	90%	100%
August	75%	85%	95%	105%
September	80%	90%	100%	110%
October	85%	95%	105%	115%
November	90%	100%	110%	120%
December	95%	105%	115%	125%
January	100%	110%	120%	130%
February	105%	115%	125%	135%
March	110%	120%	130%	140%
April	115%	125%	135%	145%
May	120%	130%	140%	150%
June	125%	135%	145%	155%
July	130%	140%	150%	160%
August	135%	145%	155%	165%
September	140%	150%	160%	170%
October	145%	155%	165%	175%
November	150%	160%	170%	180%
December	155%	165%	175%	185%
January	160%	170%	180%	190%
February	165%	175%	185%	195%
March	170%	180%	190%	200%
April	175%	185%	195%	205%
May	180%	190%	200%	210%
June	185%	195%	205%	215%
July	190%	200%	210%	220%
August	195%	205%	215%	225%
September	200%	210%	220%	230%
October	205%	215%	225%	235%
November	210%	220%	230%	240%
December	215%	225%	235%	245%
January	220%	230%	240%	250%
February	225%	235%	245%	255%
March	230%	240%	250%	260%
April	235%	245%	255%	265%
May	240%	250%	260%	270%
June	245%	255%	265%	275%
July	250%	260%	270%	280%
August	255%	265%	275%	285%
September	260%	270%	280%	290%
October	265%	275%	285%	295%
November	270%	280%	290%	300%
December	275%	285%	295%	305%
January	280%	290%	300%	310%
February	285%	295%	305%	315%
March	290%	300%	310%	320%
April	295%	305%	315%	325%
May	300%	310%	320%	330%
June	305%	315%	325%	335%
July	310%	320%	330%	340%
August	315%	325%	335%	345%
September	320%	330%	340%	350%
October	325%	335%	345%	355%
November	330%	340%	350%	360%
December	335%	345%	355%	365%
January	340%	350%	360%	370%
February	345%	355%	365%	375%
March	350%	360%	370%	380%
April	355%	365%	375%	385%
May	360%	370%	380%	390%
June	365%	375%	385%	395%
July	370%	380%	390%	400%
August	375%	385%	395%	405%
September	380%	390%	400%	410%
October	385%	395%	405%	415%
November	390%	400%	410%	420%
December	395%	405%	415%	425%
January	400%	410%	420%	430%
February	405%	415%	425%	435%
March	410%	420%	430%	440%
April	415%	425%	435%	445%
May	420%	430%	440%	450%
June	425%	435%	445%	455%
July	430%	440%	450%	460%
August	435%	445%	455%	465%
September	440%	450%	460%	470%
October	445%	455%	465%	475%
November	450%	460%	470%	480%
December	455%	465%	475%	485%
January	460%	470%	480%	490%
February	465%	475%	485%	495%
March	470%	480%	490%	500%
April	475%	485%	495%	505%
May	480%	490%	500%	510%
June	485%	495%	505%	515%
July	490%	500%	510%	520%
August	495%	505%	515%	525%
September	500%	510%	520%	530%
October	505%	515%	525%	535%
November	510%	520%	530%	540%
December	515%	525%	535%	545%
January	520%	530%	540%	550%
February	525%	535%	545%	555%
March				

[illegible]

CHICAGO'S TROOPS.

The First Regiment, Numbering 1,000 Men, Coming to Atlanta.

THEY WILL GO INTO CAMP HERE

Business Men of the Great City Tender the Trip as a Compliment to the Gallant Command.

Chicago, July 12.—(Special Correspondent.) A northern host of gray-coated soldiers will take Atlanta by storm next October. Chicago day at the Cotton States and International exposition is to be made a memorable one by the attendance of the entire First Infantry, Illinois National Guard, of Chicago, acting as escort for a large delegation of Chicago business men. The idea of giving the southern people a chance to see Chicago's pet military organization was first thought of by General Pittsburg Lee at the time of the dedication of the confederate monument in Chicago on Decoration Day. The visiting federal

the First Infantry, Illinois National Guard, the legislature having in the meantime passed a law authorizing the enrollment of state troops.

The regiment again saw service during the anarchist riots and also during the stock yards riots in November, 1893, at which time the men were on duty for two weeks in the heart of the riotous district. After the stock yards riots came a season of peace until the coal and railroad troubles of last year, when the command was first sent to Panama, in the southern part of the state, and after returning from there was ordered out for service in the southern section of the city, covering a territory of more than fifteen square miles. At this time the regiment was kept in the field for nearly five weeks, and while portions of the command were stationed at nearly all of the disturbed points, especially in the town of Pullman and the stock yards, they succeeded in preserving order without sacrificing a single life.

The First regiment is a prominent feature of Chicago in many ways, and many times each year the members of it are called upon to perform some duty in honor of the city's distinguished guests. The handsome armory on Michigan boulevard that is its home has been the scene of many brilliant assemblages. Here presidents, distinguished foreigners, and noted leaders in all walks of life have been entertained. But of all the guests of the regiment none were ever received with more gracious welcome than were the of-

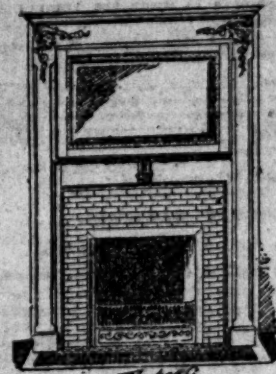
RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

When John Lothrop Motley printed his immortal history of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," it seemed that the final word about William the Silent, of Orange, had been said. The story of the Rise of the Dutch Republic is almost a biography of the prince of Orange. He was an indelibly associated with every movement in the struggle for the liberty of the Netherlands that to tell of it is to tell the story of his life. Yet in a history of a people it is not always possible to bring out in full relief all the characteristics of a leader, and it is this want that the "Life of William the Silent," by Ruth Putnam, is intended to fill.

In the two volumes which the author devotes to her subject, she has shown great ability in the handling of her material, and in the selections from the voluminous correspondence of the prince of Orange. She has followed Motley rather closely, but that was necessarily unavoidable. So fully has she covered the ground that all future historians of the time must render him his due as the great pioneer in his chosen field. But even though Motley's influence is seen throughout the book, it is pleasant to find that the author is familiar with the history of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" will be the ones to enjoy most the biography of William the Silent. Miss Putnam leans to the Freeman school of history. She is afraid of anti-

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A POINTER: There is not Furniture enough—made up—in Atlanta to fill orders already booked. We are working day and night and prepared to double our capacity on short notice. We show on Monday and every day thereafter

TEN EXPOSITION SUITS

Arranged in rooms, with everything necessary for the comfort of your guests.

SEE THESE GOODS BEFORE BUYING—THEY ARE THE CHEAPEST SUITS ON EARTH

3,000 Bedroom Suits, 5,000 Springs and Mattresses, 10,000 Feather Pillows, 5,000 pairs Sheets, Cots, Toilet Sets, Chairs, Tables, Towels, Spreads, Blankets, Comforts and Mattings. We furnish your house complete.

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The largest and most complete stock of fine GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE ever shown South. Hat Racks, Bookcases, Sideboards, Wardrobes, Dining Tables, China Closets, Chiffoniers.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD? See our Mantels. ARE YOU BUILDING? See our Mantels. HAVE YOU BUILT? See our Mantels—Cheapest on earth—Can save you 20 per cent.

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THE EXPOSITION FURNISHERS.

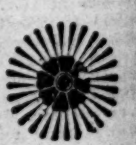
Harvest Time for Clothing.

Visit the store. No matter where you turn, the harvest of ripened and unusual value is ready. Mid-Summer prices are the lowest of the year. Have to be, to make stock adjustments quickly. It isn't easy to transform a Summer store with a vast assortment of goods into an Autumn store with an equal volume of merchandise—and that during the months that most folks count dull. No time for dullness

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Quick work going on. The movement gains as our astounding low prices become known. Buyers are telling of the bargains. They in turn tell others. So it goes. Result—a fine business in warm-weather wearables. Our greatest, most eloquent and interesting speechmakers are the prices now in force

Lads-Steel Co.

a long time is "The Story of Primitive Man," by Edward Clodd, in the "Library of Useful Studies" series being issued by D. Appleton & Co. There is not much new material in the work. It merely sums up in two hundred pages the facts and evidences of man's long sojourn upon earth. The author does not lean to any belief in the story of Eden. He simply tells the story of primitive man from the standpoint of a scientist, and brings his evidence in support of his beliefs.

There is one point that is strongly emphasized in the book, and it is a question about which there has been a great deal of useless discussion and ridicule. This is the question of a missing link. The idea of a missing link is, of course, contrary to every theory of science on the evolution of a species. It is instead of the word missing link, the term thousands of missing links were substituted. It might come nearer stating the case. Of course in the slow development of a species the gradations in individuals would be so slight that it would take ages to note any material change. The idea that there was any abrupt step in the evolution of man is contrary to every principle of the science of evolution as held by its leading exponents, and the cave man of Europe may be regarded just as much a missing link as any that is likely to be found.

Mr. Clodd tells his side of the story of primitive man in a wonderfully entertaining way. There is something weird and eerie about reading the history of these ancient races of men, whose very existence is almost buried in oblivion, and can only be reclaimed by their rude drawings on

ivory and stone, or, per chance, by some skeleton that nature has preserved for us in the rocks. They were great artists in their way, and the spoils of the chase were their favorite subjects. A sketch of the great mammoth, an animal long since extinct in Europe, has been found drawn on ivory with no little skill. Then their rude weapons, the vast piles of bones and shells where they held their banquets, their rude implements of pottery, and domestic implements of stone, all serve to tell the story of their civilization. There are other relics of their civilization which are to this day the marvel of all who see them—the vast circles and structures of stones, as at Kanak and Stonehenge and other parts of Europe. Who built them and to what purpose they were put will never be known. They were ancient ruins when the Romans invaded Britain. How long they have stood as they now stand no man knows. There are other traces of primitive man scattered over all parts of the globe. Their age is a question that is open to speculation. They give us only a clew here within the chronology of seven thousand years, or whether the scientific theory that they are the remains of civilizations that, maybe hundreds of thousands of years old, must be left to the individual student.

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In the South,
And the Lowest Prices.
51 Whitehall Street.



1. Colonel Henry L. Turner.
2. The Home of the Regiment.
3. Captain W. L. DeRemer.
4. Captain S. W. Smith.
5. Lieutenant Colonel G. W. Lauman.
6. Major J. M. Eddy, Jr.
7. First Lieutenant L. Rosenthal.

and confederate officers present at that time were given a reception, at the home of the regiment on Michigan boulevard, at which the regiment gave a dress parade and exhibition drill. As the companies passed the reviewing stand, every man moving like a part of some great machine, the old soldier stood on the edge of the platform returning the salute of each officer as they passed him. As the last company passed he turned to General John C. Underwood and said:

"How much I should like to have that regiment where all of our people could see it. Why can't it be arranged to take those men through the south?"

To the hundreds of Chicago business men who had accepted Colonel Turner's invitation to be present and meet the southern soldiers the idea seemed a good one, and has been pushed steadily forward since that time, until now all arrangements are complete for taking 1,000 members of the regiment through the south this fall.

Members of the regiment will go to the guests of the several hundred Chicago business men, who will visit the Atlanta exposition on Chicago day, and to whom they will act as guard of honor.

There will be twelve companies of not less than seventy-five men each, the regimental band of one hundred musicians, the signal and hospital detachments, and the platoon of machine artillery, fully mounted, that is a part of the regiment.

The command, in company with the delegation of business men, will leave Chicago on the night of October 4th and will reach Cincinnati, O., the next morning, where a stop of three hours will be made and a dress parade and review given. A short stop will be made in the afternoon of the same day at Louisville. From there they will go to Chattanooga, where a big reception will be given the party all day Sunday, October 6th.

The regiment will reach Atlanta on Monday morning, October 7th, and will go into camp on the exposition grounds, remaining there during the 7th, 8th and 9th. A regular encampment will be established and a dress parade and review given each evening.

After leaving Atlanta the party will visit Savannah, Charleston, Raleigh and Richmond and return home by way of Washington.

For all street parades during this trip the gray full-dress uniforms, with white helmets, will be worn; for dress parades and other occasions of ceremony gray coats with white trousers and white helmets will be worn, and for general camp service the regulation blue fatigue uniform of the United States army will be used.

The First Illinois Infantry is one of the best known military commands in the country. West of New York city there is probably no organization of its kind and size that is its equal. With the disbanding of the northern armies at the close of the war the military spirit in Chicago was lost in the business revival that prevailed during the late sixties and early seventies. During this time Chicago was growing and was fast becoming a great city in which some kind of military protection was almost a necessity.

In August, 1874, a few of the more patriotic citizens sufficiently recognized this fact to take steps toward organizing some sort of a military command. A call was issued for a meeting at which the first company was organized. As the state constitution did not provide for a uniformed military it was necessary for the command to provide its own uniforms and equipments. These were supplied by the business men. In less than a year a regimental organization of ten companies was complete, but owing to a lack of any state law to control the members or compel them to attend drills, the command was not as effective as was desired.

Before the command was six months old, the members were called into service by the mayor, to whom they had volunteered their services, to assist in suppressing a riotous demonstration made against the treasury of the relief and aid society of the city. In July, 1877, during the memorable railroad riots, the command saw much active service, and as soon as the trouble in the city had been quieted the regiment was sent into the coal fields at Braidwood for duty where trouble had broken out among the miners.

After returning from Braidwood the men were mustered into the state service as

floors of the ex-federal and confederate armies on last Decoration Day.

Colonel Henry L. Turner, the commanding officer of the regiment, is a veteran of the late war, as all of his predecessors in command have been, but no one in the city gave the southern veterans a warmer welcome than he, and when he called for volunteers from his command to assist in the dedicatory ceremonies of the confederate monument in Oakwood cemetery, the entire regiment responded. Colonel Turner expresses the sentiments of every member of his command in the following poem which he wrote and dedicated to visitors on that occasion:

Taps for the Old Days, Reville for the New.
(Dedicated to the visiting officers and soldiers of the confederate army, by Henry L. Turner.)

"Twas many years ago, boys,
When first we marched away,
We wore the blue, you know, boys,
Whilst you wore the gray.

Then life was fresh and new, boys,
And so it is today,
Only in courtesy to you, boys,
We wear our bands in gray.

"Twas stores and bivouacs all night, boys,
'Twas tramp, tramp, tramp all day,
'Twas thundering, crashing fight, boys,
Between the blue and gray.

Lord, how your bullets flew, boys,
—yet I'm free to say,
We went as good to you, boys—
Blue paid its debts to gray.

Oh, radiant days of strife, boys,
When every hour and day,
Some hero gave his life, boys,
For either blue or gray.

War's epic grandly rolled, boys,
Life soared to heights away,
And glory's rearm told, boys,
For both the blue and gray.

But battle flags are furled, boys,
All anger worn away;
We'll face a hostile world, boys,
Blue side by side with gray.

Sound taps for those old days, boys,
And strew the flowers of May,
As God's own sunshine plays, boys,
O'er both the blue and gray.

And for the days to come, boys,
A ringing revellie;
We'll make the nation hum, boys,
We'll bring the jubilee.

The house of the regiment is a massive granite and brick structure on Michigan boulevard. The drill floor is 17x300 feet square, and does not contain an obstruction of any kind. Twelve feet from the floor and suspended from the room is the visitors balcony, hand stand and colonnade reception balcony. The visitors' balcony has seating accommodations for 2,000 persons. The second balcony contains twelve company parlors, a banquet hall, library and separate rooms for the colonel and each of the field and staff officers. These rooms are all handsomely furnished; the company parlors are the company parlors ranging in cost from \$3,000 to \$5,000. The third balcony contains twelve company locker rooms, a well-furnished gymnasium and toilet rooms, for the band and veteran corps. On the third balcony is the billiard room, quartermaster's storerooms and kitchen, in the basement are eight bowling alleys, twelve rifle ranges, bath and toilet rooms and the heating and lighting plants.

Beginning the middle of August the entire regiment will drill three nights each week until October 30 as to be in the best condition when they return to the south.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

\$12 to Baltimore and Return.

The Southern railway announces the very low round trip rate of \$12 from Atlanta to Baltimore and return July 16th and 17th. The tickets will be good on all trains, including the Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis, and will be valid for 19 days from the date of issue. The Southern railway only takes 19 hours to run from Atlanta to Baltimore, and will carry many people north on this very low rate.

Shipping car berths and accommodations can be reserved in advance upon application to W. H. Taylor, district passenger agent, A. A. Verrill, district passenger agent, Southern railway, Atlanta, Ga.

June 27—until July 15th

PERSONAL.

The Safest Investment.

Is in the stock of the Atlanta Loan and Investment Company, 21 Equitable building, Atlanta, Ga. Send for plans and terms. Jun 15 2m 4 o d

asm, and seems to try to affect an indifference and an impartiality in the treatment of her theme that she possibly does not feel. Her style, generally lucid and pleasing, at times trips up. But the evident earnestness of purpose and conscientious accuracy which she brings to her task atones for such minor failings.

William the Silent was the most remarkable man of his time, in an age when individual men were great, and the people were only just beginning to wake out of their sleep of centuries. He lived in a transition stage of history. The reformation had set Germany on fire. The temporal power of the pope was waning. The people were beginning to think for themselves, and rulers were bending all their foolish energies to keeping them down. The spirit of liberty was stirring in all lands except England and Germany. The vast domains of Charles V had been placed in charge of his son, Philip II, and that prince, who by his bigoted policy was to cause the crumbling of the Spanish empire, was merely proceeding in the name of religion to roast such of his loyal subjects in the Netherlands as dared to think for themselves. Spanish intolerance, ardently seconded by bigoted priesthood, was striving to stamp out the spirit of liberty which was twining in the Netherlands, and the people were without a leader to pilot them out of the wilderness of oppression into which they had fallen. It was then that the prince of Orange took upon his shoulders the task to which he gave his life, and through all the succeeding days of hardships and peril pursued steadfastly the cause of his country's freedom to the last moment when, while dying by the knife of a hired assassin of Spain, he uttered with his last breath a prayer for his countrymen.

His task was a long and arduous one. He had to contend with enemies abroad and with disunion and schisms at home. At no time could he gain the united support even of the Netherlands. He was regarded as the very embodiment of the movement for popular liberty by his enemies, and at all times the inducement of honors and wealth were within his grasp at the price of treachery. So much was the heart and soul of the struggle for independence that Spain felt the victory would be won if she could but win over this one man. He had nothing to expect for himself in the continuance of the struggle. Success never held out to him such rewards as could have been won by treachery. But with a constancy that never wavered, even in the darkest days, and with a patriotism that has seldom had its parallel on earth, he fought out the bitter struggle to the end, and died at last by the hands of an assassin, before he had seen the triumph of the cause to which he had dedicated his life.

Calumniators are never lacking to throw slurs on the loftiest characters. No man is so perfect that detractors cannot pick flaws in his life. Did not even Moses strike the rock twice, and was he not denied the privilege of leading his people into the promised land? William of Orange has been accused of personal ambition. There are historians who have tried to cast doubts on his patriotism, and who have doubted the sincerity of his purpose. The ethical code of the statesmen of that time was always actuated by a strict regard for honesty and truth. If William the Silent chose to bribe the secretary of Philip to send him duplicates of that potentate's voluminous correspondence, he was merely employing tactics with which he had been so familiar at the Spanish court, and the story of the struggle for Dutch independence would pass as a thing of minor importance. The story of the struggle for Dutch independence is one of the greatest dramas of modern history, and William the Silent played its leading role. He was one of the great forerunners of the now world-wide movement for popular rule, and during one of the darkest hours of the struggle for civil and religious liberty he was the standard-bearer of the forlorn hope. He resembled Washington, in that he alone seemed to fully grasp the full portent of the outcome of the struggle. His life is a theme that no one biographer can exhaust, and his story is one which never diminishes in interest.

"William the Silent, Prince of Orange," by Ruth Putnam. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale at Lestp's.

One of the most interesting books on popular science that has been published for

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OFFER THESE:

100 pieces of Calico, best Standard 6 1-2c and 7c spring styles, now offered at 2 1-2c Yard.
 5,000 yards of Outing Cloths, summer styles---instead of 10c yard they are 3c per Yard.
 Best Lining Cambrics, black and all the colors---they are not remnants---at 3c per Yard.
 Fifty pieces Printed Batistes, made to retail at 10c per yard. Here now at 4c per Yard.
 100 pieces Gingham, light colors, 10 or 12 1-2c won't buy better. These are 5c per Yard.
 75 dozen Honeycomb Cotton Towels, 36 inches long and made in proportion, 3 for 10c.
 A small lot of French Challies---all we own. Instead of 65c, they go now at 25c per Yard.
 French Crepe Gingham. Highest class wash goods. Were 35 cts. Now, 15c per Yard.
 White Marseilles Quilts, eleven quarter size, 4-pound weight, worth \$2.50, at \$1.35 Each.
 Printed PK's---our entire stock. They have been 15c yard. Closing now at 8 1-2c Yard.
 Ladies' Gowns, those \$1.00 and \$1.25 styles, high or V neck, perfectly made, at 75c Each.
 Children's Gingham Bonnets, all sizes, worth double the price we are naming, 15c Each.
 75 dozen Ladies' Ribbed Vests, low neck and sleeveless. Think of it! To go at 4c Each.
 Boys' Waists, the dollar kinds---Star, King, etc---odd lots, and they all go at 50c Each.
 Narrow Ribbons, all silk, quality O. K., odds and ends in colors, 7 to 10c grades, at 2c Yard.
 Stamped Linens, Scarfs, Center Pieces, Table Covers, worth up to \$1.00, At 25c Each.
 Gingham Dresses for children, all sizes, \$1.00 and \$1.25 qualities, entire stock, 75c Each.
 Novelty Suits, our entire stock but four, have been to \$20.00 each; choice now \$5.00 Each.
 Florida Water, elegant quality, a delightful perfume for the bath, 50c size, now 19c Bottle.
 Ladies' Flannelette Wrappers, light shades, big ruffled shoulders, etc, been \$1.25, 75c Each.
 Roger Dumas & Co.'s famous extracts, all odors, full size, usually sold for 50c, 25c Each.
 Ladies' Black Belts, silvered buckles, extra length belts, fine assortment of buckles, 25c.
 Ladies' Tailor Made Suits, all wool serge, 3 of the season's leading styles, been \$10, now \$5.
 Toilet Soaps, our entire assortment of broken lots, soaps worth to 10c cake, choice 3 for 10c.
 White Crochet Spreads, big size, solidly and closely made, worth one-third more, 69c Each.
 O. P. White China Dinner Sets, entirely new shapes, only here. Set of 113 pieces \$12.00.
 Black Henrietta, all wool, silk finished, 45 inches wide, 75c always, here only 50c Yard.
 Black Clay Worsted, 45 inches wide, every thread pure wool, worth 75c, here 50c Yard.
 65,000 Pencil or Ink Writing Tablets, tremendous values, some up to 400 pages, 2 for 5c.
 Swiss and Jaconet Embroideries, last of that lot that made us such a record, 15c Yard.
 Silk Gloves, about ten dozen remaining, Tans and Grays, large sizes, 50c goods. 15c Pair.
 Ladies' Unlaundered Linen Hand Embroidered Hemstitched Handkerchfs, 25c elsewhere, 15c.
 Men's Bleached Gauze Undervests, big lot to be sold this week; Special Counter, 10c Each.
 Extra heavy and strongly made Smyrna Rugs, 30 inch Width, proper Length, Each \$2.50.
 Our famous Black Box Stationery, 2 quires and envelopes to match, 50c worth, 25c Box.
 Silks at 50c. Many good things yet in the lot. China Silks, Taffetas, etc., odd lots, 50c.
 Dinner Set fine English Porcelain Ware, new shapes, delicate decorations, 100 pieces, \$14.
 Ladies' tan and black Oxford Ties, hand turned and McKay sewed, \$2.00 shoes, at \$1.25.
 Men's calf, hand sewed lace and Congress Shoes, not to be matched at \$3 pair, here \$2.
 Ladies' black silk and satin long Teck Scarfs, proper to wear with shirt waists, 25c Each.
 50 dozen Gents' silk plated Half Hose, Louis Hermsdorf dye, worth 50c, at 33 1-3c Pair.
 120 dozen Ladies' Lisle thread Hose, fast black and tan, six styles, at 33 1-3c per Pair.
 Extra super all wool Ingrain Carpeting. Remember what you pay elsewhere. 39c Yard.
 Canton Matting, extra heavy, brightly colored, a notably good quality, at 22 1-2c Yard.
 Heavy double twisted checked Hemp Carpeting, a good thing for the price, 15 cts Yard.
 Tea Sets, genuine French China, Limoges, beautifully decorated. Set of 56 pieces, \$7.50.
 Vienna China, Bread and Butter Plates, Dresden decorations, with gold edges, Each 10c.
 Men's Unlaundered Shirts, set in linen bosoms, lined, reinforced front and back, Each 50c.
 Ladies' Silk Waists, a few odd styles, colors and black, worth to \$7.50, Choice at \$3.75.
 Infants' Bonnets, white and white with colored embroidery, styles worth to \$1.50, at \$1.00.
 Ladies' fine bleached Jersey Ribbed Vests, low neck and sleeveless, taped, etc., Each 19c.
 Ladies' Outing Sets for waists, a very attractive line, silvered and enamel, Per Set 25c.
 Ladies' French kid hand sewed Oxfords, tan and black, button, lace, cloth and kid top, \$2.
 Misses' tan and black 1 strap Sandals, plain and patent tip, regular \$1.50 value, at \$1.00.
 Yard wide Cabot Bleaching---a well known and popular brand of domestic---5c Yard.
 Men's Princeton Laundered Negligee Shirts, with Collars and Cuffs attached, 50c Each.
 Ladies' Laundered washable Waists, made with the new full sleeve. Sold at \$1.50. Now, \$1.
 Men's colored bosom white body Shirts, unlaundered, link cuffs to match, Each 50 cts.
 Men's 4-ply all linen Collars, all the new shapes in standing and turn down, Each 10c.
 Two cases yard wide Bleached Domestic of good quality, to be placed on sale at 4c Yard.

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GREAT RE-BUILDING SALE.

It continues merrily. We are reaching grand results. You are securing unprecedented values. The rasp of the saw and the ring of the hammer keep time to rapid trading here. We must make sharp and tremendous inroads on the stock this week. The prices are marked low enough to avert any appearance of the usual Summer dullness. We could fill the paper with items every one of which would be a money-saver to you. These few may give you some idea of the

COLOSSAL REDUCTIONS:

Best American Zephyr Ginghams, choice dress styles in all the pretty colorings and designs, worth 12½c; present price 5c
A large assortment of Cotton Challis and Figured Muslins, neat goods for house wrappers, worth 10c; present price 3c
Superb lines of Printed Jaconet Duchess, Printed Dimities and Printed Batiste Swisses, regularly worth 15c; present price 10c
Half-wool Printed Challis and Novelty Plisse in all the rare and dainty colorings and crinkles, worth 20c; present price 10c
Imported French Plisse, one of the newest and most exclusive Wash Fabrics of this season, worth 25c; present price 15c
All-wool Challis, light and dark grounds with artistic and unique printings, limited quantity, worth 49c; present price 25c
Printed French Organdie, the fine, sheer, beautiful sort with graceful designs and loveliest tints, worth 49c; present price 25c
All our Wash Silks, Swivel Silks, Pongee Silks and Kaiki Silks in stripes and figures, worth up to 60c; present price 25c
A new line of rich and lustrous Taffetas in small and medium shepherd checks, all colors, worth 65c; present price 39c
Black Self-figured Chinas and Fancy Figured India Silks in a wilderness of patterns and colors, worth 75c; present price 49c
A variety of Parisian Taffetas in all the glaze and iridescent effects, stripes, figures and checks, worth up to \$1.25; at 73c

LINENS.

66-inch Bleached Table Damask, regularly worth 65c; at 45c
62-inch Bleached Table Damask, regularly worth 75c; at 57c
68-inch Bleached Table Damask, regularly worth \$1.00; at 73c
72-inch Bleached Table Damask, regularly worth \$1.25; at 95c

TOWELS.

Honey-Comb Bath Towels, long fringe, size 24x40, worth 20c; at 10c
Huck-a-Back Linen Towels, fringe and borders, 24x38, worth 20c; at 12c
Huck-a-Back Linen Towels, fringe and borders, 24x40, worth 25c; at 15c
Satin Damask Towels, fringe and border, 20x40, worth fully 30c; at 19c

BLANKETS.

This is an opportune time for the economical housewife and the alert boarding-house and hotel keeper to anticipate cold weather needs in the way of Blankets

We have about five hundred pairs of fresh, perfect All-wool Blankets. They are very bulky and take up greater space than we can easily spare. The workmen are impatient for more elbow room—that's the inspiration of the following ridiculously low prices. If Atlantians are wise they'll gobble 'em up quick

11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$2.25; at	\$1.25	11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$5.00; at	\$3.50
11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$3.00; at	\$1.98	11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$6.00; at	\$4.00
11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$3.75; at	\$2.75	11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$6.50; at	\$4.50
11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$4.50; at	\$3.00	11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$7.50; at	\$5.00

A REGULAR SMASH IN SHOES.

It is plain to the most careless observer who visits the store that we are in a "fix" concerning our Shoe Department. The workmen have torn away the old Shoe store from foundation to roof. In haste and hurry we were forced to accommodate the immense stock wherever we could. At present it is literally squeezed in the limited space we could free from the Suits and Wraps. Obviously this crowded condition is disagreeable and undesirable. It impedes the usual quick progress that marks business here. There is only one remedy—reduce the quantity. To accomplish it we

CUT PRICES RECKLESSLY.

No matter what you see asserted or quoted from competing Shoe stores you may come here with confidence expecting to find varieties larger, qualities as good, styles as popular and prices lower—considerably, pronouncedly lower than anywhere else in town. The whole stock almost slaughtered. Shoes, Slippers—for men, women and children—everything goes. Nothing exempted, nothing held back, nothing reserved

KEELY COMPANY

KEELY COMPANY

Bargains This Week!


Down the prices go until reliable fine lines of goods bring no more than cheap made articles for special sales.

M. RICH & BROS.

Clearing up departments for Fall and are selling standard goods at a great sacrifice.

CLEARING PRICES!

1,800 yards Domestic Ginghams, worth 12 1-2c and 15c, at 6c a yard.
3,000 yards Imported Zephyr Ginghams, worth 30 to 40c, at 15c a yard.
2,000 yards French Organdies, 39c quality, at 25c a yard.
2,500 yards Beautiful Wash Silks, choice goods, at 25c a yard.
REMNANTS of both Silk and Wool goods at half cost price.
1,000 yards half wool Dress Goods, 35c quality, at 15c a yard.
1,500 yards all wool Dress Goods, 50c quality, at 25c a yard.
800 yards silk and wool Dress Goods, 60c quality, at 27 1-2c a yard.
75c Taffeta Silks cut to 40c a yard.

 **PARASOLS**—A consignment of Black and White Parasols in fine grades to be sold less than cost of production—
\$2.00 Colored Silk Parasols at 50c each.
\$3.00 Colored Silk Parasols at \$1.50 each.
\$5.00 Colored Silk Parasols at \$2.50 each.
UMBRELLAS—Silk Gloria Umbrellas, 26-inch with Dresden Handles, that have lately sold at \$1.50—NOW \$1.00 each.
100 Silk Umbrellas, worth \$4.00 and \$5.00, marked down to \$1.75 and \$2.50 each.

Ladies' Ready-Made Wash Suits.
Ladies' Wash Suits with fancy waists that were \$1.25, are now 75c each.
In Blazer styles a nice line of stripes; this Suit is now offered at \$1.00 per suit.
Duck Suits.
All our \$4.00 Duck Suits, a nice line of stripes, reduced to \$2.50 each.

Hosiery, Etc.
Ladies' Drop Stitch Lisle Hose 25c
Children's Lisle Hose 15c
Misses' 1x1 Ribbed at 15c
Gents' full regular Hose 12 1-2c
Ladies' \$1.00 Shirt Waists at 50c
Ladies' \$1.50 Shirt Waists at 75c
Ladies' \$1.75 Shirt Waists at \$1.00
Gents' White Shirts, percale bosom 50c
Gents' Percale Shirts, collars and cuffs 50c
Boys' Windsor Ties, all silk 15c

LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT! PRICES ARE ADVANCING

Not in Atlanta as yet, but will be advanced here soon. Furniture manufacturers advance prices 10 per cent. Carpet workers are on a strike, and prices will rise rapidly in the next month

BUY NOW
AT LOWEST PRICES EVER REACHED.
—SEE THE WAY WE ARE SELLING—

CARPETS.

Ingrain Carpets, made and laid, from 40c a yard up.
Brussels Carpets, made and laid, from 55c a yard up.
Moquette Carpets, made and laid, from 87 1-2c a yard up.
Best Body Brussels Carpets, made and laid, from \$1.00 a yard up.
Axminster, made and laid, from \$1.10 a yard up.
1,000 rolls to select from—not a few odds and ends that are worn out by handling.
REMEMBER—We handle five times as many Carpets as any dealer in the South.

:: FURNITURE ::

HALF PRICE {—Chairs of every Description—
Office Furniture of all Kinds, Tables, Sideboards, Folding Beds, Chiffoniers, China Closets, Music Stands.—
Parlor Suits, Chamber Suits, Library Furniture, Dining Room Furniture, —EVERYTHING IN THE FURNITURE LINE—
Solid Oak Bedroom Suits, large plate mirror \$11.25
Solid Oak Bedroom Suits, \$50.00 grade, now \$35.00
Chairs of every description—see our big show window.
Mosquito Nets, standard frames, ready to put up.
Rugs of all kinds 50c on the dollar.

VISIT US BEFORE YOU BUY OR YOU WILL LOSE.
M. RICH & BROS
54 & 56 Whitehall St.

THE SPANISH AMERICAS.

Picturesque Countries Having Great Natural Resources.

You have asked me to give you some impressions of South American civilization, which I do with much pleasure. It is a very picturesque civilization and so different from our own in North America that it has been a series of constant surprises and revelations—the differences of custom of living, of personality, of matters that enter into the autonomy of a country. And while it is a civilization very much alike, yet the countries very much differ from each other and present aspects of humanity and marks of progress so entirely different, that the whole makes up a very varied and a very interesting picture.

I have been struck in an especial manner with the restful character of humanity so far as all practical matters are concerned. They are deliberate; they take things very moderately; they enjoy life to the fullest extent; and their repose in



JORJE MONTT.
President of the Republic of Chile.

commercial and other practical matters is in contrast with the restless spirit of revolutionism that seems to pervade everywhere. They are a kind people. They are the politest people I ever saw. They have the most intense and all pervading sensibility to beauty in all its forms. And these qualities pervade everything. They have reduced politeness to a fine art. In their houses, in their streets, in their dress, in everything they show the predominating appreciation of lovely things. I have seen little rags of the street, and flowers pinned upon their soiled costumes, looking at some beautiful scene or gazing unmoved in a window where there were objects of fine art. And the incongruity of their appearance and the love of the beautiful was very apparent and very typical of their character.

Their business hours and business methods are wholly different from ours. In most of the countries it is impossible to see public men before noon. Their method of living is to have coffee and a little bread and butter brought to the bedside, and they take their breakfast from 11 to 1 and their dinner late in the evening. In only one country, that was in Venezuela, did I find that a public man could be seen in the morning. All of the cabinet ministers and the president in Venezuela go to work at 9 o'clock. But this is the exception, and a very marked exception. In no other country was I able to see a president or a cabinet minister or any public man before noon.

Street Cars.
The system of street cars in all those countries is eminently typical of the people there. They have more lines of street cars than we have. There is only one electric street car line, which is in Rio de Janeiro, and all the rest are horse or mule cars, but it shows the luxurious, restful character of the people in that their street car lines are far more patronized than our own. The poorest people ride there and their street cars are always crowded. I was told that their lines were very profitable and I could well understand it because they were so well patronized. They go in every direction. In some of the cities you find lines on every other street almost through the entire city, and the fares are not more than one-half of what are generally charged in the United States.

The most expensive rate of fare was in Montevideo, Uruguay, where the charge was 4 cents in gold or the equivalent to that, but in all the other countries the rate of fare is not higher than 3 cents, and from there down to 1/2 of a cent in gold, and in Chile they use female conductors entirely, and curiously enough they pick the oldest and homeliest of the native women so that young men of a gallant turn of sentiment will not pay them any attention. And they make excellent conductors and attend to their business. In some of the Venezuelan cities and in the island of Curacao, the Dutch island, they have comical little street cars with very high backs, of the most primitive description, that hold but six or eight people.

Chile.
The republic of South America that impressed me as having the most individuality was Chile, and it is a most interesting country not over one or two hundred miles wide and extending down fully one-half of the South American Pacific coast, a varied country and it has in it some of the most exquisite spots of ground that there are in the world, and its cities are



A STREET SCENE IN MONTEVIDEO.

Poetically beautiful, and its women are very attractive personally. The valley of Aconcagua I do not think can be surpassed for its beauty in the world. It is from two to five miles wide, running for seventy-five miles between two main ranges with a railroad running through it and that line of railroad dotted with exquisite little villages, and not a square foot of space in the valley that is not in cultivation or used as a park of grain fields, of green pastures filled with grazing cattle, beautiful gardens, flowers and vegetable Lombardy poplars that tower up a hundred feet, standing within two or three feet of each other and forming the most picturesque fencing imaginable. One cannot conceive of the beauty of this valley without seeing it. It is a dream of idyllic calmness, and the blending of the pastoral and the municipal and the village. In such a combination is rarely seen. Of all the beautiful things I have seen in South America there is nothing that stands so marked and well remembered in my mem-

ory than that beautiful valley of Aconcagua. It is said to be the garden spot of Chile and it is certainly equal to any garden spot in the world.

The Chileans have a style of architecture somewhat different from anything that I have seen. They combine some very novel features in their houses and buildings. One block there, in which was the Hotel Oddo, the diplomatic hotel, was peculiar, beautiful and novel. At right angles through the center of this block run two streets with tiled pavement, cross-roofed with glass, and on each side five floors with goods displayed. The novel effect of placing a square with a cross of inside passage was an idea as poetic as it was charming and comfortable; and on the outside of this block going entirely around it, next to the pavement was a passage way running directly under the second story. This passageway looked out all around the block, and inside the opposite side of the passageway are stores, and above the passageway a broad veranda encircling the entire building, on which the residences above bordered. It would be impossible to conceive of a more poetic square than that and I could not help thinking that no people in the world could have done this except these luxurious and beauty-loving South Americans. One thing that struck me very much and will interest the lady readers of The Constitution was the headgear of the Chilean women. All of the women wear black mantles gracefully draped around the head and over the shoulders coming to the waist, simply exposing the face. These black mantles are used by the rich and the poor, and the condition of the wearer is shown by the richness of the shawl, and walking upon the streets in the cool of the evening these shawls are lowered upon the shoulder and the ladies promenade in their bare heads with their hair gracefully combed. Very few bonnets or hats are worn by the native people, and generally when you see a bonnet or a hat it is worn by some foreigner. It is a very picturesque sight to attend one of the churches Sabbath morning and see the throngs of pious and devout women pour out from the church, all of them with their heads covered with these shawls in their poetic way. It was a very interesting spectacle to me and one that I took especial pleasure in observing.

The Rio de Janeiro Bay.
Next to the Aconcagua valley, the finest piece of South American scenery that I have seen was the Rio de Janeiro bay. It is simply impossible to describe the loveliness of this bay, the city in its picturesque aspects sets off the loveliness of the bay. There is an entire environment of mountains and hills of varying heights around the bay, on one side of which rises up what is called the "sugar loaf," a tall, slender spire of a mountain 1,700 feet high that can be seen far out on the ocean and is the mute sentinel that tells the approaching traveler that he is coming to Rio de Janeiro. The city lies on this bay coming to the very edge of the water, and rising up on the hills, and at night with its tiers of lights, one above another, forms an indescribably poetic spectacle. The houses of Rio de Janeiro are peculiarly beautiful. They are different from the houses in any other city. They have a type of their own. Rio is a very old city



A RAILWAY STATION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

and in all its growth its individuality of architecture has been well preserved. The color of the houses is generally light and there is a wealth of ornamentation that I found nowhere else; a peculiar blending of the old with a very little of the new and a variety of domes, spires and minarets, that give an exceedingly imperial look to the place. The Brazilians treat their houses outside as we treat our houses inside. They put on a variety of ornamentation that reminds us of the exquisite fresco work with which we adorn the interior of our homes. The novelty, high color and the novelty of ornament that are on the outside of their houses impressed me very much.

President Moraes.
I had the pleasure of meeting the present president of Brazil, Francisco de Moraes. This gentleman is a statesman, and he is one of the few South American presidents who has a broad and a distinct conception of the principles of constitutional government. For twenty years during the existence of the empire he was the bold and able advocate of constitutional methods; of a

government of written law rigidly observed and practiced both by the government and the people, in strict conformity with constitutional law. He was for years a member of provincial deliberative bodies, and in all of them he was far ahead of his colleagues in legislation, and in comprehension of the theory and practice of a constitutional regime.

He was born in 1841 in the state of Sao Paulo. It is peculiarly fit that at this stage of Brazil's history, for it must be remembered that she has only been a republic since 1889, there comes into the executive administration of the government such a president as Moraes, one so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of constitutional government. He is the very antipode of his predecessor, Peixoto, who was the soldier pure and simple. Moraes, the first republican, administration of Brazil, gave to the country the rule of the general, now to be followed by the rule of the statesman. President Moraes is the one executive in South America who struck me as being a

genuine republican, and the simplicity of his habits, the utter disregard of ostentation, his evident purpose to put aside to the fullest extent the use of the soldier in civil matters, impressed me very much and gave me the highest augury for his administration. He is evidently a man of conscience, a man of brain, a man of firmness, a man of statesmanship. His home character is said to be delightful. A striking instance is told of him that as far back as 1867, twenty-two years before the empire was overthrown, he was a deputy in his province assembly, and the question was sprung under discussion, when would the people's rights be regarded and law be uppermost in Brazil? He rose to his feet and made this reply: "The day when popular sovereignty comes in this disgraced country is the day when Brazilians shall leave off being Europeans and become Americans!"

President Jorge Montt, of Chile.
Another president that interested me profoundly was Admiral Jorge Montt, the chief executive of Chile. President Montt was a naval officer and the leader of the revolution that resulted in the installation of the present regime, overthrowing the government of the notorious Balmaceda. President Montt is purely a soldier and freely acknowledges his inexperience in matters of civil government, but he is a man of such crystal integrity, such a conservative spirit, such a patriotic sense of duty, so much love for the best interests of his country, with such an ambition to conserve



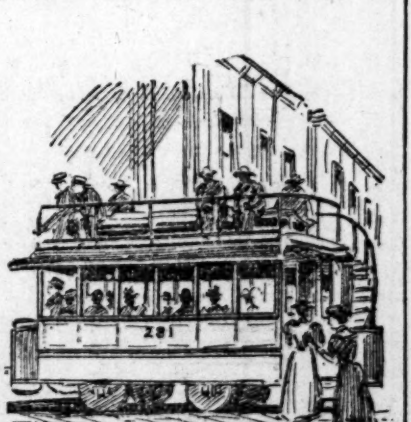
COLONEL I. W. AVERY.

to the fullest extent the welfare of Chile, that he has made an administration, careful, honest, fearless, progressive, that has commended him to every class of citizens in his republic. My conversation with him interested me deeply. He wears his admiral's uniform and is strikingly handsome. He is forty years old. He was educated in the navy and steadily rose through all the gradations of rank to be at the head of the Chilean government. In my talk with him he spoke very frankly of the difficulty of a naval officer, accustomed to the supreme command of a ship and to habits of autocratic authority, discharging the duties of a president, restricted by the provisions of the constitution and the laws, and amenable to the will of the people and to the courts. Where he had in his old life to rely upon his own judgment he now had to look to the law. President Montt impressed me very much with his conscientiousness and his fine equilibrium of spirit. Admiral Montt has performed some very important services to his country. In 1880 he visited Europe to attend to the construction of a number of new naval cruisers for Chile. In 1889 he was the maritime governor of the city of Valparaiso. He is a married man of fine domestic and social qualities.

West India Island of Santa Lucia.

The island of Santa Lucia, whose capital, Castries, is the leading seaport of the West Indies, presented to me some features of great interest. This island was a French island. It was a bone of contention between France and England for nearly two hundred years and probably had more fighting over it, and his fighting at that, than any spot of ground of similar size in the world. It has always been regarded as the key to the situation. England finally won it after it had changed hands back and forth between France and England a half dozen times, and it has been for over half a century the property of Great Britain. Of its 40,000 inhabitants not more than one-twentieth part are white. All the rest are colored and the abolition of slavery was made in 1838. France abolished slavery earlier than this, but England took the island away from her and restored slavery and held it until the year 1838. Since then the colored people have been free. The language on the island is a sort of patois of French and English.

There are some curious things about the island. It has been a great sugar island, but the sugar production has fallen into almost entire decadence and the sugar culture is being replaced with coffee and cocoa cultivation. The main support of the island, however, is the coal business, where, up to a year or two ago, England had a monopoly in the sale of her famous Welsh coal. England has well fortified the island in appreciation of its importance and has strong fortifications around Castries and keeps in the barracks there a thousand soldiers, which she is prepared to increase in number; and England is building a very fine government house there now, showing that



A SANTIAGO STREET CAR WITH WOMAN CONDUCTOR.

In the future she is going to make it the most important of her South American possessions. But a commercial revolution is going on there in which the United States is taking an important part. The United States has a coal mine in the Potosi mines in Virginia, that is now becoming the leading steam coal of the world, and this coal is now sold in the English port of Castries at half a dollar less on the ton than

England's hitherto invincible Wales coal. Last year 5,000 tons of this Potosi coal were sold there and the sale is increasing all the time, and when the Nicaragua canal is built, Castries, lying nearest to the mouth of that canal, the Caribbean sea and the Gulf of Mexico, will become the leading coaling station of the world, and American coal will become the leading coal of the world. Now, when it is considered that this Nicaragua canal will do the bulk of that coaling business, and that our American coal will be the chief coal to be used, the importance of the island of Santa Lucia can be understood.

Today the support of Castries is due to that coaling business, and as you come into the bay the first object that presents itself to the eye in front of the picturesque little city are the great banks of black coal lining the edge of the town and the bay. This kind of dotted with beautiful residences, is certainly a very picturesque spot.

They have a peculiar method of loading the ships. This is mainly done by the negro women, who load baskets that hold a hundred pounds of coal that is piled on the wharf, and with their skirts tucked up to the knees, these big baskets on their heads, tramp up the gangway of the ships in single file, unload the coal and come out by another gangway, and the loading and unloading has been in vogue a long while and these stout-looking females, of all shades of color, from the deepest black to the lightest mulatto, with their

liant features of cityhood. In its waterworks is a water tank holding 70,000,000 gallons of water, encased in a palace that cost \$5,000,000 in gold. It is probably today the finest and most beautiful building in the world. It is that extravagant whim of the present day, a palace, it was made in Paris and is a dream of architectural beauty. Buenos Ayres has the most beautiful interiors of homes that I ever saw. There are series of courts filled with flowers and fountains covered with glass and surrounded by the living rooms. The equipages are of the finest and most costly description, and their public buildings could not be finer.

Arrangements for Street Display.
All the South American people have a genius for public display and their streets are made for magnificent and gorgeous entertainments and festivals. The streets for miles have arches of gas lights from fifty to a hundred feet apart, which on festive occasions are lit up and with the addition of colored globes and banners and tropical colored decorations at night an absolutely indescribable appearance and splendor, Montevideo surpasses them all in the perfection of her arrangements for these street displays, and I saw this city during a three days' carnival, when the entire city of 250,000 people was given up to pleasure and entertainment. The grotesqueness of that occasion I have never seen surpassed, and the brilliance of the beautiful city during that carnival was something that no words can describe. I saw the Uruguayan war pageant in the city of Rio de Janeiro, when that immense place was engaged for a week in these festivities.

Hotels.
The hotel system in these countries is very different from ours. The hotels are not as good as ours, but there are some very fine ones in some of the cities. They only have two meals a day—breakfast at noon, and dinner in the evening, with coffee and a little bread brought to the bedside in the morning, as a sort of a breakfast. They charge for a whole day, though one has only been there a fraction of a day. They charge for lights and soap and in Chile they charge extra for the coffee and bread in the morning. In Buenos Ayres the chambermaids black the boots.

I believe that the best hotel I saw was in Buenos Ayres. In Mexico all the hotels are run upon the European plan.

Women's Status.
The social regime for women in these countries is very different from what it is in the United States. Young women have very little freedom there. They are not allowed to talk with gentlemen except in the presence of their parents or a chaperon, and are not allowed to go alone in the street. Upon our American women going down there this is something of a hardship, for they are obliged to conform to the rules, and the freedom that we allow ladies in our country would damage them in South America. I found in the more progressive countries a material modification in this regime.

Journalism.
The most progressive press that I found was in Buenos Ayres. As a rule the newspapers of South America are not as progressive as the newspapers of the United States. In many of the cities journals are brought out once a week, and the news is as a rule they are not as active as news is in our country. Another curious feature of their journalism is that you have to pay more for old papers than you do for fresh papers. If you desire yesterday's paper today, the price is doubled for it. There were some very strong and able papers in Rio, in Buenos Ayres and in Santiago. In Buenos Ayres the press is very progressive. La Prensa, edited by Dr. Adolfo Davila, is called The New York Herald of South America in circulation and has a wide telegraphic service. In Buenos Ayres there are flourishing and intelligent French, German, English and American papers, besides the Spanish papers, and all good ones and well edited. And Buenos Ayres has large colonies that support these papers.



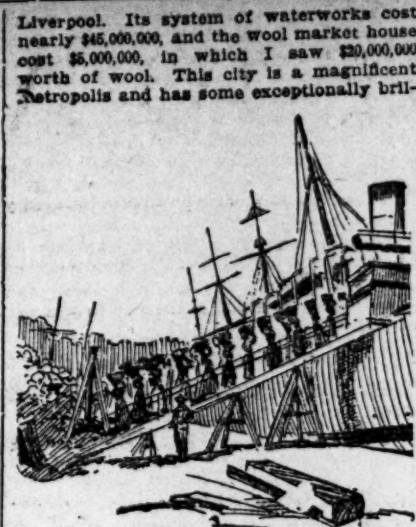
A GROUP OF NUNS, WHITE AND COLORED, IN CASTRIES.

of the church members are colored, and it was to me a very interesting spectacle to attend the leading church and see the devoutness of the colored congregation. They were dressed in their bright-colored dresses with very bright handkerchiefs upon their heads and peculiarly brilliant scarves around their bodies, and with their variegated coloring of complexion, in the church with its figures and its bright ornamentation and its many religious relics and ceremonials, I have not seen anywhere a slight more vivid and more interesting than a colored Catholic congregation at worship. The priest was white, but all of the attendants were colored and the familiarity of all those colored people with the forms of the Catholic church impressed me very much. I visited the convent where they have a picture of the group of nuns, which I prize very much, and among them was a colored sister, very devout and meek and of comely appearance.

The leading hotel in Castries is kept by a colored woman by the name of Mme. Felicité Myers, and her hotel, where the best people board and go, is entitled "La Felicité." She graduated at the convent; is a woman of thorough education and considerable means; speaks French and English with perfect facility; has an excellent library; is a very devout member of the church; and her name in bank is as good as anybody's there.

Cosmopolitan Argentina.

The country that I found most cosmopolitan and the city most developed was Buenos Ayres. This country has the best railroad system in South America, and every railroad runs from Buenos Ayres to the capitals of each province. Buenos Ayres has a system of docks costing \$15,000,000, next to



NEGRO WOMEN LOADING A VESSEL WITH COAL AT CASTRIES, WEST INDIES.

liant features of cityhood. In its waterworks is a water tank holding 70,000,000 gallons of water, encased in a palace that cost \$5,000,000 in gold. It is probably today the finest and most beautiful building in the world. It is that extravagant whim of the present day, a palace, it was made in Paris and is a dream of architectural beauty. Buenos Ayres has the most beautiful interiors of homes that I ever saw. There are series of courts filled with flowers and fountains covered with glass and surrounded by the living rooms. The equipages are of the finest and most costly description, and their public buildings could not be finer.

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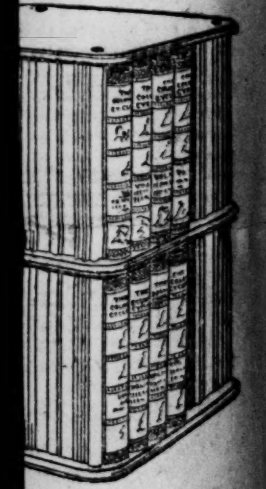
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With Which the Exposition Will Be Opened

Composed for The Constitution by VICTOR HERBERT and Dedicated to the Memory of HENRY W. GRADY.

The Constitution publishes herewith, from the original score of Victor Herbert, the leader of Gilmore's famous band, the music with which the exposition will be formally opened on September 18th.

It is entitled "Salute to Atlanta" and dedicated to the memory of Henry W. Grady.

It is composed by Victor Herbert, the leader of the band which has been engaged for the opening weeks of the exposition. Mr. Herbert's professional reputation is known throughout the musical world. Of the many pieces which he has composed he says he believes the "Salute to Atlanta" will be the most popular.

The Constitution received the original score only a few days ago from Mr.

R. S. Pigott, through whom it was sent for publication. The piece was composed during Mr. Herbert's recent tour and was originally outlined on the head of a drum, after which it was several times revised by Mr. Herbert.

Mr. Herbert's original lines have been given exact reproduction for The Constitution by the Atlanta Engraving Company, and with their strong rhythm, flowing melody and striking originality, the march is bound to be a favorite with bands, orchestras and pianos, and happy dancers will keep time to it in the fascinating "two-step."

After the death of Patrick Gilmore the band for which he had worked so hard had a very checkered career and was almost disorganized when Victor Herbert, the famous cellist, was engaged as leader. Like his predecessor, Mr.

Herbert is an Irishman, having been born in Dublin, his mother being a daughter of the Irish novelist and poet, Samuel Lover. Gilmore's magnetism was a famous factor in his successes, and in this respect Herbert is fully his equal, if not his superior, as is demonstrated in the enthusiastic playing of the famous band of which he is at the head.

On the march to the grounds on the day of the opening of the exposition Gilmore's band will render Mr. Herbert's "Prince Ananias" march, one of the most thrilling marches ever written, and the "Salute to Atlanta" will be played at the formal opening exercises at the grounds.

The score of Mr. Herbert's last effort is published exclusively by The Constitution, and it will no doubt become at once a popular air in Atlanta.

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36 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., July 14, 1895.

Some Political History.

The Constitution publishes elsewhere on this page a letter which, in the light of recent events, will be received as a remarkable contribution to current political history.

The letter was written on the 15th of September, 1890, by Hon. Hoke Smith, now secretary of the interior, and then, as now, proprietor of the newspaper whose remarkable performances to the lash of the administration which have been viewed with considerable amusement in Georgia during the past two years.

The letter was written in the midst of an interesting senatorial campaign, in which Mr. Smith participated in behalf of Governor Gordon's promotion to the senate. Feeling ran high at the time, and organized opposition was threatened by the alliance. The danger of precipitating a division among the democratic voters of the state was imminent, and the situation called for careful treatment on the part of those who had the harmony of the organization at heart. The Constitution was active in the interest of democratic peace, and it advocated then the same measures that it advocates today. There were a great many conferences among prominent and leading men, to the end that harmony might be restored and preserved.

It was supposed that the Farmers' Alliance would engage in politics and play a very important part in public affairs. Consequently it was necessary that there should be a complete understanding among the democratic leaders and the leaders of the alliance, which had not, up to that time, played any part in active politics.

Among those who endeavored to bring about harmony in the party was Secretary Smith. He was not then a member of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, but simply an active democrat. At a very important juncture Secretary Smith sought and had an interview with Colonel Livingston, who was the recognized leader of the Farmers' Alliance, but, as events have shown, not less a democrat on that account.

The fact that the interview had been held became public property during the campaign of 1890, and rumor distorted some of the statements that Secretary Smith had made. To correct these he wrote a letter to Hon. W. L. Peek, who was at that time the third party candidate for governor. As Colonel Peek was out of Atlanta and in Savannah, Secretary Smith said that he would publish his explanatory letter at once, and this he did. The letter appeared in the secretary's paper in September, 1890, where it will be found fully set forth in all the bravery of type. In that letter, referring to his talk with Colonel Livingston, which rumor had somewhat distorted, Secretary Smith says:

"I mentioned a number of measures of proposed reform around which all might gather, and out of them obtain the very best plan for the relief of the people that it was possible to pass.

"1. Currency with NON-PERISHABLE AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS AS A BASIS, the issue to be limited to only a part of the crop, but not to be called in at the end of twelve months. On the contrary, to remain in circulation until a second crop is harvested, and until a portion of the second crop may be substituted for the first, thereby making it possible to keep the money in constant circulation and to prevent a yearly forced contraction.

"2. THE FREE COINAGE OF SILVER.

"3. The issue of treasury notes by which the government bonds might be redeemed, and, INSTEAD OF THE INTEREST-BEARING BONDS, a legal tender currency substituted."

Planks 4 and 5 of Secretary Smith's reform and relief platform call for a graded income tax and a reduction of the tariff.

Explaining his statements to Colonel Livingston as above set forth, Secretary Smith says he made this declaration: "My only purpose was, in a spirit of harmony, to aid democratic nominees and preserve democratic organization, and pass, by a united effort, MEAS-

URES OF PRACTICAL BENEFIT to the people."

It will thus be seen that Secretary Smith, three years before he became a member of the cabinet, was in favor of issuing "currency with non-perishable agricultural products as a BASIS." That is to say, cotton and the like, no matter how great its fluctuations, was to be employed as the money of final redemption, and currency notes were to be made the basis. This is a mere refinement of the subtreasury scheme, which neither The Constitution nor any other genuine democrat ever endorsed.

Secretary Smith was willing, in 1890, to use cotton and other non-perishable agricultural products as a basis of currency, but he is not willing now to restore silver as a part of the standard money of the country and as a basis of currency. Secretary Smith, in 1890, was in favor of the free coinage of silver, but he has now seen a new light, and although the conditions and prospects of the people are infinitely worse in 1895 than they were in 1890, he is now, if we are to judge by his newspaper, in favor of no plan of relief that flies in the face of the British gold standard, and has repudiated even the most plausible of the suggestions made by himself a few years ago.

The Constitution has never favored the subtreasury plan, nor any plan to upset a rational currency system. We are in favor of a restoration of prices to something like the prosperous level that prevailed in 1873, before the mints were closed to silver; but to this simple and feasible plan of relief Secretary Smith, since he has become a member of the cabinet, is wholly opposed. He has taken hold of and espoused the Wall street theory that to restore prices—to restore value to cotton and other staple commodities of the country—would be to depreciate the gold dollar. This theory asserts that if prices rise, the dollar is not an honest dollar. The prices which the people receive for their products may be dishonest and ruinous, but the lower and the more ruinous they are to the farmers and the people who depend on them, the "sounder" and the "honest" is the dollar in which Shylock deals.

In 1890 Secretary Smith was unequivocally in favor of the free coinage of silver, and was anxious to subscribe to a curious modification of the subtreasury plan—anxious in fact to issue paper notes on non-perishable agricultural products. But in 1895 he is certain that the free coinage of silver—the restoration of the white metal to its old place in our currency system—will be a very bad thing. In 1890 he had a series of remedies for the evils that were even then afflicting the people; but now that these evils have been doubled and trebled, he has no remedy whatever, but is content to say to the people that the British gold standard is the thing, and that, although they may suffer under its operations, it is better, to have ruinously low prices and "honest" money than profitable prices and "dishonest" money; that is to say, money that doesn't put as large a profit in the pockets of the bondholders and money-lenders as that which they are now reaping.

Secretary Smith in his letter says that he is in favor of issuing non-interest-bearing treasury notes with which to redeem the interest-bearing bonds, but he says now that if these interest-bearing bonds are not redeemed in gold the credit of the nation will be dishonored. And, in the face of his declarations in 1890, he indorses the issue of \$105,000,000 of interest-bearing bonds, including the \$55,000,000 issued to the Rothschilds, on which was paid a bonus of \$10,000,000, not counting the interest.

In 1890 Secretary Smith was not only in favor of issuing currency on non-perishable agricultural products, but he avowedly favored the free coinage of silver and was in favor of redeeming the interest-bearing bonds in treasury notes. He urged these things in the name of harmony.

In 1895, when the leading democrats of the state are trying to harmonize and solidify the party in favor of the free coinage of silver, as pledged by the party, Secretary Smith's newspaper sets up a loud protest and says that it is an effort to pander to populism.

For the present we leave the secretary to explain his letter to Colonel W. L. Peek the best way he can.

Getting Ready for Another Raid.

We have seen a temporary end to the speculative rise in prices, and we have pretty nearly seen the end of the claim on the part of the goldbug organs that general business is about to get on what is known as a Birmingham boom. The rise in cotton was not unnatural. It is the history of the crop that is soon as the great volume of the year's supply is in the hands of buyers and out of the hands of the farmers, prices will begin to rise. A few months ago, when it was known that the bulk of the Texas crop had been bought, word went round among the chosen few that prices would rise. This happened, as it always has happened, too late for the farmers to reap any of the advantages.

But we have about seen the end of the speculative boom. Not only has wheat dropped from 82 cents a bushel to 64 cents, but the Ickelheimers and the Heidebachs, the pickets and skirmishers of the Rothschild gang, have begun to export gold. It was supposed that the Rothschild syndicate would continue to straddle the treasury until October. This was apart of the secret treaty between Mr. Cleveland and the money barons, but it was also a part of the printed contract that \$32,500,000 in gold was to be imported direct from Europe. This provision of the contract has been violated with the consent of the treasury off-

icals, and it is just as easy to violate the secret provisions.

The truth is that the gold owners want to swap their hoard for more bonds. As a result of their desires foreign exchange is higher than ever before known, and the first shipment of gold to Europe since the money barons took hold of the treasury occurred on Friday. The syndicate cannot long control exchange at the present rate. The premium is too high. British "international money" is at a premium in New York, and the prospects are that the premium will go higher.

This means, of course, another raid on the treasury and another issue of bonds in August or September. This will fall into the laps and pockets of the Rothschild money barons, who have an option on all the bonds Mr. Cleveland may issue up to the 5th of next October. All that the syndicate has to do to force another issue of bonds in its own interest is to let foreign exchange take its natural course under the single gold standard. This will result in another raid, another issue of bonds and a profit to the Rothschild syndicate of from ten to twenty millions on the issue.

All of the cuckoos, therefore, ought to get out in the middle of the road and throw up their hats for the money barons and the British gold standard.

The Sunday Constitution.

The reader who examines the thirty-six pages of today's Constitution without finding much that will interest and entertain him must be hard to please.

Our telegraphic columns cover the world's news, and some of our special features cannot fail to attract attention. A staff correspondent, Mr. E. W. Barrett, furnishes a letter from China, full of bright gossip in regard to the present situation of the celestials.

Mr. P. J. Moran, another staff correspondent, has an elaborate letter from Mississippi, giving the inside of the campaign in that state which is now exciting so much interest.

Colonel W. H. Hildell, once the private secretary of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, brings to light the unpublished history of the famous Hampton Roads conference.

The illustrated page devoted to General Avery's South American letter will capture our readers. General Avery, as the exposition's special commissioner, recently visited every place of note in South America, and his breezy letter describing the political and social conditions and the manners and customs of our southern neighbors, makes capital reading.

Another special feature is the "Salute to Atlanta," the march composed for the exposition by Victor Herbert, the leader of Gilmore's band, which will be the leading musical attraction during the opening weeks of the exposition. This notable piece of music, written for The Constitution, fills a page of this issue, and will be highly appreciated by many of our readers.

Our religious page, the bicycle feature, the departments devoted to finance, science, society and amusements are up to date and will command the attention of thousands.

Besides these features, there are stories, sketches and special articles which the lovers of good literature cannot afford to miss. The Sunday Constitution combines all that is best in the magazine and newspaper fields, and it presents today more good reading matter and a greater variety of it than will be found in any other newspaper published south of New York and Chicago.

The Campaign in Mississippi.

It seems that the effort recently launched to stampede the democracy of Mississippi to the gold standard has slipped trigger.

With a great flourish of trumpets it was announced some months ago that Governor Stone, who has become an ardent goldbug, would be elected to the United States senate to succeed Senator George. To aid him in that race President Cleveland wrote him a most fulsome letter, which rallied to the governor's support most of the office holding contingent in the state. Affairs did not move smoothly, however, and President Cleveland sent Assistant Secretary of the Interior Sims into the state to turn the tide.

The whole story is well told on another page by Mr. P. J. Moran. The Constitution's special staff correspondent. It seems that to give effect to the campaign of Mr. Sims, Governor Stone selected his own home, Iuka, as the scene of the first battle. A thousand Mississippians were gathered there to give the answer of Tishomingo county to the edict from Washington. They listened to the words of praiseful introduction spoken by their neighbor, the governor; they listened to two hours of sound money sophistry from Mr. Sims; they listened to the puncturing of that speech by "Private" John Allen, and then they answered by electing delegates for the free silver candidate for governor, and by passing resolutions favoring the free coinage of silver and the maintenance of the 16-to-1 ratio.

This crushing defeat of Governor Stone in his own home, aided by the power of the national administration through Mr. Sims, is a true index of the campaign now going on in Mississippi. So intense is it that every candidate for office, no matter how trivial, has to plant himself on the people's side if he wants consideration. All the candidates for United States senator, save Governor Stone, are avowed 16-to-1 men, and so assured is Mr. Cleveland as the representative of that idea that he now stands alone in the race against H. C. McCabe, the goldbug, who will not carry three counties out of the seventy-five in the state.

Even the constituents of the newborn

cuckoo, Congressman Catchings, have turned against him, and every county so far acting has declared for free coinage at 16 to 1.

As is pointed out by Mr. Moran, the people of Mississippi have no quarrel with President Cleveland on the score of recognition. That state has been as well taken care of as even Massachusetts itself. The people are aroused to a principle; their homes are at stake, and the prosperity of the country hangs in the balance. They want a restoration of good times, which they are satisfied can be accomplished only through the free coinage of silver on equal terms with gold.

An Interesting Article.

We present elsewhere an interesting communication from Mr. George W. Markens, whose dissertation concerning the Jews will be read with interest in Atlanta.

Mr. Markens is a well known Hebrew, and is a highly educated gentleman. There is no race in the United States more misunderstood than the Jews. And what Mr. Markens says of them will be interesting, not only to the Jews, but to the Gentiles. While it is not necessary to discuss the position advanced by Mr. Markens as to the opinion the Jews now entertain of Christ, we desire to commend the conservatism of his expressions; and what he says of the belief of the Jews is true. No Christian can read Mr. Markens's statement concerning the Jews without commending the spirit of progress evidenced.

From Mr. Stephens's Secretary.

We publish this morning a most interesting contribution to the history of the war of the confederacy from the pen of Colonel W. H. Hildell, of Rome, who was, throughout the late war, private secretary to the vice president of the confederacy, Hon. Alexander H. Stephens.

Colonel Hildell gives some of the inside history about the Hampton Roads conference, of which so much has been said of late, and what he says will be read with unusual interest because of the facilities possessed by him for obtaining information on the subject which is so ably discussed. He is a close student, and one of the best conservators now living of facts connected with the history of the confederacy. Colonel Hildell was not only Mr. Stephens's private secretary, but he rendered valuable assistance to the great Georgian in the compilation of data connected with the war from which was written Mr. Stephens's famous history of the war between the states. Indeed, Colonel Hildell's impress, under Mr. Stephens's supervision, is seen throughout this valuable work.

The page of history contributed this morning is fresh from the record of the war, and we commend it to our readers as a genuine record of the facts relating to one of the most important events of the war.

The letter presented today will be followed by another, in which will be published, from the original correspondence, letters forming part of the controversy between President Jefferson Davis and Vice President Alexander H. Stephens, discussing questions at issue at that time. These letters have been heretofore unpublished, and have been in the keeping of Colonel Hildell for over thirty years. They will be published next Sunday in the second installment of Colonel Hildell's correspondence. What is said on this subject is of more than passing interest, for it is written by a man who knows what he is talking about, and whose statements will prove valuable contributions to the history of our country.

Why Enrich Foreign Miners?

The goldbugs continue to suggest that the free coinage of silver would benefit the western mine owners. They regard this as a result so undesirable that they are doing everything in their power to prevent it. In order to knock our silver mine owners out of the just profits of their legitimate investments, skill and labor, the goldbugs have placed us under the single gold standard, which has the direct effect of rapidly enriching a crowd of foreigners who are developing the gold fields in South Africa.

Our South African letter on another page is a revelation. It tells how a lot of English, French and German adventurers are leaping into fortunes on account of our stupid policy. A dozen princely millionaires, who are now dazzling London with their wealth, picked it up almost without effort in South Africa. Some of them were regular troops a few years ago. There is Barnato, for instance. A short time ago he was a juggler in a circus. He was stranded in South Africa with only half a crown in his pocket. He went to the gold fields, and is now worth \$50,000,000.

One little district in the new El Dorado will yield \$40,000,000 in gold this year. Already South Africa has turned out more millionaires than California has ever had.

Under the gold standard we are enriching these foreigners, who will spend or invest their fortunes in Europe, while our silver mine owners are driven to ruin.

Where is the sense or justice in this policy? Instead of building up the fortunes of the European gold mine owners, why not help our own people first? For every dollar made would go into circulation and stimulate business and industry, and restore general prosperity.

A policy which turns our own people into paupers and multiplies millionaires in Europe cannot be defended from any just and sensible point of view. If the fixing of a metallic money standard will incidentally benefit any mine owners, by all means let us give the preference to

our home miners. It is unpatriotic, unbusiness-like and unjust to ruin our own industries to enrich the foreigners who now monopolize the gold fields of South Africa.

A Texas's True Grit.

The other day Mr. R. M. King, a leading merchant of Denison, Tex., received some samples of kid gloves from a New York firm, ordered for comparison, with a view to substituting them for the goods of another firm.

Mr. King returned the samples, stating in his letter that they were satisfactory, but were not wanted because the New York firm's billheads read, "Payable in gold." In his sharp epistle to the glove merchants he said:

You New York gentlemen are assuming to bite off a pretty good-sized chew when you propose to dictate to purchasers the kind of money they shall pay with in the absence of a special contract, hence I return the goods, not proposing to become a party to the debasement and depreciation of any kind of "United States" legal tender currency by subscribing to a discrimination in favor of gold, with or without a special contract.

If our government, for twenty years in the hands of men so devoid of patriotism, has not only refused to protect its own currency and coin, but has actually educated and encouraged all of your class to discriminate against any kind of legal tender currency and coin by demanding gold in payment of your dues, where any other kind of currency at par would have served your purpose just as well, that gives you no right to demand the same of wronged and oppressed people. We use no gold, and very little of it, and we use the people who have it and seek to make it an engine of oppression. But we have something more valuable than gold, we have sufficient patriotism among our people to protect our currency of every kind (which we hold as sacred as our flag), even when traitors in office refuse to do so.

The Texan went on to say that if the men who control and who are debasing our silver and paper legal tender currency by appreciating gold have conspired together to wreck the nation's credit by delivering us into the hands of the Rothschilds, the people of Texas will quit dealing with them. Under gold bug rule the people will have to re-learn and reform, and the first thing to do is to discard kid gloves and part company with kid glove monopolists and government officials.

We need more men with the independence and pluck of this Texas merchant, and it is to be hoped that southern business men generally will follow his example. One thing is certain: the people will have no money to waste on kid gloves under the present financial policy of our government.

Five years ago Secretary Smith was in favor not only of free coinage, but of a modified treasury scheme. The Constitution never went that far, but it was for the free coinage of silver then and it is for the free coinage of silver now.

The free coinage republicans are organizing to force the nomination of a free coinage candidate. If they can't get one of their own party they say they are willing to support a democratic free coinage candidate.

Editor Stovall, of Savannah, having discovered that he can't tuck the Griffin convention under the bed, is now afraid that it will run over the cuckoos and goldbugs.

The Savannah Press says that "nobody wants to make Mr. Cleveland king." Editor Stovall doesn't keep up with the developments in his faction. There are plenty of cuckoos and goldbugs who would vote to make Mr. Cleveland king if Mr. Cleveland were to command them to do so.

The general feeling is that if Mr. Estlin didn't say it, he ought to have said it.

It seems that the Wall street reform club could "secure" only one southern speaker, and he is not much of a statesman.

Larry Godkin has gone to Europe to repose for a while on the broad bosom of monarchy.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Mark Twain is old, ill and bedeviled by his creditors. The oldest temperance society in the world is the abating community of Ach-lycia, in Siberia, all of whose members are strict teetotallers every day in the year except one. Regularly on the first day of September, year after year, all of the adult members of the commune assemble in the parish church and every one takes a solemn vow before the altar to drink no wine, beer or spirits "from the morrow of the following day for a whole year. The clause "from the morrow" is introduced in order to give them a reward for their virtues in the shape of a whole day of drunken carnival. As soon as they leave the church they begin to indulge in a horrible bacchanalian drinking, which continues throughout the day, until neither man nor woman in the village is sober. This is naturally followed by considerable physical suffering, and then by mental remorse, whereupon the penitent parish enters upon its twelvemonth of model sobriety.

Hon. Ben Tillman announced that he is about to become a Presbyterian, and The Washington Post suggests that he is anxious to get a little refreshing excitement by taking a hand in the Briggs case.

The New York Sun pays a high and a deserved compliment to a distinguished citizen of Atlanta in a recent editorial. It pronounces the Hon. William L. Scruggs's recent pamphlet "The best presentation of the Venezuela question" and goes on to say:

"If there is any American citizen who is not convinced of the soundness of Venezuela's historical title to the territory between the Essequibo and Orinoco rivers which England claims, or who entertains any doubt as to the direct bearing of the Monroe doctrine upon this question, we advise him to procure from the Franklin Printing Company in Atlanta a copy of the Hon. William L. Scruggs's pamphlet 'British Aggressions in Venezuela.' Mr. Scruggs's long residence in Venezuela as United States minister has thoroughly acquainted him with both sides of the British-English claims, and while the clearness, force and fairness of his argument not only qualify him to discuss the subject with authority, but also give indisputable weight to his conclusions.

"We have read ex-Minister Scruggs's pamphlet with interest and admiration. It is the most important contribution to the discussion of an issue which is now rapidly gaining the foremost place among the questions of an international policy. It leaves not the slightest doubt as to the duty of the United States government toward Venezuela in her time of trouble."

Among the members of the Christian Endeavor convention in Boston we see the names of Emma and Lizzie Borden. It will be recalled that one of these sisters a couple of years ago was acquitted at Fall River on the charge of murdering her husband and stepmother. Since her acquittal she has gone about in public just as an innocent and self-respecting woman would naturally do.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

What the Secretary of the Interior Thought About Currency in 1890.

The following letter, written by Hon. Hoke Smith, proprietor of The Evening Journal and secretary of the interior, explains itself. It is taken from the files of Smith's own paper. As will be seen, the letter was written on the 15th of September, 1890.

The Letter.

Atlanta, Ga., September 15.—1890.—Hon. W. L. Peek, My Dear Sir: In The Atlanta Constitution of yesterday you are credited with having used in your Conyers speech the following language:

"Some of General Gordon's friends, Mr. Hoke Smith and others, went to Colonel Livingston and other allies, saying to them that Governor Gordon would support the subtreasury bill if certain conditions were agreed to."

"Colonel Livingston answered promptly that he was sure that the alliance would agree to these conditions, knowing that the alliance men deplored more than any one else the governor's defiant opposition. Colonel Livingston vouched for the alliance, agreeing to the terms proposed."

"Colonel Smith and these other friends of General Gordon pledged themselves that he would accept the agreement."

This statement, so far as it relates to myself, is at variance with the facts, and I can best correct it by giving you what did occur so far as it is applicable.

I wished to talk with Colonel Livingston about the importance of perfect harmony among democrats in Georgia, and he called as my representative, by urging the necessity for preventing antagonisms from growing up among democrats."

I called his attention to the rumor that the alliance nominees for congress would not abide by the action of the democratic caucus in Washington, and to the importance of its immediate contradiction. Colonel Livingston expressed no doubt about the fact that alliance men from Georgia would act in Washington with the democratic organization, and our conversation then changed to the subtreasury.

I urged that it was unwise for alliance men to make an indorsement of this measure a prerequisite to their support of democrats for office. I called his attention to the fact that there were many democrats inside and outside the alliance who were heartily in favor of relief from the present financial system, and who were thoroughly in accord with the effort to increase the circulating medium, but who could not approve the subtreasury bill. If the subtreasury men fought this branch of money reform advocates, the latter would, in self-defense, be forced into a fight against the subtreasury men, and thus those voters who were natural allies would be divided so that nothing could be accomplished.

I stated to Colonel Livingston that there were many like myself, who could not say they were for the subtreasury bill or something better, for this indicated that it was possible for them to support the subtreasury bill as it stood. I urged that many believed the provision of the bill which required products to be sold by the government, and the money received for the same canceled at the end of twelve months unless redemption had earlier taken place at the instance of the depositors, necessitated a yearly contraction of the currency dependent in no sense upon the needs of the public for money, and that I considered this forced yearly contraction even more injurious to the masses than the present system.

I mentioned a number of measures of proposed reform around which all might gather, and out of them obtain the very best plan for the relief of the people that it was possible to pass.

1. Currency, with non-perishable agricultural products as a basis, the issue to be limited to only a part of the crop, but not to be called in at the end of twelve months. On the contrary, to remain in circulation until a second crop is harvested, and until a portion of the second crop may be substituted for the first, thereby making it possible to keep the money in constant circulation, and to prevent a yearly forced contraction.

2. THE FREE COINAGE OF SILVER.

3. The issue of treasury notes by which the government bonds might be redeemed, and instead of the interest-bearing bonds a legal tender currency substituted.

4. A graded income tax, by which the large fortunes accumulated in the hands of the few might be made to bear their portion of the expense of government.

5. A reduction of the tariff generally and especially on the necessities of life.

I also stated that I contemplated writing an editorial on this line. Colonel Livingston expressed himself very favorably to the proposed editorial, and stated his purpose to approve it in The Southern Alliance Farmer. He also said that if General Gordon was upon this line, all fight against him inside of the alliance would stop. I replied that I had no doubt General Gordon was upon the line suggested.

This was the substance of the conversation. There was no argument or attempted agreement between us as to the senatorial question. I, in no sense, represented General Gordon in the conference, and I certainly did not undertake to pledge General Gordon upon the subject. I did not even repeat the conversation to him, although I then believed, and now believe, that the construction which I placed upon General Gordon's position was correct.

I write thus fully to you on account of my absolute confidence in your sincerity, and because my conference with Colonel Livingston was induced by a desire to aid in preventing the bitterness which seemed about to spring up among democrats in Georgia.

My only purpose was, in a spirit of harmony, to aid democratic nominees and preserve democratic organization, and pass by a united effort measures of practical benefit to the people.

To present just that took place, so far as I was concerned, and as a substitute for the contemplated editorial, unless you see some reason to the contrary, I shall publish this letter. Very truly yours, HOKE SMITH.

Colonel Peek being out of Atlanta and in Savannah, I publish this letter at once. E. S.

THE WHITE HOUSE BABY.

Cleveland Progress: Grover Cleveland is the father of another girl baby. It was born Sunday. This makes three. Wait till the old man is the daddy of about twelve, and then he will be heartily in favor of free silver. He will understand why the poor man favors the dollar of our daddies.

Georgia Cracker: Mrs. Cleveland is for the third time the proud mother of a sweet little girl. And every time Grover takes the Buzard's Bay back sleep and looks grumpy.

Calhoun County Courier: Another girl was born into President and Mrs. Cleveland last Sunday evening. At this rate they won't be and they won't attend to wear Grandpa Grover's hat.

Bleakly Observer: Mrs. Cleveland gave birth to another girl baby on Sunday last. Regular Georgia cracker luck seems to threaten Gray Gables.

A SUNDAY SYM-

In Love's Dom-

the old familiar plains—
The summer meadows
The twilight calling of
The silver poplars stand
With shimmering leaves
In the old window where
The blue skies bending
The silver poplars stand
With shimmering leaves
In the old window where
The blue skies bending
The silver poplars stand
With shimmering leaves
In the old window where
The blue skies bending

All things are as of old,
Have one thing, dear: Th
of you
There is no little hand for
No lips of crimson and
And so, I come again
To the remembered beauty
I hear the blossoms tapping
But hear no more thy
face

Like one who, in a dream
Walks forth and treads
I go:
The broad light wakes me
and stream
With beauty and with
know

I call to you—I call
And listen for an answer
Only the dripping of the
Mendacious voices echoing
And thy voice still! O love
And art thou gone fore
Only the star, the bird,
tree?

Return the world is lon
The flowers are fading
above
Pale in life's storms, a
moon
And wander, weary for a

A Serious Bl
"You made a great m
that my father was hung
ried the angry subscrib
"Impossible" replied the
"No, sir! I know what
it was a mule he stole!"

Every one in the state speaks in the high terms of respect of his qualities and attainments, but the people of Mississippi are now roused up to a condition in which principle dominates, and in which personal plays no part.

The Elections So Far.

The state convention of Mississippi will be composed of 350 members. This is double the number of members of the general assembly. There are seventy-five counties in the state. The plan of selecting delegates varies. In some counties the question is settled by convention of delegates, and in others by primary. In most counties so intense are the people on the financial question that they are voting on it directly by way of instruction to the members whom they select for the legislature.

The Only Candidate for Lieutenant Governor.

In speaking to Colonel J. H. Jones, of Wilkinson county, who is the lone candidate for lieutenant governor it was told that the people are pledging ballots, supervisors and road overseers upon the silver question. At a meeting not long ago, in which several candidates for one of the railroad commissionerships made speeches, the first speaker said nothing about the financial question. The last speaker opened his remarks with the advocacy of the 16 to 1 ratio, and when his predecessor jumped up simultaneously and begged leave to make the same announcement.

To show how the people of the state are acting a resume of the state is being sufficient. Oktibbeha county was the first to act declaring for free silver. It is the home of two state candidates for state offices who objected to any gold delegates on the list for fear it might hurt them in other counties. By mass meeting Sharkey county declared for McLaughlin and free silver. Jones county went the same way. In Leake county there were seven hundred in the mass meeting, which was addressed by McCabe. The reply was a McLaughlin delegation and free silver resolution. Newton county also voted for free silver. Clackson county primary was 16 to 1 for the cause of the people. Sunflower county, in Congressmen Catchings' district, stood solid for McLaughlin and free silver. The same unanimity prevailed in Wayne county. So unanimous was the action that it authorized McLaughlin to appoint the delegates himself. Pontotoc county voted free silver and McLaughlin. The primary in Copiah county was one in which much interest was taken throughout the state. Fourteen hundred votes were cast of which only 170 were for the gold standard. The result in Tishomingo county, the home of Governor Stone, has already been alluded to. In Warren county which includes Vicksburg, McLaughlin's friends claim to carry it by four hundred majority.

A Split Condemned.

Washington county has split its convention delegation, giving the legislature, however, to the silver men. This action has been so severely condemned that it will not be repeated. The Clarion-Ledger, which is making a noble fight for the people, says: "The Clarion-Ledger would warn the silver men of the state against any compromise with their goldbug friends, who will doubtless resort to every honorable method known to secure seats in the state convention. Efforts are now quietly being made in this direction, and they should be nipped in the bud, unless the silver question—the only great issue now before the public—is to be abandoned. A principle is at stake, a matter of vital interest is to be settled, and there should be no temporizing with our goldbug friends." "The Clarion-Ledger is opposed to any compromise whatever. When silver men have county conventions they should take no chances whatever in electing delegates to the state convention. They should elect only well-known silver men, not of the milk and cider order, but outspoken friends of free coinage at the present ratio. Friendships and sentiment should not weigh a feather's weight in the matter. It is a contest for principle. When the gold men have control of a county convention,

it goes without saying that they will name gold delegates to the convention, as they should. Asking in favor of gold men, silver people should show them none."

In Lauderdale county, in which Meridian is situated, the senator and his representatives, nominated silver men. Captain W. H. Hardy is the senatorial nominee. He is the man who built the New Orleans and Northeast railroad, of which he was vice president. The representative nominees are A. J. Russell, W. R. Denton and J. D. Stennis.

In Neshoba county the vote was direct on the senatorship, in which the free silver candidates received over 800 votes, as against 150 for Stone.

An incident of the campaign in Sunflower county was that one of the best meetings instructed its delegates to the county meeting to vote generally against the goldbugs.

The senator nominated from Hinds county, in which the state capital is located, are also free silver men. Jackson county, largely peopled by New Orleans merchants, is the only one that has selected a Stone legislator.

Mr. W. A. White, the legislative nominee



GENERAL HOOKER.
Candidate to Succeed Senator George in the United States Senate.

from Harrison county, is also a silver man, as well as the state senator, Mr. E. J. Bowen. In Attala county Mr. J. C. Clarke for the senate and Messrs. J. L. Allen and J. F. McCool for the house are for free silver.

Other counties are acting in the same proportion, and even the gold men themselves do not claim more than five counties out of the seventy-five.

A VETERAN EDITOR TALKS.

Hon. R. H. Henry on the Political Situation as It Is.

Mr. R. H. Henry, the manager and editor of the Clarion-Ledger, the official organ of the state, is one of the best posted men in Mississippi, having a wide political acquaintance throughout the union.

Mr. Henry has attended five national conventions of the democratic party, in three of which he was a delegate. He was a member of the delegation which went to Chicago in 1892.

"The present campaign in this state," he said, "takes no notice of personalism, but is carried on purely on a line of principle. Mississippi is largely an agricultural state. The appreciation of gold has marked the depreciation of everything that Mississippi has to sell. The financial question, you will see, comes very close to them. Our people have no cause of complaint with Mr. Cleveland on the ground of patronage. We have been fully taken care of in that respect. Every farmer knows that what he has to sell has been so reduced that it is

almost impossible for him to live, much less be enabled to educate his children.

That condition of finance which makes the work of the producer unprofitable is wrong in policy. That it is now thoroughly demoralized every one knows. The people of Mississippi are in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. They have no patience with the movements that would delay the solution of that question. The men who are at the head of the gold faction in this state are highly thought of personally. Governor Stone has given the people a clean administration. Mr. McCabe is a man of sterling worth. Assistant Secretary Sims is one of the best men in Mississippi. They are all three men of such character that if there was any plausibility in their present creed the people would flock to them. The people, however, are not being influenced by personal likes and dislikes. They believe that the free coinage of silver would bring prosperity to the agricultural industries and commercial classes. They know that under no circumstances could affairs be any worse than they are. The candidates on the silver side are men the equals of any who have ever illustrated Mississippi. A. McLaughlin, though new man in the leadership of politics, has taken a place for which nature has fitted him. The secret of his success is that he comes direct from the people, his heart is with the silver cause, and he is a man of action. Coming from the plow handle he knows and feels the necessity of the common people. He is vigilant, energetic, adaptable, knows every one, anticipates their needs, and is a leader of men. He is the man for the occasion. There is but one side to the contest now going on in this state. The people are on that side, and when they are truly moved there is nothing that can resist them.

"The Clarion-Ledger has taken the position that the silver counties should not send goldbug delegates to the state convention. The suggestion seems to have been well received, and you can safely count upon it that 90 per cent of the delegates to the state convention will be strong advocates of free silver."

"The people have been disappointed in Mr. Cleveland and stand by their congressmen as against him. The state convention will adopt a clean-cut declaration in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. I can conceive what the few goldbugs in the state are keeping up the fight for, except it is to make records for the future. The administration men seem to think that they ought to make some kind of a showing for their chief."

"The goldbugs have made every effort to distract attention from the silver question to other matters, but the people understand the scheme and will not be led aside."

A Word with Colonel Jones.

Colonel J. H. Jones, the candidate for lieutenant governor, tells a good joke at his own expense. There are nine thousand candidates in all for the offices in the state, and he cannot remember all the names which should go upon the tickets. A few days ago Colonel Jones received a letter from a distant county that if he wanted his name upon the tickets he would have to forward \$1 as his part of the expenses. In a couple of days he received a reply which read: "Your dollar received. What office are you running for anyhow? Please answer."

The Candidates Talk.

At this writing all the candidates are on the circuit, keeping up with the county meetings. I met General Hooker for a few moments as he was talking the train for a point in the northern part of the state.

"It is passing strange," said General Hooker, "that it is the very men who brought about the present state of affairs

who are most dissatisfied. They declare for the gold standard, and yet their discontent with gold is shown by their never-ending discussion of international bimetalism. They offer no solution but sulk ever what they have done. The British members of the monetary conference, through Mr. Chaplin, have expressed their dissatisfaction. The Germans are also in turmoil. Agriculture is prostrated everywhere. The demonization of silver was secured by stealth, and ever since labor has been at a discount and usury at a premium. The people did not ask for the demonization, but they are in the field now, calling for the restoration of silver to the place it held before 1873. The people of Mississippi are so solid in the cause that there is no room for a contest, and as a consequence, the real contest is now between silver men themselves as a matter of personal preference."

General Lowry True.

General Lowry, also a candidate for the senate, has around views on the money question. Upon the present status he has this to say:

I regard it as a cardinal principle of our theory of government that those who ask to participate in public affairs, should be in close touch with the people, and especially so at this particular time, for the American people have passed through a financial ordeal unprecedented in their history. Agriculture as well as every other character of business has been paralyzed, the ruin extending all over the country. I chanced to be in Washington during a special session of congress and heard the discussions. I have been an advocate of the free coinage of silver. Both metals are money under the constitution, and each in its judgment should be acted upon at the mints in the same way and the same manner. In 1873 when it was attempted to demonize silver, when General Grant signed the bill he said: "It was so far reaching in its character that he scarcely knew whether it would be advantageous to the country or not."

I stand here as an advocate for repealing every law that is unfriendly to silver, and leaving the two metals where the constitution and traditions of the country placed them. I call attention to the fact that the democratic convention of Mississippi in 1891 declared, "we believe that gold and silver should be coined on the same terms and conditions, and when the government ceases to discriminate between them they will freely circulate side by side, and be equal in value to the people." The democratic party in convention at Chicago in 1892 said: "We hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver without discriminating between either metal, or charge for mintage, but the dollar unit of coinage of both metals, must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, or be adjusted by international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintenance of the parity of the two metals." I agree in toto with the action and votes of our senators in regard to silver."

Mr. Money Outspoken.

Hon. Henry D. Money was seen a day or two ago at home in Carroll county. Mr. Money is the chevalier Bayard of Mississippi democracy.

"I am glad to meet a representative of the Constitution," said he. "Our contest here in Mississippi is about as solid as you could make it for free silver. All the candidates for the senate, with the single exception of Governor Stone, are 16 to 1 men. The people stand that way to the extent of 90 per cent. Governor Stone has made a good executive, and has had the advantage of large patronage. The silver cause, as some would like to call it, is not dying out. It is growing all over the country, and will capture the next national democratic convention, which must nominate a presidential candidate who will be true to it. There will be no delphic utterance of the Mississippi declaration of August, but it will speak with a directness not to be misunderstood. The election in England

may do much also to settle the question. The conservative cabinet is favorable to it. Notwithstanding the declaration of Mr. Wadsworth in 1892 that as England was the great creditor nation she would have to preserve the gold standard, it would appear that true statesmanship is on the other side. The gold standard would benefit holders of dormant capital, and owners of fixed incomes, but bimetalism would benefit every interest, reviving trade and encouraging agriculture. It has become the saying in India and the east that the yellow man and his white dollar are driving out the white man and his yellow dollar. I have been campaigning in Mississippi for twenty years now, and have never seen the people so aroused as they now are."

"Private" John Allen.

It is needless to say that "Private" John Allen, who is also in the race for the senate, is sound on the money question, and is doing campaign work that tells.

Several weeks ago when Colonel Josiah Patterson, after having deposited \$5,000 in a Memphis bank, came to Mississippi, he was met by Mr. Allen. With the courtesy for which goldbug orators are noted, he punctuated his speech with such expressions as, "Mr. Allen cannot answer this—it may remind him of a joke." Mr. Allen, who followed, crushed out the deceiver or prepared capital, and owners of fixed incomes, but bimetalism would benefit every interest, reviving trade and encouraging agriculture. It has become the saying in India and the east that the yellow man and his white dollar are driving out the white man and his yellow dollar. I have been campaigning in Mississippi for twenty years now, and have never seen the people so aroused as they now are."

SENATOR GEORGE TALKS.

The Father of Mississippi Democracy Is True to His People.

The greatest event of today was the speech of Senator J. Z. George, delivered before an enthusiastic meeting in Winona.

The senator is regarded by all Mississippians with a feeling akin to reverence. During the fifteen years that he has represented his state in the senate of the United States he has maintained a character commanding the highest respect. Elegant in speech, logical in deduction and sound in conclusions, he is a man who never makes a mistake, and whose alignments are always with the people. His hold upon his senatorial seat would be for life, if he so willed it but he desires to spend his declining years in his beautiful home near Carrollton, rather than amid the excitement of Washington.

His speech today was announced as the only one that he would make during the campaign, which added to its importance as the parting words of a great statesman to his people. Somehow the idea got out among the goldbug advocates that while the senator would speak for silver, yet he would denounce the ratio of 16 to 1 as impracticable.

When the senator arose before his audience he departed from his usual custom of extemporaneous speaking and read from manuscript. He explained this by the statement that he desired to hold his subject well in hand, hence had had recourse to this method of preparation. It did not take the goldbug reporters present long to discover that Senator George was not a man to flicker, that he was solid for silver, sound on the ratio and terrible on Wall street.

He declared his unalterable conviction that there would be no prosperity for the country without the free use of the two metals.

"It has been stated," said he, "that the purchasing power of money had increased under the gold standard, it following that if the people did get less money, they got more for it. The statement has always seemed to me to be a hard one to answer, but the other day, in reading some annual

reports, I made a remarkable discovery—that the railroad tonnage of 1894 was 15 per cent less than it was in 1893. The movement of tonnage is the highest proof of the extent to which people are buying. A reduction of 15 per cent on the entire purchases of 6,000,000 people is a startling contraction of consumption, and proves that the purchasing power of the people decreases as the purchasing power of gold increases."

From this the senator went on to warn the people against the delusive hope that they would win an easy victory over the enemies of silver.

"There have been many times since 1893," said he, "that congress would have restored silver, but the enemy was always in the whitehouse. The bankers, the money holders, corporate interests of almost appalling power, will fight to keep silver demonized. These interests, allied with the government, cannot be defeated, but let the people and the government get together and all the financial power of the world cannot stand in their way. The United States can maintain its money at the ratio of 16 to 1, even though for several years the gold standard should be maintained in the way. The enemies of silver will finally submit when they see that the people have the nerve to take action and the will to stand by it."

The speech was so strong and its arguments so well built together, that it must have a powerful influence, not in Mississippi alone, but throughout the union.

THE GREAT CHIEF IS SATISFIED.

For All the Counties Are Instructing Their Delegates for Him.

There lives in Mississippi no more contented man than Senator A. J. McLaughlin. The voice of the people is so unmistakably for him that his nomination is now assured. When I found him in a north Mississippi town he had just heard that his only free-silver rival, Speaker Vardaman, had retired, thus taking the only element of chance out of the way.

"I cannot but appreciate the confidence the people of Mississippi have shown toward me," said the senator, "but I fully realize that it is the cause that I represent that has aroused them to the almost unanimous work in which they are now engaged."

"These people," he continued, "are in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. There are other issues which might be discussed, but this one, involving the question of existence, has been given the foremost place. I cannot explain my own standing better than by repeating what I have already declared to the people of Mississippi, that I believe in the unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and that it should be done without regard for international agreement. Indeed, I do not believe that it is possible to secure international agreement for the coinage of silver until this country takes the lead and acts independently. No nation opposed to silver will consent to its use as long as we make its use dependent upon such consent. It is not the part of statesmanship or sound business principles for a country as great as ours to subordinate our monetary system to the domination or policy of a foreign country. We have tried the policy of subordination and found it wanting. Its blighting effect is too apparent to admit of discussion. The reason is obvious. The destruction of one-half of the money of the country necessarily enhances the value of the other half and depreciates all other property. The increase of the volume of money does not correspond with the increase of population and business, and, hence, there is a constant appreciation of money and depreciation of other property. Men will not invest appreciating money in depreciating property; such property is not considered by money lenders a safe security for loaned money; and, therefore, the money is hoarded and very little of it finds its way into circulation. Money thus hoarded is worth no more to the business of the country than it is to the hoarder. The unlimited coinage of silver would give to the business of the country an adequate supply of money; business would revive; investments would be made and the necessary volume of money would be put into circulation."

"The Constitution is doing a great work for the common people of the country," said Senator McLaughlin in conclusion, "in advocating that policy which would make agriculture and labor prosperous. Tell your people that there is no doubt about Mississippi."

P. J. MORAN.

D. C. BACON, President.

M. F. AMOROUS, Gen'l Manager.

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ATLANTA, GA.



C. McCABE.
Candidate for Governor.

McCabe passed resolutions over senator and the

whether Mr. Sims

to Grover or not, but

he knows more about

than he did a few days

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in 1892 he was chairman

delegation to Chicago

BETSY HAMILTON.

Sister Patience Potter at the Old-Time Camp Meeting.

(Copyrighted by the Author.)

The old time camp meetings in Alabama and Georgia were seasons of great social as well as religious enjoyment; they were annual reunions of families and friends, coming as they did, when the crops were "laid by" and the farmers were at leisure for a few weeks. A cool shady grove in the country, where there was plenty of good water for man and beast, was selected for the camp ground; rough cabins were constructed, or tents spread, for the accommodation of the multitudes who attended these occasions; and the meetings would continue two or three weeks, according to circumstances. No locks, no bars were used on the doors—in fact, many of the tents had no door shutters at all, curtains being used as screens; hospitality by common consent was extended alike to all visitors, whether of high or low degree, whoever chose to attend these religious meetings. No hostess ever knew just how many guests would, at any meal, sit down to her bountiful table, nor how many tablefuls there would be before the hungry throng was fed; ample preparations were, therefore, made for each tent for any emergency. The "stand" occupied the center of the grounds—an immense shelter it was, with rude benches to accommodate large congregations; wheat straw spread on the ground between the benches—if fancy I can suggest that sweet, fresh straw now—the pulpit one end of the shelter, and seats reserved nearby for a number of preachers who



"YES, I'M A SINNER."

took part in the services. They would have sunrise prayer meeting; 11 o'clock a. m. sermon; 3 o'clock p. m. sermon, and services again at twilight. The first bench, of the pulpit was called the "mourner's bench," or "anxious seat," and during the revivals it would sometimes be crowded with anxious souls seeking comfort. Many happy Christians date their conversion from these glorious old camp meeting revivals. Many happy couples, too, date their engagement from a certain delightful camp meeting long ago.

But we must let Betsy Hamilton tell you about a camp meeting she attended in the backwoods of Alabama.

Camps were laid by in the Coosa Valley settlement, and ever body went to camp meetin'—young folks, old folks, old maids, old bachelors, widows and widowers. Betwix the frettin' and squallin' chit'n, fights, loud talkin' boys, brayin' mules and snoutin' women, you couldn't hear nary word the preacher said. People came in gangs for miles along the Coosa river and tented, and t'others camped at their wagons outside the grounds—and, sold watermelons and ginger cakes and cider, and didn't go to preachin'. Camp meetin' is a great place for some'n good to eat, and for couples to court, and for old folks to get together, and talk over old times; but it ain't no place for babies; and I know in reason if babies had their druthers they'd never tend no camp meetin'. Poor little things lugged about in the hot bilin' sun, whinin' and frettin' all the time, and fed on ginger cakes and green apples, and set on a did quilt whar the dogs come along and snatch the chicken legs out'n ther hands—when maybe so ther nannies are right then hollerin' and shoutin' and don't know what's become of the poor little critters.

The camp ground is two miles or better from gran'maw's. Me and Caledonia and Cousin Pink and all o'thers pitched out and walked. Gran'maw and them rid in the ox waggins. Miss Patience Potter rid her little boubtail sorrel pacin' nag. Miss Patience is a tall, lean, lank old maid, and has rid that old po' critter so much, and so long, folks 'low they favor; Caledonia says they both look like they had been raised on nubbins. Miss Patience rigs herself out in all the colors of the rainbow, and people say she wears her frock short to try to look young.

It was the talk at camp meetin' that year that Miss Patience was a settin' of her cap to ketch old Brother Cole, a widower preacher. But the po' old man never seemed to suspicion it—he was a-lyin' around with the sixteen-year-old gals.

Miss Patience had a way of gwine to him ever mornin' fore preachin' to talk about her "spiritual welfar." She 'lowed he was her "pasture," and she reckoned as how she had a right to talk to him about her soul, and it wasn't nobody's business but hern. She told him she was a sinner,

and a benighted sinner at that. She be-mead and abused herse' powerful. He told her she wasn't no wusser thousands that walked to and fro upon the earth. But she wen to him reglar ever 'mornin', and ever time told him the same thing, and that she was a powerful great sinner. He would always praise her ever time and tell her she was as good as anybody.

O, if he could have seed deep down into the bottom of her heart, how she loved to have him tell her that she was good, and wasn't no sinner at all, but was a-gittin' riper and riper all the time for the grave! She kept on a-gwine ever day and ever time abusin' and a-bemeamin' of herse', and ever time hopin' and expectin' him to praise her, and tell her how good she was, and he did, he'd tell her ever time over and over ag'in, that she was as good as the most of folks, and wasn't no sinner at all.

"Yes, I am a sinner," says she, "at heart I am a sinner, a turrible, benighted sinner, and," says she, wipin' a tear from her eye, "a lone, lorn creeter, and I needs somebody to lead me down the dark, thorn-beset path of life in this benighted, sin-struck, unimpy world."

The old man had done said all he could to console her; he told her she was powerful good, better'n most anybody he knowed; he said she was a sinner, and ed; he disputed her benighted sinner, and contradicted her ever time she talked and he said ever'thin' he could think of, but it never done no good and he was at his row's end, and didn't know what else to say. At last he made

old-co-hoo, I know. I ain't so powerful young, but ef it's the oldness; ef it's my age, you aire a-hintin' at. I haint so young, but I can tell you now, you haint no spring chicken your own se'f."

And with that, she riz in a hurry from the bench, put her snuff box in her pocket and walked off, leavin' the po' old man to wonder what he had done.

That night after Brother Morris had preached a real good sermon, old Brother Cole riz in conclusion and took for his text, "A Christian is a Hard Thing to Find."

Now old Mrs. Cass is a widow, and always sets up high the pulpit ready to shout if Brother Cole preaches. She don't shout for none of them high-larnt, high-falutin' towp preachers, but she as Brother Cole opens his mouth she sets into whoopin' and hollerin' and goes off into a trance.

"My bretherin' and sisterin'," says he, "a Christian, a real sho nuff Christian, is a monstrous hard thing to find."

"A counterfett dollar or a spilled alg looks as good as any, till you come to examine one and bust it open, then you'll find, my bretherin', a mighty sight of difference—ar, and so it is with a Christian, or folks what calls themselves Christians—ar."

"My bretherin' and sisterin', ef I was called upon to shoot a Christian—ar, whar do you spozs I'd go to find one—ar? Why, I would take pertickler aim—ar, and I would p'int my gun all around—ar, at fust one and then 't'other—ar, everbody dodged to see who I'd shoot and who I wouldn't—ar."

Old Mrs. Cass was listenin' and waitin' for the time to shout. Miss Patience Potter fanned away with her turkey-tail hoping he would p'int at her for a Christian. "And, Brother Roberson, I wouldn't shoot you—ar, and Brother Thompson, I wouldn't shoot you—ar, and Sister Pinkney, I wouldn't shoot you—ar, nor likewise you, Sister Jenkins—ar, old Miss Jenkins dodged behind Sister Pinkney, nor likewise you, Sister Haskins—ar, or none of you worldly-mindings on that bench over thar (Mrs. Haskins wore a new Sunday bonnet). I tell you my sisterin', fine clothes like take nobody to heaven—ar, and folks can't go to heaven with year-hobs in their years—ar, and Brother Johnson, I wouldn't shoot you—ar, nor Brother and Sister Jones, I wouldn't shoot nary one of you'uns—ar, and Sister Potter, you know I wouldn't shoot you—ar, no that I wouldn't—ar. (Here everybody smiled.) And likewise also I wouldn't take aim at nary one of them onconarned sinners on them back benches—ar, what comes here to meetin' to laugh and to talk—ar. Oh, you onworthy, onconarned, benighted sinners—ar, you needn't dodge, kase I wouldn't shoot a hair of your heads—ar. You that has backslid and backslid and backslid, till you done got plum on them back benches—ar; I say it, and I say it agin—ar, I wouldn't shoot nary one of you'uns—ar. O, you onworthy, onconarned sinners, I wouldn't, in reason, shoot nary one of you'uns—ar. As I was a-gwine on to say—ar, a Christian is a powerful hard thing to find—ar, and when you starts out to shoot one hit ain't like shootin' of squirrels that you can find anywhere on the spring branch—ar. Christians, my bretherin', is as scarce as hen's teeth—ar, and when you tries to find a Christian to shoot—ar, it's like huntin' for a needle in a haystack—ar."

"As I was a-gwine on to say—ar, ef I was commissioned to shoot a Christian, bretherin', I'd load my gun—ar, and I'd put in a big load of buckshot—ar, and I'd ram the load in good—ar, and I'd take pertickler aim—ar, and as I said afore—ar, I wouldn't aim at none of you'uns—ar, I'd p'int it right down thar at Sister Cass—ar, and Sister Cass, I'd pull the trigger and I'd fire the whole load into you—ar."

Old Mrs. Cass set into shoutin' and meetin' broke up, and Miss Patience mounted her little boubtail sorrel pacin' nag and rode sorrowfully homeward.

Thus ended the Coosa Valley campmeetin'.

Brother Cole afterwards married one of the sixteen-year-old girls, and the last we heard of Miss Patience Potter she was still Miss Patience Potter.

BETSY HAMILTON.

Auburn, Ala., July, 1895.

TO SPEAK AT DECATUR.

Congressman L. F. Livingston Will Address the Bimetallic Meeting.

A rousing meeting will be held in Decatur, Monday, the 15th instant, at 12 o'clock. It was called by the Clarkston bimetallic citizens' meeting which was held last Tuesday night and which, after selecting delegates to the Griffin convention, passed a resolution calling the county meeting for Monday, at which all the democrats of DeKalb who favor the restoration of silver to its full function as a standard metal should have opportunity of meeting together and electing delegates from the county to the Griffin convention.

A resolution was adopted inviting Congressman L. F. Livingston to address the meeting in Decatur.

He has responded accepting the invitation and announces that he will speak at Decatur on Monday, at the hour designated.

The occasion will no doubt be an interesting one.

The Mayor Will See.

Wilmington, N. C., July 13.—S. H. Fishplate, who is mayor of this city, has instituted an action for criminal libel against the editors of The Evening Dispatch. It is based on an article which appeared in the Dispatch Thursday, which Fishplate's lawyers say is certainly libellous.

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 Shaker's Digestive Cordial.....85c
 S. S. S., Small 55c; Large.....95c
 Sage's Catarrh Cure.....34c
 Scott & Bowne's Cod Liver Oil.....60c
 Tyner's Dyspepsia Cure.....30c
 Thedford's Black Draught.....15c
 Wine of Cardui.....68c
 Williams' Pink Pills.....35c
 Mellin's Food.....37 and 50c
 Raspberry Vinegar.....35c
 Cutilina Skin Lotion.....50c

We Have the Most Beautiful and Appropriate Souvenir of the Season For Our Patrons.

During this entire week every purchaser of two pounds of Coffee, one pound of Tea, two bottles of Extracts, 50c worth of Spices, or one pound of Baking Powder will be presented with a beautiful hand-painted

JAPANESE FOLDING FAN.

The Fan is very handsome and has no printed matter whatever on it. We will cheerfully supply the entire population of the city with these beautiful Fans on the above terms. These Fans are very costly and it is not sufficient merely to be a customer, in order to obtain one but you make a purchase during this week. See them in our window today.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC TEA CO. Headquarters 75 Whitehall Street. Branch House, 116 Peachtree Street.

PIERRE M. BEALER, MANAGER.

DETERMINATION.

HERE IS A POINTER that you can absolutely depend upon. I am determined to offer some of the Greatest Bargains to be had in the city. Be your own judge. Come and see what we have in

CARPETS, RUGS, POLES, AWNINGS, MATTINGS, SHADES, CURTAINS, DRAPERIES, PORTIERES, TRIMMINGS, FIXTURES, Etc.

Everything made, laid and lined in way of Carpets, and other goods placed in your home to order. . . Suit yourself in way of terms.

R. T. CORBETT, The Exclusive Carpet House, 49 PEACHTREE ST.

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\$10

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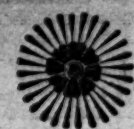
\$16

\$20

Men's fin
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Ladies' V
the latest



WITHOUT MERIT



It would be IMPOSSIBLE to draw CONTINUOUS CROWDS. These SPECIAL SALES at "THE GLOBE" are the talk of the public, both far and near. We attribute the great store's PHENOMENAL SUCCESS to the people's RELIANCE in our ANNOUNCEMENTS and their FAITH in our VALUES--Statements that are as good as gold, which have won for us a CONFIDENCE so justly earned that it would be more than folly to in any way indulge in its abuse. ANOTHER WEEKLY SALE, commencing TOMORROW, which will strengthen our business relations, eclipse all past records, and COMMAND the ATTENTION of thousands upon thousands of interested buyers.

IF YOU WILL COMPARE QUALITIES AND PRICES "THE GLOBE" WILL GET YOUR TRADE.

\$10 and \$12 Suits Made from all-wool black and blue Cheviots, Cassimeres and Tweeds. Nicely made up, this season's patterns; well worth the original price. Special Sale Price.....



\$5.00



\$13.50 and \$15 Suits Made of Worsteds, plain and fancy Cheviots, Cassimere, Thibets, etc. Well trimmed in all the newest styles. Excellent values. Special Sale Price.....



\$7.50



\$16.50 and \$18 Suits Made from Clay Worsteds, Serges, Thibets, Cheviots and Twills. Handsomely finished. The greatest bargains offered. Special Sale Price.....



\$10.00



\$20 and \$22 Suits Made from desirable materials, highest grade of tailoring. Beyond a doubt the greatest values ever offered. Special Sale Price.....



\$12.50



When the clouds leak, use one of our Mackintoshes, \$3.98.

"They win in the stretch," our Suspenders, 10c, 15c, 25c, 38c and 48c.

Are you aware that our Underwear will outwear in wear any Underwear sold elsewhere. 25c, 38c, 48c and 75c.

Hot, ain't it! You ought to be in one of our thin Coats, 50c.

White and Fancy Vests, cut low in neck and price, 48c, 79c, 98c and \$1.48.

Take your pick out of eight hundred Straw Hats, 25c 38c and 48c.

Got some more Laundered Negligee Shirts, better than the last lot. We could sell them at \$1. Take 'em at 48c.

More Knee Pants for more boys, 4 to 15, splendid value, 48c and 75c.

Our buyer sent us 97 doz. 50c Ties. We have half a notion to sell them at 25c. On sale next week, choice a quarter.

Scriven's Drawers are only \$1 any place, here 79c.

For that "attired feeling" use one of our GLOBE SHIRTS, laundered, 48c.

Shoes! Shoes!

Men's finest grade of Tan Patent Leather and French Calf Shoes, these are the \$5 and \$6 kind..... **\$3.75**

Men's hand-sewed, Tan and Black Shoes, any style, these are the \$4 kind..... **\$2.98**

Men's Pump Sole Porpoise Calf Shoes, fine fitters, these are the \$3 kind..... **\$1.98**

Men's Sattin Calf "Our Challenge" Shoes, these are the \$2 kind..... **\$1.48**

Men's Solid Leather Working Shoes, these are the \$1.50 kind..... **98c**

Ladies' Vic Kid Tan or Black Oxfords, the latest shapes; these are the \$3.50 kind..... **\$2.48**

Ladies' Vic Kid Oxfords, any style, lace, button or congress; these are the \$3 kind..... **\$1.98**

Ladies' Dongola Kid Oxfords, all shapes and sizes; these are the \$2.50 kind..... **\$1.48**

Ladies' Dongola Kid Oxfords, square or opera toes; these are the \$1.50 kind..... **98c**

Ladies' Common sense Oxfords, sizes 2 1/2 to 8; these are the \$1.25 kind..... **85c**

Misses' Patent Leather Sandals, sizes 1 1/2 to 2; these are the \$1.50 kind..... **98c**

Misses' Dongola Kid Sandals, sizes 1 1/2 to 2; these are the \$1.25 kind..... **76c**

Child's Black or Tan Oxfords, sizes 6 to 10 1/2; these are the \$1 kind..... **48c**

THE GLOBE
SHOE & CLOTHING CO
89. Whitehall. 74-76 S. Broad.
Atlanta, Ga.

Our Mail Order Department.

We make a specialty of mail order business, sending goods to all parts of the country. We guarantee all goods to be exactly as represented, or refund the money. This feature of our business secures and retains the confidence of a vast patronage who have found it a pleasure to deal with a house whose reliability is assured and where orders are promptly filled.

Samples of suits and pants or price list of shoes sent to any address.

MOONSHINERS.

Bill Arp Meets Two Prisoners on a Train
Coming to Atlanta.

THE DANGER OF BEING CAUGHT

Generally There Is Somebody Who Will
Give Away the Secret for
a Few Dollars.

"Here! Come in here! Come right along," said the deputy marshal, and four prisoners followed him into the smoker and sat down where he pointed. Two of them were white and two colored. There were three officers in charge and the party was bound for Atlanta. The younger white prisoner sat just behind me and after a glance at him and seeing his hand bound up in rags I ventured to ask him what was the matter with it. He said that a piece of timber fell on it and mangled it. He was a young man with barely any beard and had a pleasant face. He seemed grateful that I had inquired about his hand.

"What have you all been doing?" said I. "Moonshining, they say," he said, with a weak smile. The officer sitting next to him then informed me that this gang was captured in Polk county yesterday, not far from Taylorsville, and they had the biggest still that had ever been found in the woods. It was so big that it would not go in at the car door and had to be hauled on a flat.

"Where in the world did you get it?" said I to the young man.

"I didn't get it," said he, "but they say it came from Rome."

"He don't admit anything," said the officer, smiling, and you must press him too hard. He has just been bound over to the federal court, and if he can't give a bond will have to lie in jail till October."

"You are not married?" I asked.

"No," said he. "That's good," said I. "How about that other man?"

"He has a wife and one child," said he. The other white man looked about thirty, and was well dressed. He was the designer and promoter, the capitalist, and did not seem to be much concerned. He bought some candies from the newsboy and handed them to the young man and the officer and the two negroes, and was quite chatty. The negroes seemed unconcerned and enjoyed the ride. One said:

"Dis de fust free ride I have in a long time. Hit beats a scurshion."

After awhile one of them dropped to sleep. But the young white man was evidently suffering both physically and mentally. His face had a sad and dreamy expression.

"Is this your first experience in this line?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir," said he, "and it will be my last. I never thought about it much until I was into it."

"How long has that still been running there?" said I.

"About three months," he said.

"Where do your folks live?"

"Up in Union," he said, and I could almost see his thoughts going back to the

old homefolks, where a few years ago he was happy and free.

After awhile he was called on the other side, and I discoursed with the

deputy more freely about their moonshine business. He said it was increasing in his territory—that fifteen or twenty settlements had been made in Polk county within the last twelve months—that generally the business fell off in the summer months, but this was a great fruit year and very fair spirits could be made with a little meal and either apples or peaches or blackberries mixed with it. And besides, said he, the times are awful hard on poor folks and a young man like this one is easily drawn in. Some moonshiners are bad men and desperate, but these are not. But all of them get fooled sooner or later. For ten dollars some fellow will tell on them. I reckon there were twenty or more men who knew about this still and the meanest one in the lot is generally the one to give the officers a hint. We don't know where to hunt for stills and we never would find out if somebody didn't give us a cue."

"Where do they get the stills and how do they get them to their hiding places," I asked.

"They buy them in Atlanta or Rome or Chattanooga and haul them away in the night and keep them in the woods. Some buy the sheet-iron and rivets and make their own stills. More than half we find have wooden bottoms that set flat on the ground and the still is built around the bottom. Sometimes they use a big washpot or caldron. Their hiding places are very peculiar. They used to have them under the floor of the house where the smoke could go up the chimney, but that has played out. They can hide them from the officers easy enough on these mountains, but they can't keep the secret long from hunters and tramps. Of course they have to buy these fellows with whiskey, but that costs too much, for one fly will draw another and if they are not caught they have to move. It is an all night business, moonshine or no moonshine, and if the poor devils would work half as hard at something else they could make a good living. The most pitiful part of the business is the suffering and trouble it brings on the women and children when the husband or the father is serving a term in prison."

"Well, is there no remedy—no stopping the business?"

"No," said he. "There are some people in every community who had rather do the law than obey it. They like the risk and the peril of moonshining. Regular honest work is too tame for them and, besides, they have a spite against the government that allows a rich man to run a big distillery and says to a poor man you shan't run a little one. The only remedy that I see is to stop them all, big and little, or turn everybody loose to make it. But the government is obliged to have that two hundred millions of revenue and of course the present system must go on."

"What had these negroes to do with the case?" said I.

"Oh, they always have one or two black lieutenants to help around and buy corn, or steal it, and to sell the whiskey by the jugful to other negroes. They are the best sort of trustees and will keep a secret better than a white man. Those fellows will swear that they 'just happened' and had nothing to do with the still."

"Will either of these men be able to give bond and keep out of jail until court?" said I.

"I couldn't be surprised," said he. "They have some substantial friends in their neighborhood. The bonds are \$300 each and they will be back tomorrow to get security. It is astonishing how many people in a community sympathize with the

moonshiner and are down on the informer when they find him out. That's a secret that we officers have to keep in violation of the law. We would never catch another still."

A few years ago, when I was getting the right of way for the new railroad, I was

in Polk county, and I had to ride several miles to the house of an acquaintance who was with me. Down in an ugly ravine our road crossed a little branch, and near it was a covered wagon and a yoke of steers and two men were sitting in a campfire. "Moonshiners," said my friend, "there is still up the branch about a mile, and these fellows have started to market with some whiskey. I know them, and they know that I know them and their business. We must stop a minute and be friendly, or they may suspect that you are a revenue officer. We stopped and chatted awhile, and my friend told who I was and what I was doing. They were easily satisfied, but I didn't like the looks of the two men that were leaning against a tree. Not long afterwards I was driving to my country home near Cartersville and overtook a black man with a little black valise in his hand. I asked him if he wouldn't like to ride, and he thanked me and got in. "How far are you going this way?" I asked.

"To Fannin county," he said.

"Come on the train this evening," I asked.

"No, sir," said he: "I have walked from Atlanta. Been staying there for three months."

"Moonshiner?" said I.

"That's it," said he.

"They took you down on the cars and sent you back on foot?" said I.

"That's it," said he.

"Well, my friend, I reckon this will make you quit the business, won't it?"

"Well, I don't know about that. We rather like the money and the mountains, and about the only way we can sell our corn. One bushel will make three gallons of whiskey that we can sell for \$2. If we can't haul the corn sixty miles to market."

"But it is against the law," said I.

"Yes, I know it is, but there is no sin in dodging a law that was made for rich men and not for poor men. A poor man can't do it. There is no justice in the revenue law."

And so it goes on and will continue to go on. It is very like the smugglers on the coast. The very thing that makes it so difficult to those who pursue it. There are smugglers now on the Florida coast whose fathers and grandfathers smuggled before them, and the business will continue down for generations to come. BILL ARP.

Notice.
On and after August 1st, I will be sole proprietor of the Golden Transfer Company, and hope all my old and new customers will favor me with their patronage as heretofore. I will be thoroughly equipped to move, store, and pack goods. R. R. R. also, safes, machinery, etc. I insure delivery and responsibility for all damage. Frank Golden, Office W. and A. R. R. Telephone 472.

To Amelia Beach.
If you want a place where you will never forget come with the grocers' excursion to Amelia Beach. Surf bathing, absolutely no underclothes, swimming, fish fry on the beach, bicycle racing, match baseball game, grand fireworks illumination Wednesday night as the excursionists leave for home.

Return made in time for business Thursday morning.

Round Trip to the Ocean-Amelia Beach.
Lowest rate, most accessible beach to Atlanta. Train leaves Union depot 8:30 Tuesday night, July 14th, arriving at Amelia Beach 11:30. Solid train for breakfast. No delay; no transfers; solid through train of handsome coaches and Pullman sleepers. Secure your tickets in advance. On sale Monday and Tuesday at Southern railway ticket office, Kimball house.

35c ONLY!
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THE CALDARIA.

From The New York Advertiser.

Johanna, the wife of King Philip the Fair, of Spain, was passionately fond of painting. If she saw no matter what face, once, she could from memory so sketch it that every one would be struck by the likeness.

One day it pleased King Philip to inspect the queen's sketchbook. At that time Johanna was styled "royal highness," while Philip, belonging to a royal family of foreign blood, was only styled "highness," and in all the state documents her signature was appended first and his afterwards. Glancing through the pages of the sketchbook King Philip particularly noticed the face of a man which had been drawn in a variety of positions. Now he appeared as a famous hero, now as a praying monk, now on bended knee before the lady he adored. This man must indeed have taken possession of the queen's imagination, seeing in how many different characters she had portrayed him, and the tenderness of touch and delicacy of art which characterized these sketches seemed to show that, unfinished though they were, the heart had in this case assisted the hand and head.

He went to the chief torturer of the inquisition and commanded him to discover which Spaniard in the kingdom most resembled in countenance the sketches of the queen.

One mere hint was thereupon given to the hundred thousand spies of St. Hermandad, and in a week's time the reply arrived—namely, that the slender bronzed face was none other than that of Don Jayme d'Avila Marrano.

In the glorious period of the inquisition Marrano was the name of the Moorish knights who became converts to Christianity. Yet they were the bloom and flower of Andalusian nobility. Otherwise the word "Marrano" also signifies, in the Spanish language, a "pig." At the period of which we write there was a certain celebrated painter at Castile named Luis de Lucero. His particular distinction lay, not in exquisite refinement, but in marvelous rapidity. Although his name was Lucero, he was nicknamed at Rome Fra Presto ("make haste").

Philip the Fair directly he heard that the face of the mysterious figure had been discovered in his dominions, sent for Lucero. "Master," he said, "I require you to make several sketches of a living person. He will remain before your eyes for two hours. How many sketches in that space of time can you make of him?"

"As many as your royal highness requires," replied the painter.

"Now go to the apartments of the Alguazil. You will be conducted to the scene of operations in about an hour's time. Meanwhile your artistic commission will be duly signed and brought to you."

At the end of an hour sketchbook and pencil were handed to the artist and he was placed in a closed vehicle resembling a sedan chair. In this he was carried through long winding passages, upstairs and downstairs, hither and thither, and finally he arrived in a dark chamber where the footstep of the carriers could scarcely be heard, perhaps owing to the apartment being very deep and underground, perhaps

because there were already so many persons present. Here the door of the vehicle was opened and its occupant told to get out. At one glance the painter discovered where he was.

At the further end of the room sat a number of men in black garments, with pointed caps on their heads. Their faces were covered with thick veils, and the whole chamber was lit only by a glimmering oil lamp which hung from the middle of the ceiling. This was the torture chamber of the inquisition.

The grand inquisitor, and he alone, wore no mask. He sat on the raised platform amid the judges, and was attired in a long black velvet cloak. Close to one of the walls stood a table, at which sat two persons. One was thoroughly veiled, while the other wore a black velvet mask.

Not a sound was heard. Suddenly the grand inquisitor made a sign. In an instant two disciples of St. Hermandad stepped forward. They removed a black coverlet from off the floor and thus disclosed, beneath it, the subject which Lucero was to treat. It was a head, not severed from the body, but living, with a fierce looking brave countenance, wearing an expression of lofty disdain.

As to the worthy Torquemada, we can only speak of him in terms of praise, because he had invented, among other instruments of torture, the famous caldaria. This was a copper vessel shaped like an inverted bell and filled with oil. The prisoner was put inside of it, and his head alone protruded from the top. His body remained immersed in oil, which was heated, now more, now less, according as his confessions were reluctant or outspoken. He had to confess to everything or die! That was justice—that was the caldaria. The living study was situated in the middle of the room—very well illuminated by the lamp just overhead. The head, holding itself proudly, threw toward the judges a look of supreme defiance from beneath the knitted brow. This was a splendid subject for a first sketch, thought the artist. The grand inquisitor had just whispered to the chief torturer, who now exclaimed:

"Don Jayme d'Avila, confess before your judges as to when you first spoke to Johanna, the daughter of Fernandez, and when last spoke."

He had commenced to reply:

"I have seen her at a distance, but never spoken to her."

"What keepsake of hers do you possess as proof of her attachment for you?"

The face of the hero turned scarlet with anger at these words. His eyes flashed at the interrogator as he replied:

"Your question is an insult to one whom you should reverence with loyal devotion. The queen is virtuous."

"Stay," whispered the masked man, who was sitting next to him, and who grasped his hand. "Put down your pencil. A better subject will present itself directly."

The inquisitor made a sign to the torturers. They set to work and ere long the face changed its expression. The heating process had commenced beneath the eyelids of the head had commenced to swell and the features visibly twitched. This was an admirable subject for a second study.

"Will you reply to our interrogation, Don Jayme d'Avila?"

At these words the head returned a haughty look, as though trying to regain its heroic determination.

"Cursed be the tongue that should reply to such a question!"

On this it pressed its lips together, as though attempting to control the various contortions of pain which were becoming visible. What a capital subject for a third study!

The fire is being constantly stirred beneath the victim. On his forehead the veins were swelling, and his bodily anguish as well as the internal struggle were obvious. All at once he screamed out, lifting his face upward, with the air of one whom diabolical pain had at length conquered.

"Look there, Fra Presto," said the figure; "there is a beautiful study for you."

Every feature has lost its original expression. The soul was no longer master of the frame. The eyes glared from their sockets, the mouth was foaming and cursing heaven and earth.

"If this picture," continued the figure, "is worthy of your pencil, how much more interesting will be the next."

The fire was getting fiercer and fiercer. "Do you wish to reply to our interrogation, Jayme d'Avila?"

The head did not reply. It was no longer agitated and twitching. It began to smile. It began to assume that tranquillity of death after the final agonies have been passed. Once it laughed aloud, with the most awful laughter imaginable.

Lucero was sketching this very rapidly. The masked face signaled to the inquisitor that he should have the fire decreased, for he was afraid the victim would die too soon. But all expression on the face was now by quick degrees vanishing; the head drooped and hung downward. Lucero was busy with his sixth study.

The inquisitor once more demanded: "Don Jayme d'Avila, will you reply?"

At this question the knight fairly lifted his head and opened his eyes, the whites of which were visible from afar. His face, on which there was a ghastly pallor, was no longer human; it was the face of a specter that lifts its head from the grave and speaks from thence. The dreadful face commenced to speak in a heavy, groaning tone: "Philip, in seven days I shall answer you before heaven."

With this the eyes were convulsed, and the head dropped over on its side to the floor. All expression had now fled.

"Put out the fire—quick," cried the inquisitor.

"Is not this a splendid seventh study?" said the masked figure.

But the figure was mistaken, for the knight had breathed his last, and could furnish no more studies for the artist's pencil.

"Curse him for balking my eighth study," exclaimed Lucero. "By dying too fast he has robbed me of 100,000 reals."

"Don't be afraid," replied the figure; "you will receive the full amount. You have done your work most charmingly. Now, go home, and finish those sketches off."

The artist did so, and his pictures were characterized the most wonderful realism. King Philip made a present of them to his wife; and then the news went abroad that the queen had gone hopelessly mad. Six days afterwards the king summoned the grandees of Castile, and informed them that her royal highness was quite insane. On the seventh day Philip was proclaimed king, and his signature now preceded that of Johanna in state documents. On the eighth day the king was lying in his hearse. They say he was poisoned. May heaven be merciful in judgment on those who have died.

SPECIAL SIX DAY

Miller Bros
46-48-50 WHITEHALL

BARGAIN SALE!!

If You
Go

Busiest Store on Atlanta's Busiest Street. Polite Attention. Correct Prices.

VOL. XXVIII

ATLANTA, GA, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE MUTUAL LIFE IN GEORGIA.

R. F. SHEDDEN,

GENERAL AGENT, FITTEN BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

IT LEADS THE LIST OF ALL COMPANIES IN THE VOLUME OF BUSINESS DONE IN GEORGIA

THE LARGEST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

Has Greater Amount at Risk in this State than Any Other Company.

Did Nearly as Much Business in Georgia Last Year as Its Two Largest Competitors Combined

Has More Money Invested in Georgia Securities than Any Other Company.

PAYS THE LARGEST AMOUNT OF DEATH CLAIMS.

PAYS THE LARGEST TAX TO THE STATE.

If You Doubt It Listen to These Figures While They Speak

GEORGIA RECORD APRIL 30th, 1894, TO APRIL 30th, 1895:

(COMPILED FROM THE OFFICIAL RECORDS.)

NEW BUSINESS WRITTEN IN GEORGIA, 1894-5	\$5,035,386 00
TOTAL PREMIUMS COLLECTED IN GEORGIA, 1894-95	556,933 64
TOTAL AMOUNT AT RISK IN GEORGIA, 1894-5	16,853,072 00
TOTAL DEATH CLAIMS PAID IN GEORGIA, 1894-5	151,946 00

Assets, \$204,638,783.96
Surplus, 22,529,327.82

No. 1563

Comptroller-General's Office.

Atlanta, Ga. July 2 1895

Received of *Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York*
the sum of *thirty nine thousand, five hundred*
and fifty nine Dollars,
For account of *Insurance Tax 1895*
as per Certificate No. 1563 of R. U. HARDEMAN, Treasurer.

W. H. Harrison
Geo. W. Harrison, State Printer, Atlanta, Ga.

Paid Policy-Holders
since organization:
\$388,440,897.34.

The Questions Asked By the Governor:

The following is the letter written by Governor Atkinson to Comptroller-General Wright:
"State of Georgia, Executive Office, Atlanta, March 15, 1895.—Hon. W. A. Wright, Comptroller-General:
My Dear Sir—I will thank you to furnish me with the following information with reference to each life and fire insurance company doing business in this State:
"1. What is the total investment of each of these companies?
"2. How much of its total investment is in bonds of the State of Georgia?
"3. How much is secured by liens on Georgia real estate?
"4. How much is invested in bonds of the counties and municipalities of this State?
"5. What is the total amount of assets of each invested or loaned in this State?
"6. What is the total income of each of these companies received from its business in Georgia?
"7. Is there any provision in the charter of these companies or in the laws of the States in which their home offices are located which prohibits them from making investments either in Georgia State bonds, or loans in Georgia real estate, or investment in our county or municipal bonds?"

"W. Y. ATKINSON, Governor."

THE QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Company's Georgia Investments:

State of Georgia 4½ per cent. bonds	\$1,000,000
County of Chatham 5 per cent. bonds	60,000
City of Atlanta 4½ per cent., 5 per cent. and 7 per cent. bonds	588,000
City of Augusta 4½ per cent., 5 per cent. and 6 per cent. bonds	127,000 — 715,000
Atlanta and Charlotte 7 per cent. bonds	95,149
Central Railroad and Banking Company Tripartite 7s.	1,275,000
Georgia Railroad and Banking Company 5 per cent. and 6 per cent. bonds	439,000
Georgia Railroad and Banking Company Stock	100,000
Ocean Steamship Company of Savannah 5 per cent. bonds	489,000
Savannah, Florida and Western System—	
Atlantic and Gulf 7 per cent. bonds	\$394,378
South Georgia and Florida 7s.	104,000 — 498,378 — 2,896,527
	\$4,671,527

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, Richard A. McGurdy, President.

For information concerning the New Debenture and Continuous Installment Contracts, apply to W. M. Elliott, Resident Special, Fitten Building



THE MEN OF THE MOSS HAT

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

But suddenly, even while he executed Black MacMichael for that cowardly method of slaying a man at a foe's back, we knew that we even would have done as he, would have quartered the land, could we, for the sport of shooting the man he named "Mardrochat," he said, rising from among the rocks and running down to the water, that still looked clear with its sheen of shimmering silver.

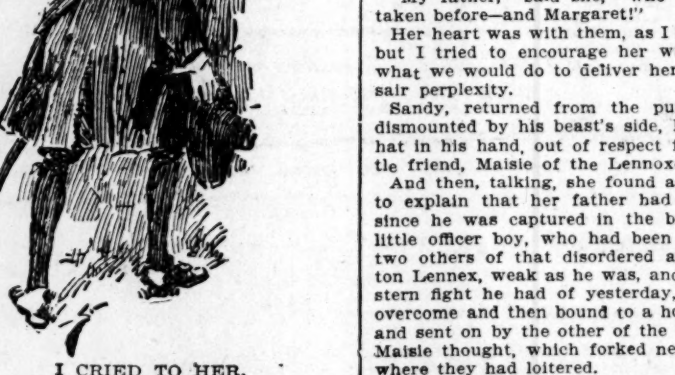
Yes, if the man lying on his face were Mardrochat, I would have held it no sin to have done the same even to his back. I thought of all I had heard of this sly, wicked informer, who even the worst of the persecutors despised, as Kate McGhie had described him in the fight he had had with the lasses when they had discovered him so blithely. Then it was a spirit of revenge which led him to seek the cave, in the face of the cliff above the job, to be quits with Malsie and Kate McGhie. I, too, would have shot him behind while I stopped him behind the hags.

With a low cry of dismay, MacMichael called back to us from the water's edge, that this man after all was not Mardrochat, but only one favoring him. And then, as we saw the poor creature lying there shot in the back, I believe we even would have taken our comrades at the throat, now that again the cowardice of the shot seemed apparent, like that of the soldiers I had seen shooting a poor maukin—a lad that ran from them. I believe we even would have taken our comrades at the throat, now that again the cowardice of the shot seemed apparent, like that of the soldiers I had seen shooting a poor maukin—a lad that ran from them. I believe we even would have taken our comrades at the throat, now that again the cowardice of the shot seemed apparent, like that of the soldiers I had seen shooting a poor maukin—a lad that ran from them.

For how could we two, with but one unwilling retainer, who had a name bad enough for treachery, ever expect to free Anton Lennox or his daughter Malsie? By what trick of wit or any cunning could we arrive at it?

I confess as we ran over the hills to reach a point ahead of them I saw no way at all no hope of doing aught. For it appeared to me that Malsie was lost forever, and forgetting all my good Scot training, I cursed the mischief, as I would not and should not have cursed, I deem, even at a like mischance having fallen to my own mother's lot.

It was as it had been when Sandy cared not so much about the others, because he knew that Jean Hamilton was safe with his wife. Malsie had come to me like



I CRIED TO HER.

Jean to him; although she was a winsome, quiet lass, she could have had the greatest man in all Galloway had she but willed it. I thought of her coming each day to me, when hidden under the roof of the well house; of the little Malsie in the adventure when my father's horse, Gay Garland, had saved both our lives. I would that we were again in a like plight together with me alone to aid.

And here we were running over the hills daff and fey, only with instinct keeping near something, my chance to solve our puzzle.

As we ran on I was sick of the heart, cursing my folly in having gone to the conventicle of the United Societies, in having left her alone with Anton Lennox on his back—he whom they never would have took, alive at least, if he could have held a sword, for I had heard the story afterwards did I know that even in the sheer extreme of his weakness he could find strength to fight his enemies when rage prompted.

You see how the matter had turned me mad, and yet Wat Gordon of Lochinvar was in almost equal bad way. And as we hastened he asked me if I remembered the head of his father falling in the snow that night of his gallantry with the Lady Wellwood in Edinboro town. I told him I never could have forgotten that grisly thing, nor the creature I had dreamed or saw—I never could be sure—came out to bury it while I was in hiding.

"I told you that night you were a man. Will," said he, "when you were strong in the bonny fight."

I knew that he meant that I should not be disheartened, but he would not have been in better spirits had it been Kate McGhie in Malsie's stead.

place. They had been told that it was a cave on the brow of the beetling crag, but their knowledge of the location was not more certain than this. The exact spot they bade us tell, and fringed us again with threats of all kinds of dire things. We told them they could find out for themselves if there were such a place, but, as for us, we would say neither yes nor no.

"When they had brought us by force to the face of a rock and cove where, as you know, the cave is," Malsie went on, "they asked us again and again to take them to the whig's hiding place. When we refused they uttered the most horrid threats, swearing what should befall us. But they were not able at all to shake us, though we were but two maids and for their cruel will, and they were not able to find the mouth of the cave in that mile of tangled gairy face.

"So the cruellest and fiercest of all, the great, stark, black-vised man whom they called Mardrochat, who had sworn to take for the whig's hiding place. When we refused they uttered the most horrid threats, swearing what should befall us. But they were not able at all to shake us, though we were but two maids and for their cruel will, and they were not able to find the mouth of the cave in that mile of tangled gairy face.

"Oh, cursed Mardrochat," I cried, "wait till I come to a settlement with you!"

"No," said Malsie, solemnly, "we are settled and paid already with Mardrochat, so they threatened till they were weary, and the night was coming on. Then Mardrochat turned about to his gallows' thieves:

"Must we go back empty handed? Let me try my way with the lasses. They shall be complaisant to tell where the old fox, or else suffer that which shall serve us as well."

"With that he came near and put his hand upon me in the way to hurt me. Notwithstanding, with all the might that was in me, I strove to keep from crying out lest my father should hear, which they counted on. But, as God is witness, I could not. Then, the fear being upon me,

and the pain of a woman, I cried out in my agony, as I had never done before in this world."

"Oh, think, Malsie, Mardrochat, die not till I meet thee," I cried again, beating my naked hand upon a rock in the impotence of hate.

Malsie went quietly and evenly on with her tale, without giving me any more of the story, but I knew that she was in my extremity, like a lion out of the thicket came my father forth, springing upon them with his sword in the gloaming. Never had I seen a man so strong and so brave.

He struck the first blow, and panting and resting, not roaring in anger, till they fled from before the face of him. And the first that he struck was Mardrochat—he held him, and the blood spouted over me. Thus they took Anton Lennox, my father claved him to the teeth, and he fell forward on that which had been his face. Then plucking his sword to him again my father swung it like a battle-axe, and there was a troop of horse encompassed about a fire, the same that they halted and took us from in the midst of Enterkin. Now my father, running and smiling blindly, tripped over a halter and heading in the heart of them. Thus they took Anton Lennox, who had never been taken before. They took us maids also, but the dragons being offered by gentlemen, there was no more of this. Now though he had killed the informer and spared the soldiers, and my father none the less for that, despising those whom they employed on such service. Rather they gave my father honor and not dishonor, as one that was mighty at his own trade. And to us he was a fathered officer was both kind and courteous.

After this she was silent for quite a while, sitting by me on the mossy seat on the old playing green of the Nether Crae, and she held her hand to her forehead, as if she were in pain. "Is it not a noble thing," she said musically, "to have a father that will render up his life for you as if it were a little thing?"

But I thought within myself that he had not given it also for a penny-faced officer boy. But I uttered not the word aloud, lest I should be shamed for one that had not the true root of the matter in him, which indeed I had, my father suggested might prove to be the case with myself.

(To Be Continued.)

New British Silver Dollar.
From The Pall Mall Gazette.
Yielding to the long-expressed desire of merchants and bankers in the Straits settlements and Hong Kong, the British government have decided to issue a silver dollar for use in our eastern possessions. The obverse will bear a representation of Britannia standing erect with her trident and shield, instead of sitting on a globe as it is to be in the city. A specialty is that of bearing the words "One Dollar," and the date, 1895.

The reverse bears the denomination in Chinese and English characters, its standard weight, 418 grains, and its fineness, 900. It is identical with the Japanese yen and the Hong Kong dollar of the second issue, and the order directs that it shall cease to be a legal tender when reduced by wear to its original design. The original dies, which have been designed and prepared by the engraver to the mint, at the joint expense of the colonies principally concerned, have been transmitted to the Bombay mint.

Do not neglect that tired feeling; it is a signal of danger. It is nature's warning. If a city is in peril, the blood and nourishing blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla meets these demands.

FINE LIVERY.
The Finest Horses, Carriages, etc.
Boarding Horses a Specialty.
W. O. Jones is now ready to furnish his customers with the finest livery and driving horses to be had in the city. A specialty is that of boarding horses and the splendid carriage and driving horses. He has a fine genuine satisfaction call on Jones, No. 25 and 35 South Forsyth street.

Slightly Disfigured IN FRONT Just Now, BUT PRICES INSIDE are inside of those of ANY OTHER HOUSE IN AMERICA.

EISEMAN & WEIL,
Clothing, Furnishings and Hats.

3 Whitehall Street.
REORGANIZATION

OF THE
Central Railroad and Bank-
ing Company of Georgia.

A plan of purchase of the railroads and properties of

The Central Railroad and Banking Company of Georgia,

and the other lines embraced in its system has been prepared and the Mercantile Trust Company, of New York, has been, by proper agreements and request, appointed agent and depository under such plan.

The following interests have already lodged their written approval of the plan and have requested the said trust company to proceed to call for deposits thereunder and take all such steps as may be necessary and proper to fully effectuate and execute the reorganization, namely:

A majority of the capital stock of the Central Railroad and Banking Company of Georgia.

The committee of the holders of certificates of indebtedness of the Central Railroad and Banking Company, of Georgia.

The underwriter of the proposed first mortgage bonds of the new company, to be used in taking up the present tripartite bonds.

The committee representing the first mortgage bondholders of the Mobile and Girard Railroad Company.

Deposits under this plan are invited from the following parties in interest:

1. The holders of the capital stock of the Central Railroad and Banking Company of Georgia.

2. The holders of certificates of indebtedness of the Central Railroad and Banking Company of Georgia.

3. The holders of the first mortgage bonds of the Montgomery and Buford Railroad Company.

4. The holders of the first mortgage bonds of the Savannah and Western Railroad Company.

5. The holders of the first mortgage bonds of the Chattahoochee, Rome and Columbus Railroad Company.

6. The holders of the first mortgage bonds of the Macon and Northern Railroad Company.

7. The holders of the first mortgage bonds of the Columbus and Rome Railroad Company.

8. The holders of the first mortgage bonds of the Savannah and Atlantic Railroad Company.

9. The holders of the first mortgage bonds of the Savannah and Atlantic Railroad Company.

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS

For Picnic Parties, on the Atlanta and West Point Railroad.

Pearl Lake is only thirty-nine miles from Atlanta—one hour's ride—and is situated in a beautiful grove of large oaks, the surrounding lands beautifully covered with grass. The lake of clear spring water covers thirteen acres, has beachouses and row-boats and is also stocked with game fish. Fishing, boat riding and bathing are all free to the excursionist, thus offering to the pleasure seeker for a day's outing one of the most attractive spots in middle Georgia. These grounds are kept in most beautiful order. A new and large pavilion, 1000 feet, has been recently erected, thus adding another to the many attractions of this place.

On application to the representatives of the Atlanta and West Point railroad information will be gladly furnished, the grounds shown and pleasure taken in making any arrangements for parties who desire pleasant and convenient picnicking grounds.

JOHN A. GEE,
Gen. Agt., P. D.
G. O. P. A. NORTHEN, Ga.

CHEAP RATES

To Baltimore and Return VIA THE SEABOARD AIR-LINE, CHOICE OF ROUTE.

On July 15th and 17th the Seaboard Air-Line will sell round trip tickets from Atlanta and all stations in Georgia and South Carolina at the following low rates:

Route No. 1, via Norfolk and Bay Line, \$10 for the round trip. Route No. 2, via Norfolk and Chesapeake and Washington, \$12.50 round trip. Route No. 3, via Norfolk and all rail, \$12.50. Route No. 4, via Norfolk and Chesapeake and Washington, \$12.50. The Potomac steamers run between Norfolk and Washington every night, and day steamers north Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturdays. Call on any agent of the company.

Address: E. J. WALKER, C. T. A., No. 5 Kimball House, W. T. FLOUNCEY, T. P. A., B. A. NEWLAND, Gen. Agt., P. D., T. J. ANDERSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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OPIMUM

and morphine habits treated on the new plan. Pay till cured. Address B. 21, Austell, Ga.

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Virginia and Alabama Coal Co. J. W. Wills, Sales Agent; Office and Yard Simpson St. and Southern Ry.

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95 Whitehall and 7 Mitchell street, and branch store 201 Peters street, is just now receiving a supply of turnips, such as large red top, white flat Dutch, white globe, yellow globe, red top globe, pomeranian globe, yellow aubergine, dioxie, seven top and other varieties; also fruit, jars and fruit-jar fixtures of all kinds separate. His stock of fruits are as follows: Apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, grapes, berries, etc. Also a large supply of jelly tumblers, one-half and one-third pints, and other varieties of goods at his stores on Whitehall and Peters streets.

The usual stock of the wines, ales, beers, porters, brandies, gins, rums and whiskeys of the very best grades for medicinal and beverage purposes can be had at his Whitehall street store at reasonable rates. Terms cash.

Retail Grocers' Excursion TO AMELIA BEACH, Fernandina, Fla.

Sealed bids, accompanied by certified check, will be received by the committee for the privilege of selling refreshments on train. Bids to be opened at 10 o'clock Tuesday, July 16th, 3:30 p. m.; returning will reach Atlanta Thursday 6 a. m. Secure your sleeping car accommodations by noon Monday at Southern railway ticket office. Rate for the

Round Trip Only \$3.50.

FRED G. PAINTER

Formerly of London and Philadelphia. Fresco Painter and General Decorator.

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John W. Dickey, Stock and Bond Broker, AUGUSTA, GA. Correspondence Invited

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CAPITAL \$100,000. Atlanta, Ga.—Macon, Ga. Atlanta Office—27½ Whitehall street. JAMES G. WEST, Manager. W. J. NORTHEN, Supervisor Farm Loans. Address all communications to James J. Cobb, president, Macon, Ga., or James G. West, manager, Atlanta, Ga. Loans on real estate from \$500 to \$100,000 promptly made. If you wish to invest or borrow, call on us. Our facilities for this business unexcelled.

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can be made by our method of operating in grain and stock. Prospective buyers full information of perfect system mailed free. Send your business only to a financially responsible house. Look us up. HAMPTON T. THOMAS & CO., Grain, Stock and Bond Brokers, 123 Chamber Commerce, Chicago. June 9 if sun tues thur

RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

Arrival and Departure of All Trains From the City—Standard Time.

ARRIVE.
CENTRAL RAILROAD OF GEORGIA.
From Savannah 6:30 am To Macon 7:30 am
From Savannah 7:45 am To Macon 8:45 am
From Savannah 9:00 am To Macon 10:00 am
From Savannah 10:15 am To Macon 11:15 am
From Savannah 11:30 am To Macon 12:30 pm
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ELEPHANT TRAINING.

How They Are Taught to Stand on the Head.

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

Only Asiatic elephants are capable of receiving much instruction, and in the Barnum herd, numbering twenty-four, there is not one of the African variety. The most difficult trick an elephant is called upon to do in the circus ring is to stand on his head. Of the twenty-four in the Barnum show there are only three that have learned this difficult feat. They are "Babe," "Lena," and "Columbia," all young and all females. Doubtless with great pains and patience the older elephants and some of the males might also be taught to stand on their heads, but it would be a long struggle.

When the trainer, George Conkline, has an elephant to break to this feat he begins by chaining the animal's front legs to strong stakes, and then fastens other chains to the hind legs below the knees, the ends of the chains being connected with a block and tackle attached to the top of the building. When all is ready, a number of men, or a pair of horses, are set to work hauling on the tackle, and the elephant's huge hind quarters are literally hoisted in the air until the force of gravitation and the restraining power of the front chains bring him into the required position. Of course the animal when treated thus for the first time is thrown into intense rage and fear. He trumpets furiously, thrashing the ground with his trunk and straining at the chains. Sometimes the chains are broken in the violence of the struggle, but more often the stakes are pulled out of the ground.

Fifteen minutes at a time is as much of this severe exercise as it is considered safe to put upon an elephant. She is released and given two or three hours to recover herself. Then the chains are made fast again, the hind legs once more lifted into the air, and the elephant brought back into the position desired. Four or five times a day this operation is gone through with, and every time the same struggles and resistance are encountered. Once entered upon, the task is never abandoned until the elephant has learned the lesson, although six or seven weeks are usually necessary to success. By degrees the elephant grows accustomed to standing on her head and allows the chains to do their work more willingly. At last comes the day when the keeper can make her roll forward and lift her hind quarters into the air merely at a word of command and perhaps with a prod with the elephant hook.

The remarkable memory possessed by elephants shows itself in the persistence with which they stick to a certain order in the tricks they do, once these have been thoroughly learned. For instance, if Conkline should give a wrong command to his elephants while they are performing in the



let up, that elephant took his medicine and never whimpered, never gave up, never squealed. He died at 8 o'clock in the morning, and he died game. When I saw the last struggle come to an end, the last quiver die away, and the big body all torn and tortured lie still, I tell you I felt as if a crime had been committed. And I was mighty glad it was over. I didn't believe the old boy would give up anyhow; he was too good an elephant for that.

How Punishment Is Administered.
Mr. Conkline passed a moment in his recital. Then he went on:
"And the worst of it all was that all this suffering was unnecessary, if we had only known it. You see our idea was that the only way to save the elephant's life was to make him own up that he was beaten, and the only way we knew of to do that was to make him suffer until he squealed. If he wouldn't squeal, then he had to die. Since then I have found out a way of bringing fierce elephants to their senses without punishing them so far. I never found it to fail. Why, there's old Fritz, the biggest elephant in the herd, who tried every day for three weeks to kill me. He was in such a murderous mood that no one dared to go near him. Now he's all right, you see. Look at him! You wouldn't hurt me, would you, Fritz? Come up here, old boy. There see how he lifts his trunk. He's as docile as the baby elephant, and yet I wish you could have seen him a couple of years ago."

"What did I do to him? I chained him down just as we chained Chief, but I didn't use hot irons on him, or spurs or axes—only clubs. I got two gangs of twelve men each, and kept them clubbing him for a couple of hours. I had one gang club him until they were tired out, and then the other gang lay on, and so on. Fritz never squealed while they were clubbing him; he was too game for that; his rage was up and he would have let them torture him to death, just as Chief did, without showing the white feather. But



ring, the chances are that they all would disobey him and execute the order which should have been given. If, for example, he told them to stand, they would go ahead and wait, refusing to do the march except in the usual order.

Cruel Punishment of Elephants.
When an elephant becomes unruly he must be brought into subjection by any cost, and usually no half-way measures will serve. Indeed, many elephants, when fits of rage have taken them, have been thought so hopeless of reform, so given over to the desire to kill, that the course open was to kill them. Thus the famous "Tip" in Central park was put to death with an agony of poisoning a few months ago. In this way many elephants have been simply murdered. Conkline declares that it is only in very rare instances that it is really necessary to kill an elephant.

"We used to think," said he, "that the only way to deal with a bad elephant was to torture him until he squealed, which meant surrender; and I am sorry to say that many good elephants have on this principle been tortured to death because their keepers knew no better. Fully half the elephants that are taken with these bursts of frenzy will endure any suffering that can be put upon them rather than show the white feather. They will let you drive hooks and spears into them, they are covered with blood; they will let you burn them all over with red-hot irons; they will let you beat them, shoot them, do anything to them that you wish, and if you persist in this kind of torture, they will simply end by killing the elephant. It's an awful thing the way keepers used to torture elephants to their death; it makes me shudder to think of it."

"I remember several years ago when old Chief went mad and tried to kill several of the men. He was a big, fat elephant, one of the best in the herd and the quickest to mind in the ring. But he seemed to be so dangerous that something had to be done, and the order was given to break his spirit or kill him. We got a gang of men and went to work about 9 o'clock one night. First we chained the big fellow down by his four legs, using block and tackle; and we had some men on the trunk where they could get at him. But he fought like a devil. I tell you, for he fought like a devil. He didn't make a sound—not a trumpet nor a roar; he just buckled down and fought till the whole place shook. Well, we finally got him stretched out so that he couldn't move at all except to thrash his big trunk from one side to another, and we took good care to keep out of the way of that. Honestly, it was a pity to see him lying there—helpless, but game. I was sorry for him when I thought what he would have to take before we got through with him. There was nothing else to do, though, as far as we knew. It was a case of his life against ours, and the only way to get along with him at all was to make him give up. So the men armed themselves with stakes, sledges, pokers, pitchforks, hot irons, axes—everything you could think of, and formed around old Chief in a circle; though the circle had a gap in it, you can make up your mind, where his trunk was thrashing. Then we began on him; kept it up hour after hour all through the night. I tell you it was an awful sight. From 10 o'clock that night until the next morning, without any



that wasn't my idea; I didn't want to make him squeal that day. So after the men had clubbed him for two hours I let him up, and he came back and he told them to stand, and let him get up, but kept the chains on his forelegs. The next day his body was as sore from the clubbing that the slightest touch caused intense pain. After he had been left alone for twenty-four hours his rage was calmed a little, and when we chained him down the next day and the men began clubbing him again he squealed within five minutes; he couldn't stand any more clubbings on that sore hide of his. The result was that the old Fritz's spirit broke without doing him any great harm. Now there is not a more obedient elephant in the whole herd, is there, Fritz?"

The keeper patted old Fritz tenderly on his big trunk, which the elephant curled up in a half affectionate and half respectful way, as if he appreciated the good turn which had been done him by breaking his spirit on an improved plan.

Elephants Easily Frightened.
In view of their enormous strength and size, it is remarkable how easily elephants are frightened. If one of the little circus ponies is led past the long line of elephants as they stand in their quarters, every one of them will begin to move about uneasily and show signs of nervousness. It is worse still if a dog gets into the quarters and runs among them, while a sheep or a pig coming near them will set the whole herd shrieking and trumpeting as if some terrible danger threatened them. A mouse perhaps will throw them into a greater panic than any other animal. Whether this fear-compelling power of the mouse is due to the notion of the elephant's mind that the little creature might run up his trunk or whether it is to be accounted for in some other way, is a matter for zoologists to puzzle over; but the fact of the fear elephant keeps known.

It is remarkable how little sleep elephants need. Two or three hours a day are usually sufficient for their rest, and even this small amount is often taken standing. Indeed when traveling on the railroad the elephants are packed so close that there is only room for about half of them to sleep lying down. Those that lie down first gain the precedence and the others are of necessity obliged to sleep standing. But even when standing where they didn't have plenty of room to lie down, several of the herd usually sleep standing, merely leaning their big bodies against the wall and sinking into slumber. They seem to like this better.

The Most Valuable Elephants.
African elephants, in contrast with the Asiatic, are rather stupid and of little use in the circus ring, since they are almost unable to learn tricks. They are more intelligent, however, in a circus procession, being taller and longer, and having thinner legs and a high arched back. The famous Jumbo was an African elephant. To get the greatest height an Asiatic elephant, like a horse, is measured at the shoulder; but an African elephant is measured by the middle of the back, which is considerably higher than the low-placed neck. An African elephant has only four toes on each foot, while an Asiatic elephant has five, and the head of an African elephant is much narrower and more peaked than the head of the Asiatic. Elephant trainers

have an easy, and, as they claim, infallible method of estimating the height of an elephant without the trouble of precise measurement. They simply measure the circumference of one of the forelegs at the toes, and the result multiplied by two gives the stature of the elephant at its greatest height.

An ordinary elephant is worth \$3,000 or \$4,000, but those that have received special training are much more valuable. "John," the boxing elephant, for instance, would bring \$5,000, and "Dick" or "Fritz" at least \$6,000. Mr. Bailey would not part with the little three-year-old "Baby Ruth" for less than \$2,000. A still higher price would be demanded for "Columbia," the first elephant born in this country that is now living. "Columbia" was born of "Babe" and "Mandy" fifteen years ago in Philadelphia. There was another elephant born in this country at Bridgeport, Conn., and named after that city, and died several years ago of water on the brain. The body is in the Bridgeport museum.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

Conducted by J. A. Morris.

Direct Exportation of Fruit.

Georgia raises better peaches and watermelons than any place in the world, and more of them than any other state in the union. In a recent report of United States Consul Louis A. Lathrop, at Bristol, England, appears the following about English markets for peaches: "English hothouse peaches begin to appear in the market in April, when they sell right through until English grown peaches appear in September and October. These outdoor peaches sell for 5 to 25 cents each. Both the hothouse and outdoor English peaches are large, luscious and of highly attractive appearance. In June, July and August, what are known to the trade as 'fine melting' peaches come to England from France and Spain, the average price at auction being from 12 to 35 cents per dozen. They retail at 4 to 10 cents each. A really fine peach is never to be had for less than 1 cent each. These continental peaches reach the market in fine condition, and are packed with the utmost care in boxes of twelve. A couple of thicknesses of crumpled paper is laid in the bottom of the box, and the peaches are then put in, usually wrapped in tissue paper, then twisted tissue is carefully inserted between the rows in such a manner that each peach has a layer of paper between it and the one next to it. When the cover is fastened down, it is impossible for the fruit to move, and yet it is not liable to be crushed by undue pressure.

In January, February and early March peaches reach the English market from the Cape of Good Hope, brought over in cool chambers. They are packed in boxes containing from forty to fifty, and they bring from \$2 to \$5 per box according to quality and condition. The average price runs about \$2.50. They have the advantage of reaching the market entirely clear of similar fruits, and this advantage is to be seen in the price. Nature provides for the advantage of a winter market nor of winter prices, and we should have to meet English grown continental fruits; but fine peaches arriving in good condition will always fetch a good price. The French method of packing the peach cannot be surpassed, but it might entail an expense without insuring results better than might be attained by the use of the card paper pigeon holes. If this card paper be used, the fruit should have a double wrapping of paper, and should be so placed that it cannot move in any direction. It is desirable that there should be but one layer in a box. Those from the Cape are packed four deep; but this method is regarded with some distrust by experts at Covent Garden. Each box might contain a dozen, and then six boxes would be tied together for convenience of handling and to cheapen the small toll exacted at Covent Garden per package. This toll is about 2 cents per package, and is usually paid by the commission merchant and auctioneer out of his commission of 5 per cent.

"There seems to be no reason why chilled chambers already prepared in vessels for transporting meat should not be available for peaches. Experience has shown that a temperature of 35 degrees would be a little low, but this can only be tested by actual trial.

"All that has been said above will apply to nectarines. For the large nectarines there is always a good market. The above is very suggestive. Why not ship our fruit direct to England. Our melon command better prices there than it is possible to realize here. Our peach crop alone would supply several carloads a week, and certainly if properly packed and shipped would bring very profitable returns. It is only a few hours' run from our melon patches and peach orchards to Brunswick and Savannah. Fast steamer lines would doubtless put themselves in proper shape to transport such profitable cargoes safely and swiftly. The peach growers have recently been 'kicking' at the rail transportation. Why not try water? The extra care and packing is very remunerative. Doubtless our consul, Louis A. Lathrop, would be glad to give the details and information. The Georgia peach crop is an encouraging thing; it will in a few years double its present yield. We ought to get the best prices for it.

The Growth of Our Country.
Harper's Weekly, in discussing the material growth of the country between 1873 and 1894, gives these figures: "In 1873 the net deposits in the national banks of the United States were \$72,400,000; in 1894 they were \$2,019,300,000. In 1873 this country exported cotton goods to the value of \$2,947,523. In 1894 its exports of cotton in quantity had tripled more than four-fold, and their value had increased to \$14,340,586. In 1873 the country produced 2,345,586 gallons of crude petroleum, and in 1894 its production had increased to 2,033,321,972 gallons. In 1873 the total production of cane sugar in this country was 124,083 pounds; in 1894 it was 610,825,618 pounds. In 1873 our wool product was 158,000,000 pounds; in 1894 it was 236,677,384 pounds. In 1873 we manufactured 2,401,292 tons of pig iron; in 1894 we made 7,124,502 pounds.

Transparent Mirror Glass.
A transparent mirror glass, recently introduced in Germany, reflects light on one side, while on the other side it is transparent. It is proposed to use this type of glass for glazing windows in city residences, for, while it will not cut off light or vision from the interior, it will prevent outsiders from seeing into the room.

Poppy Embankments for Railroads.
Within the last two or three years French engineers have undertaken the sowing of railroad embankments with poppy seeds, as, when once established, that prolific plant covers the soil with a network of roots that prevent it from washing away during heavy rains, or from up-

heaval when frost is coming out of the ground in the spring.

A Culinary Revolution.
A discovery has lately been made which threatens to bring about nothing short of a revolution in our kitchens. As every one knows, one of the greatest differences between English and French cookery has been the sauces, which have long been a stumbling block to every other than a French or Italian cook. Professor Driessens, of the Paris Culinary academy, has contrived a method of desiccating sauces so that they can be preserved almost indefinitely in a state of powder, which only needs to be stirred over a clear, gentle fire, with a due proportion of cold water until the lather boils, and the mixture is smooth and the sauce is perfect, as delicately made and flavored as if fresh from the hands of a first-rate chef. These sauces, called "Driessens' foundation sauces" or "Driessens' dressings," are of two kinds, the brown and the blonde, the former serving with a few additions as the origin of a whole string of brown sauces, such as plum sauce, the latter as the basis of the lighter sauces, while the latter produces a distinctly praiseworthy veloute, Italiane, Portugaise, bechamel, etc. All sorts of dainty dishes are thus brought within the reach of the plainest housewife. These sauces are packed in glass jars, with airtight covers of white metal, so there is no fear of chemical action being set up, however long they are kept.

Electrical Type Setter.
Caledon's type-setting machine, actuated by electricity, is described by L'Illustration, of Paris, as likely to work a revolution in printing. Its capacity, when manipulated by an experienced operator, is said to be 50,000 ems an hour, which is several times the speed of any present machine.

To Ebonyize Wood.
To make woods, such as cherry, mahogany, etc., look like ebony, the following recipe is given by The Preston Journal of Commerce: "To imitate black ebony, first wet the woods with a solution of logwood and copperas, boiled together and laid on with a brush. Then take one ounce of copperas to a quart of water, will be required. When the work has become dry wet the surface again with a mixture of vinegar and steel filings. This mixture may be applied with a brush, or by dipping the work in a half-pint of vinegar. When the work has become dry again sandpaper down until quite smooth. Then oil and fill with powdered black oxide of iron in the filler. Work to be ebonyized should be smooth and free from holes, etc. The work may receive a light coat of quick-drying varnish, and then be rubbed with finely pulverized pumice stone and linseed oil until very smooth.

Beware of Fruit Skins.
The Philadelphia Times.

Fruit skins carry germs and are no more intended for human sustenance than potato skins, melon rinds or pea pods. The bloom of the peach is a luxurious growth of microbes that grow on the skin, and less so, and when these skins are taken into the stomach they find more favorable conditions for their lively and rapid development, which cause the decay of the fruit before it is possible to digest it. This is the reason many people think they cannot eat raw fruit. If they would in all cases discard the skin they could derive only good from the fruit itself. Nature provides for the protection of the fruit from the multitude of germs which are ever ready to attack it, as is evidenced when the skin is bruised or broken in any way. The microbes once begin their work of decay, and the fruit is unfit for food. Children are chief offenders in respect to this rule and should be carefully watched and frequently cautioned. A definite rule should be made that fruit should be cultivated to prevent its being eaten unripe or too old or on the verge of decay. Remember that it is sweet and ripe fruit, in prime condition only that is recommended.

How To Clean Old Book Plates.
From The Art Amateur.

To restore old book plates that have been injured by age and damp proceed as follows: Place upon a flat surface a sheet of white paper somewhat larger than the print to be cleaned. Carefully dampen the print on both sides with a soft, wet sponge and then saturate it with a mixture of chloride of lime and oxalic acid dissolved in about equal proportions in a bowl of cold water. Let the water and the mixture be right by it turning magenta color. Continue to apply it until every stain or spot has disappeared and then with a clean sponge wash the print freely with cold water.

If the Baby Is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Sunday Train on the A. & F. Line.
The Southern railway will operate a Sunday schedule on the Atlanta and Florida line from Atlanta to Fort Valley, beginning Sunday, July 14th. This train will leave Atlanta union depot at 7:30 a. m. Return train will arrive at Atlanta at 8 p. m. Tickets on this line half-price for the round trip.

Give us one more; it goes to the spot. So does every bottle of the St. Louis A. B. C. Bohemian bottled beer, brewed by the American Brewing Co., Bailey & Carroll, wholesale dealers.

Daylight Up the Potomac.
The Seaboard now sells tickets to Washington and all points north and east, via the Norfolk and Washington, leaving Norfolk at 10 o'clock, and arriving at Washington at 12 o'clock noon, on vestibule; arrive in Norfolk the next morning at 7 o'clock, and leave at 8 p. m. for the Potomac river. For information call at ticket office, No. 6 Kimball house, July 5 if

NEW MAP OF ATLANTA.
Printed in Colors and Perfected to Date.

Embracing the Cotton States and International Exposition grounds, the new seventh edition of the map of Atlanta, Georgia, and the surrounding country, showing all the railroads and electric street car lines, water boundaries, limit lines and other necessary information.

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Rates for Peach Carnival at Macon.
From the Georgia Peach Carnival at Macon for the Southern railway has arranged round trip rates as follows: On July 5th, 11th and 12th, for the round trip, 10 cents. Tickets limited July 22, 1895.

From points within a radius of 25 miles from Macon the rate will be one fare for the round trip. Tickets to be sold July 5th, 11th and 12th, and limited to five days from date of sale. On dates not specified above between July 5th and 12th, the rate will be one fare for the round trip, limited seven days from date of sale. For tickets apply to nearest agent Southern railway. June 10/11/12/13

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(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.) Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes specialty of Eczema, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have been cured of 20 years' standing Eczema. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P.O. and Express address. He advises anyone wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. PEEKE, P. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

The firm of PLANE & FIELD, having dissolved, the undersigned, as manager for their successors, will continue the

Coal, Wood, Lime & Cement business at their old stand as heretofore, and the continued patronage of the public will be greatly appreciated.

W. F. PLANE, July 9th, 1895.

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Popular Prices. For terms address: FRED STERRY, Manager, or E. S. COMSTOCK, Resident Manager. June 12-13

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From May 1st to November 1, 1895, the Pulaski house at Savannah, Ga., will make special rates at \$3 and \$2.50 per day, according to location of room. This hotel is first-class in every respect and its standard will be maintained.

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Opens June 1st. Write for circular and rates. CHAS. L. DAVIS, Proprietor. may 12m thru sat sun tues

FOREVER.

By ANTHONY HOPE, Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," Etc.

(Copyright, 1895.)

"And it's positively tomorrow, Dick!" exclaimed my Cousin Flo. And she sighed rather heavily.

"I'll be a duff man, Flo," I observed, "I should resent that." "As it is, I sympathize with it. I was thinking, too."

"What were you thinking of, Dick?" "I do not see," said I, "any use in running over their names."

"Of course," said Flo, hastily and with a blush. "This is the real one, and all those."

"They were the real one," I interrupted. "The tenacity of love is even more remarkable than its intensity."

"What does that mean?" "Henceforward to both of us—nothing!" I said. "But when I remember Daisy—" "Daisy what?" asked Flo.

"When I remember Daisy, and Anna, and Philippa, and Mrs. no, no, hang it, I do not remember Mrs. no."

"I am glad that, anyhow," said Flo. "I don't tell you mine, Dick."

"You're trying to do it," I pronounced, after a minute's close examination.

"Mamma says," remarked Flo, "that when one is really in love one forgets everything—everything, you know, Dick—that has happened before."

"I'm so glad that nothing is inexorably true," said I, with a retrospective smile. "And when one is actually married—" "I asked Philippa Worsley about that," said Flo.

"Oh, Dick, what did she say?" "She said that she remembered them with a mixture of shame and amusement," said I, inhaling a mouthful of smoke from my cigar.

"Wonder," said Flo, with a skeptical smile. "Which is miles better than not remembering them at all. Heaven, Flo, is matrimony a sponge?" I said this with some warmth.

"Captain Worsley told me," Flo observed, taking no notice of my question, "that they were sad but sweet memories."

"If he had meant it," said I, "I should respect him. But probably you extorted it from him."

"Well, you didn't get anything so nice out of Philippa," rejoined Flo, with a slight appearance of irritation.

"Yes I did. She told me that I was just suited to you," and I carried Flo's hand in the most affectionate manner.

"How stupid you are, Dick! Of course she meant that to be horrid."

"Then she would express herself more lucidly."

"Now, Captain Worsley hinted—oh quite delicately, you know—that I was thrown away on you, Dick."

"His never forgiven me," said I, with much gratification. "He knows that Philippa—"

"Nonsense, Dick. I know why he said it," and Flo smiled with a parade of mystery. "But I was not to be inveigled into asking any question on the subject, I rose and warmed myself at the fire, observing:

"In the long winter evenings, Flo, when you have been a little trying, it will be very soothing to sit and think furiously how different it would have been with—" "I shall be in the other corner," interrupted Flo, sturdily.

"Yes, yes," I cried, "pretending to be busy with your needlework, but dropping a furtive tear, while you wonder—"

"Whether he," said Flo, "would have behaved to me as you do."

"Every word she spoke," I continued, "every sweet walk, every charming talk, we had with them, will come back to us, and we shall feel how intolerable—" "Is the actual life we are leading, compared to—" "What we might have led!" I cried; and I flung my cigarette into the fire; then I said, facing the grate, and continued: "Decidedly, the sport of life is an obnoxious one. For look again, at the other side. If you chance ever to be pleasant, or to look at all pretty, or—" "What an imagination you have, Dick! No, suppose you were by accident to seem nice—or to look nice, Dick, or—" "Why, then we shall cry, 'Thank heaven, we have escaped! This is our heaven,'" and I laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Flo. "A touch of sentiment I detect in you, where," I answered, stretching out my legs to the blaze.

"Mamma thinks we are being sentimental all the time," observed Flo.

"It is part of the sponge theory," said I tolerantly.

"It will be perceived from what I have said about my attitude that Flo was be-

hind me, and I did not see what she was doing during the pause which followed my last remark. But presently I heard quite close to my ear:

"Dick!"

"Yes, my darling," said I, cheerfully.

"Dick!"

"Yes, Flo, what's up?"

"Oh, nothing," said Flo. "It's much better to look at it sensibly, isn't it? Not to look



THEN I PERCEIVED SOMETHING ON ONE SIDE OF MY NECK AND ANOTHER THING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF MY NECK.

too much, I mean. Of course, marriage isn't paradise, is it?"

"Some say not," I answered.

"That's the comfortable thing about you, Dick. You're not one of those absurd people who think they're going to marry an angel—and then find her so—and—"

"And then round on her afterwards? I hope not indeed!"

"I'm not that sort of a person either," said Flo, "I know all your faults, Dick. I just like you, you see, and that's the best basis, isn't it?"

At this moment I felt something passing over my head and just touching my hair very lightly. I took no notice.

"It prevents all soreness—all sense of having been deceived," I observed.

"And it's really just as pleasant as being

—silly!" remarked Flo, in a most sensible tone.

"Just," said I, with much apparent conviction.

"It was so natural we should marry one another, from knowing each other so long, and being cousins, and so, that we needn't—" Flo stopped.

"Needn't what?" I asked in curiosity.

"Why—why, needn't pretend that it's

"What have you been doing to my hair?" I demanded sternly.

"No, but wouldn't you, Dick? Just a little bit, you know."

"This," said I, "is a very sad breakdown."

"Were they any of them as nice as me, Dick?"

"I had to say so, you know."

"Or as charming, Dick?"

"I couldn't say they were, could I?"

"Or—or as pretty, Dick?"

"I shall have to look around to answer that," said I.

"Oh, well, then, never mind, Dick—no, never mind. Because, there's something else."

"More still?" I exclaimed in expostulation.

"Yes, Dick. Did you ever care for any of them one-quarter so much?"

"So much as what?"

"You know, Dick?"

"I eyed the fire. The fire seemed to wink with twinkling eyes at me. I believe the fire understood how I was situated."

"Did you? Because you know, Dick, I never cared for anything like so much for anybody as—"

"Not a hundredth part as much!" I cried fervently; and then I looked up—well, I meant to look up at the ceiling, but a face came between the ceiling and me—a face with smiling lips and eyes like water in the sunshine. I did what the position appeared to suggest.

"Then why do you pretend you don't?" asked Flo.

"I was in a position to answer the question that had been passed by."

"So far as my memory serves me," said I, "I don't think they were as pretty either."

"You don't think?"

"You don't?"

"No, I don't think they were."

"No, they weren't," I cried hastily.

"Nothing like."

"You see, you can be nice, when you like," observed Flo, as I had done it.

"How long am I to be nice for?" I asked.

"For ever," said Flo. "Because there's still time to put it off, you know, it—"

"I will be nice for ever!" I cried, appealed at this threat.

"I'm afraid, Dick, I shall too!" whispered Flo; she deviated now and then into the most becoming confusion. "Yes, for ever," she repeated.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I observed.

"You may say what you like now," retorted Flo, beginning to smile again (for she had ceased for a moment of two).

"Then I venture to say that we have been very absurd."

"Very, Dick."

"Just as absurd as most people are."

"Just, Dick," said she triumphantly.

"And that it was not my fault."

"You couldn't help it. That's just it!"

"Just what?" I asked.

"It," said Flo, radiant, triumphant, irresistible.

"Then," said I, "I'll bid you good-night."

"Good-night, Dick."

"Oh—er—we meet tomorrow?"



"WHA WE MIGHT HAVE LED," I CRIED, AND I FLUNG MY CIGARETTE INTO THE FIRE.

commonly jolly, my boy, but you can't expect it to last, don't you know?"

I looked at the colonel. He is much my senior and was about to be my step-father-in-law. Still I said to the colonel: "Go to the devil. Good-night."

Which shows that man is a very queer sort of creature.

And I walked home thinking of things dead and gone, and of things that (as had been agreed) were to live for ever. And the two sets of things were—well, were they?—just alike.

Careless in His Syntax.

From Texas Sitings.

A clergyman of the Baptist persuasion, holding forth in a Texas town, recently commenced his sermon thus: "My dear friends, I want to talk to you about the infinite power of the Almighty. He created mighty ocean—and he created a people. He created the solar system—and he created the world—and he created a grain of sand. My friends, he created me! and he created a-daisy!"

OLD DAN EMMETT.

History of "Dixie," the Great Confederate War Song.

WAS THE FIRST NEGRO MINSTREL.

The Man Who Originated One of the Most Popular Forms of Amusement Ever Known—Lives in a Cabin in Ohio.

The most unique star of the theatrical firmament the coming season will be handled by my good friend Al Field—himself a star.

He is "Old Dan" Emmett. A letter from Field tells an Atlanta friend that he has secured Emmett, and it was all through his attention being attracted by a newspaper story.

This was the story of Dan Emmett and "Dixie." The originator of minstrelsy was

"After leaving school he became a journeyman printer in the office of a local paper, but the restlessness which seems inherent with him suddenly asserting itself he wandered off with a circus remaining with it as teamster during the summer engagements, and then returning home, in 1834 he enlisted in the regular army and for fourteen months was the leading fifer in a company of infantry. Then his parents, who had instituted a search for him, tracing him to St. Louis, Mo., sent an officer in pursuit of him and he was arrested and brought back to Mount Vernon. A circus at Cincinnati next, enticed him, and from that time forth he was a wanderer upon the earth. During the winter of 1841 we find him working at the case in New York, and boarding with a certain Mrs. Brooks, on Catherine street, where he was associated with Francis Marion Brown, William Whitlock and William Ward Peckham, all well-known single-handed performers, who were attached to circuses during the summer months and worked in newspaper offices the remainder of the year. To while away the evenings the four men organized a musical club, and on one occasion, just for the fun of it, gave a concert at which were present a few friends in addition to their fellow boarders.

"The programme consisted of negro songs, interspersed with characteristic jokes and to make it more effective, the performers, at Emmett's suggestion, smeared their hands and faces with soot from the kitchen chimney. The result was a tremendous success, and seeing in the enthusiasm of their little audience the superior drawing qualities of this new species of entertainment, they decided to repeat their experiment in public, and Whitlock assumed the duties of barker, press and advance agent. By pawning his watch and other valuables he raised funds for the prosecution of the enterprise, and flaming posters, announcing the celebrated 'Virginia' minstrelsy, would give their initial performance in New York in the Chatham theater, were posted over all available space. The novelty of the entertainment attracted immense crowds and from the first night success was assured. For twenty consecutive nights the company played to standing room only, and Whitlock, who had

"The company was then playing at Macchani's hall, in New York, and thus it happened that what afterwards became the great battle song of the confederacy was heard for the first time in the metropolis of the north. It took an instantaneous hold upon the fancy of the audience and proved a strong drawing card during the remainder of the New York engagement. At the south, too, it caught like wildfire, and was sung and whistled alike in 'white houses' and the cabins. 'Dixie' was written in the spring of 1859, when distant mutterings of war were beginning to be heard. Military companies were forming at the south. The bands took up the popular air, and the boys in gray learned to march to its stirring notes. Soon the storm burst in all its fury, and the soldiers of the confederacy, inspired by the same thrilling strains, rushed into battle to live or die for Dixie."

"Various explanations have been given as to the origin of the name of the song, the most reasonable and best authenticated of

which is perhaps the following: It seems that when slavery existed in New York one Dix owned a tract of land on Manhattan island, where he established a colony of negroes. His possessions grew and multiplied, but with this accession of property came such an increase and extension of abolition sentiment that the prudent Dix—so the story goes, became alarmed, and that he might secure himself against loss, sold his slaves to a 'unsuspecting southerner.' The unhappy negroes, thus torn from their home, looked back to it as an ideal place of abode, and Dix's land became to them the synonym of everything that was delightful. As time went on the name grew into Dixie's land, and was applied indiscriminately to all slave-holding sections. The words of the song have undergone many additions and modifications during the thirty-six years

of its existence, but a pencil copy in the author's own hand gives the following as the original version, as sung in New York in 1859, and afterwards published by Firth & Pond:

"I wish I was in de land ob cotton;
Old times dar am not forgotten;
In Dixie lan' what I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin'."

"I wish I was in Dixie—
Away! away!
In Dixie lan' I'll take my stand;
To lib an' die in Dixie.
Away! away! away down south in Dixie!
Away! away! away down south in Dixie!"

"In Dixie lan' de darkeys grow
Et white folks only plants deir toes;
Dey wet de ground wid 'baccher smoke
An' de darkey's head will poke
Up wid de smoke, but de darkey's head will
Dey young folks dey git up an' git
I wish I was in Dixie, etc."

"Dey hoe an' make an' dig de lan'
An' plant de cotton seed by han';
When master's gone dey work down wid stit,
Dey young folks dey git up an' git
I wish I was in Dixie, etc."

"You court de gals right on de square,
An' smooch de wool in deir curly hyar;
Dey art no drunk; dey art no sober;
Dey try to faint, but dey fall clear ober.
I wish I was in Dixie, etc."

"Ole Missis marry' Will, de weaver;
Will was de wool in deir curly hyar;
When he put his arm round 'er
He looks as fierce as a forty-pound 'er.
I wish I was in Dixie, etc."

"When Missis libbed she libbed in clobber;
When she libbed she libbed in clobber;
Here's a health to de nex' ole Missis,
All de gals dar want to kiss us.
I wish I was in Dixie, etc."

"Those who seek for literary excellence in the homely rhymes will be disappointed; but recognition of the author's design gives the key to their merit, and one sees in them an unsurpassed reproduction of negro thought and vernacular. The tune of 'Dixie' will live forever. The storm which laid waste the land of cotton only rooted it more firmly in the hearts of southern men and women. It has been grafted in the affections of their children and of their children's children. It is imperishable. It will never die."

"It seems that Lincoln, too, had a penchant for the famous air, and General Longstreet states that upon the occasion of the surrender of a large body of confederates he ordered it to be played by a northern band. Some surprise was expressed at this selection upon which the president asked: 'Did we not capture the song with the troops?'

"Dixie' was the last 'walk around' that Emmett ever wrote. Before its popularity, as such, had waned his voice failed, and with this failure came the termination of his professional career. Broken in health he returned to his Ohio home, where he has since remained, enduring with Spartan-like heroism the extremes of poverty. What will probably prove his last public appearance occurred last June, in Mount Vernon, at a charitable entertainment given by the Benevolent Order of Elks. His hands were maimed with rheumatism; but, drawing his bow across his violin, he evoked the well-known strains of 'Dixie.' With the familiar notes, however, came a shawl behind her. He caught it up and ran after her."

"Here is your shawl, Lucy," he said, the name popping out unawares. She gave a little scream.

"I thought you did not know me, Jack," she said, with a little shake in her voice.

"It is the lady's place to speak first," he replied. "Besides, I thought you did not recognize me. I've got to a sight, my cousin told me." She laughed.

"Well, I know you," she answered. He leaned against the partition of the passage and looked down on her.

"Why haven't you changed like other people?" he asked. "Happy married life, I suppose. That is a fine child of yours."

"Miss," said she, "Why, Mr. Arthur, that's Mrs. Croker's boy. I'm not rich, you know, and I did want to see Europe, so I came with Mrs. Croker as companion for my expenses. I am an old maid myself."

"What fools men have been to allow it," Lucy said.

"Oh, I've refused several offers," she replied, bridling.

"Well, I've not seen any one I could like abroad," said Jack. He shook out the shawl and wrapped it about her. "I'm a bachelor. Come, let us go on deck." His eyes were bright with happiness and her cheeks were pink, and her hands trembled on his arm.

He led her away to the most quiet spot he could find, and first of all they talked over that old misunderstanding and decided that it was all the fault of a spiteful woman who had tried to part them. Then they forgave her—because she was dead, poor thing.

Then Jack told Lucy about his travels and the fortune he was making, and Lucy told him about her mother's death, and how she had left this world; sisters married before he left this world; sisters married

and gone far away; brothers married, too—such unpleasant women, of course.

"I'm quite alone in the world," sighed poor Lucy, wiping away a tear.

Then Jack began to talk. He had a great deal to say, and it was necessary to whisper. And for a long time Lucy said no word. At last, when he had said more than once, "Ah, do pray do—you make me so happy if you will," she said: "Yes."

The dusky stewardess staid "dat yar sennep, kias dat yar lady—assassin baw!" but they were not aware of it.

Later on, Mrs. Croker told her friends that Miss Abbot disappointed her dreadfully. The very first day she began to stir with a gentleman who, she said, was an old acquaintance, and neglected her duties dreadfully, and as soon as they arrived at their destination told her that she could Dixie farther with her, for she was about to be married.

"And she was," continued Mrs. Croker; "the ungrateful thing!"

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The Ballad of a Little Fan.

(North Georgia Scouts.)

I rode a horse, a dappled bay,
Coal black his mane and tail—
A horse who never needed spur,
Nor curb, nor martingale.

And my aid three others rode,
Sun-burned, long-haired and grim,
Wild men led on by Edmondson,
Jim Polk, you've heard of him.

Behind us galloped, four by four,
A swart, moiled band
Of reckless fellows, chosen from
The bravest in the land.

Whither away on that fair day?
Oh, just a dash for fun,
To spend our horses and keep up
With Jim Polk Edmondson.

Behind our backs we led the hills,
We crossed the Sallickay;
My right-hand comrade smiled and said:
"I fished here when a boy."

Then, from the rise at Hogan's house,
I saw in a dream
Red-fringed, and silver-blue, and deep,
The Coosawatie gleam.

A shot rang out! A bullet split
The air so close to me,
As words, so embarrased, and then
A roar of musketry.

A wind of lead blew from the wood;
We met it at a run;
We sped so fast along the lane,
The worst-fence panics spun.

A horse went down, a dying face
Scooped darkly at the sky;
A bullet clipped my comrade's hat
And lopped the brim away.

"Come, boys, come on!" our leader cried,
"Bellows are struck and grim;
My comrade's pistol spat in balls,
And likewise so did mine."

A swirl of smoke with rifts of fire
Enveloped friend and foe;
Death, so embarrased, hardly knew
What way his strokes must go.

The fight closed in on every side,
And tore one spot of ground;
The noblest of our men to swim
Or turn their horses round.

A moment thus, and then we broke
The circle of our foes.
Old Hogan, in his doorway, heard
The crunching of our blows.

"The while we used our pistol-butts,
As swords, on many a head;
And yet, yet, down in that wood
We left our leader dead."

So, now you know just how it was
We had our little fun;
Speeding our horses to keep up
With Jim Polk Edmondson.

—Maurice Thompson in the Century Magazine.

Three Strong Points.

From The New York Mercury.

Mr. H. C. Baldwin, a leading lawyer of Naugatuck, Conn., makes three strong points in letter to the Mercury in criticism of Mr. Frederic R. Couder's Fourth of July letter to the Tammany Society. Alluding to Mr. Couder's remark that gold was sensitive and timid, Mr. Baldwin says:

"The simple truth is, the owners of gold and gold obligations, for their selfish ends, take themselves with their gold out of the war, and let what they call 'cheap money' fight their battles, win their victories, when forthwith they reappear and claim all the emoluments and honor."

This is strong point No. 1.

"One of the greatest bankers of Europe was before our congressional committee in 1876 and stated that 'if France, Germany, England and the United States were to repeal the laws making gold legal tender for debts gold would fall in the market of the world 75 per cent in three weeks.'"

This is strong point No. 2.

"Every one of these so-called 'honest money' fellows know that to open up the mine to the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 would cheapen gold by making the demand for it less, and this is the secret of the President's fight against silver."

This is strong point No. 3.

OLD DAN EMMETT.

History of "Dixie," the Great Confederate War Song.

WAS THE FIRST NEGRO MINSTREL.

The Man Who Originated One of the Most Popular Forms of Amusement Ever Known—Lives in a Cabin in Ohio.

The most unique star of the theatrical firmament the coming season will be handled by my good friend Al Field—himself a star.

He is "Old Dan" Emmett. A letter from Field tells an Atlanta friend that he has secured Emmett, and it was all through his attention being attracted by a newspaper story.

This was the story of Dan Emmett and "Dixie." The originator of minstrelsy was

"After leaving school he became a journeyman printer in the office of a local paper, but the restlessness which seems inherent with him suddenly asserting itself he wandered off with a circus remaining with it as teamster during the summer engagements, and then returning home, in 1834 he enlisted in the regular army and for fourteen months was the leading fifer in a company of infantry. Then his parents, who had instituted a search for him, tracing him to St. Louis, Mo., sent an officer in pursuit of him and he was arrested and brought back to Mount Vernon. A circus at Cincinnati next, enticed him, and from that time forth he was a wanderer upon the earth. During the winter of 1841 we find him working at the case in New York, and boarding with a certain Mrs. Brooks, on Catherine street, where he was associated with Francis Marion Brown, William Whitlock and William Ward Peckham, all well-known single-handed performers, who were attached to circuses during the summer months and worked in newspaper offices the remainder of the year. To while away the evenings the four men organized a musical club, and on one occasion, just for the fun of it, gave a concert at which were present a few friends in addition to their fellow boarders.

"The programme consisted of negro songs, interspersed with characteristic jokes and to make it more effective, the performers, at Emmett's suggestion, smeared their hands and faces with soot from the kitchen chimney. The result was a tremendous success, and seeing in the enthusiasm of their little audience the superior drawing qualities of this new species of entertainment, they decided to repeat their experiment in public, and Whitlock assumed the duties of barker, press and advance agent. By pawning his watch and other valuables he raised funds for the prosecution of the enterprise, and flaming posters, announcing the celebrated 'Virginia' minstrelsy, would give their initial performance in New York in the Chatham theater, were posted over all available space. The novelty of the entertainment attracted immense crowds and from the first night success was assured. For twenty consecutive nights the company played to standing room only, and Whitlock, who had

"The company was then playing at Macchani's hall, in New York, and thus it happened that what afterwards became the great battle song of the confederacy was heard for the first time in the metropolis of the north. It took an instantaneous hold upon the fancy of the audience and proved a strong drawing card during the remainder of the New York engagement. At the south, too, it caught like wildfire, and was sung and whistled alike in 'white houses' and the cabins. 'Dixie' was written in the spring of 1859, when distant mutterings of war were beginning to be heard. Military companies were forming at the south. The bands took up the popular air, and the boys in gray learned to march to its stirring notes. Soon the storm burst in all its fury, and the soldiers of the confederacy, inspired by the same thrilling strains, rushed into battle to live or die for Dixie."

"Various explanations have been given as to the origin of the name of the song, the most reasonable and best authenticated of

which is perhaps the following: It seems that when slavery existed in New York one Dix owned a tract of land on Manhattan island, where he established a colony of negroes. His possessions grew and multiplied, but with this accession of property came such an increase and extension of abolition sentiment that the prudent Dix—so the story goes, became alarmed, and that he might secure himself against loss, sold his slaves to a 'unsuspecting southerner.' The unhappy negroes, thus torn from their home, looked back to it as an ideal place of abode, and Dix's land became to them the synonym of everything that was delightful. As time went on the name grew into Dixie's land, and was applied indiscriminately to all slave-holding sections. The words of the song have undergone many additions and modifications during the thirty-six years

of its existence, but a pencil copy in the author's own hand gives the following as the original version, as sung in New York in 1859, and afterwards published by Firth & Pond:

"I wish I was in de land ob cotton;
Old times dar am not forgotten;
In Dixie lan' what I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin'."

"I wish I was in Dixie—
Away! away!
In Dixie lan' I'll take my stand;
To lib an' die in Dixie.
Away! away! away down south in Dixie!
Away! away! away down south in Dixie!"

"In Dixie lan' de darkeys grow
Et white folks only plants deir toes;
Dey wet de ground wid 'baccher smoke
An' de darkey's head will poke
Up wid de smoke, but de darkey's head will
Dey young folks dey git up an' git
I wish I was in Dixie, etc."

"Dey hoe an' make an' dig de lan'
An' plant de cotton seed by han';
When master's gone dey work down wid stit,
Dey young folks dey git up an' git
I wish I was in Dixie, etc."

"You court de gals right on de square,
An' smooch de wool in deir curly hyar;
Dey art no drunk; dey art no sober;
Dey try to faint, but dey fall clear ober.
I wish I was in Dixie, etc."

"Ole Missis marry' Will, de weaver;
Will was de wool in deir curly hyar;
When he put his arm round 'er
He looks as fierce as a forty-pound 'er.
I wish I was in Dixie, etc."

"When Missis libbed she libbed in clobber;
When she libbed she libbed in clobber;
Here's a health to de nex' ole Missis,
All de gals dar want to kiss us.
I wish I was in Dixie, etc."

"Those who seek for literary excellence in the homely rhymes will be disappointed; but recognition of the author's design gives the key to their merit, and one sees in them an unsurpassed reproduction of negro thought and vernacular. The tune of 'Dixie' will live forever. The storm which laid waste the land of cotton only rooted it more firmly in the hearts of southern men and women. It has been grafted in the affections of their children and of their children's children. It is imperishable. It will never die."

"It seems that Lincoln, too, had a penchant for the famous air, and General Longstreet states that upon the occasion of the surrender of a large body of confederates he ordered it to be played by a northern band. Some surprise was expressed at this selection upon which the president asked: 'Did we not capture the song with the troops?'

"Dixie' was the last 'walk around' that Emmett ever wrote. Before its popularity, as such, had waned his voice failed, and with this failure came the termination of his professional career. Broken in health he returned to his Ohio home, where he has since remained, enduring with Spartan-like heroism the extremes of poverty. What will probably prove his last public appearance occurred last June, in Mount Vernon, at a charitable entertainment given by the Benevolent Order of Elks. His hands were maimed with rheumatism; but, drawing his bow across his violin, he evoked the well-known strains of 'Dixie.' With the familiar notes, however, came a shawl behind her. He caught it up and ran after her."

"Here is your shawl, Lucy," he said, the name popping out unawares. She gave a little scream.

"I thought you did not know me, Jack," she said, with a little shake in her voice.

"It is the lady's place to speak first," he replied. "Besides, I thought you did not recognize me. I've got to a sight, my cousin told me." She laughed.

"Well, I know you," she answered. He leaned against the partition of the passage and looked down on her.

"Why haven't you changed like other people?" he asked. "Happy married life, I suppose. That is a fine child of yours."

"Miss," said she, "Why, Mr. Arthur, that's Mrs. Croker's boy. I'm not rich, you know, and I did want to see Europe, so I came with Mrs. Croker as companion for my expenses. I am an old maid myself."

"What fools men have been to allow it," Lucy said.

"Oh, I've refused several offers," she replied, bridling.

"Well, I've not seen any one I could like abroad," said Jack. He shook out the shawl and wrapped it about her. "I'm a bachelor. Come, let us go on deck." His eyes were bright with happiness and her cheeks were pink, and her hands trembled on his arm.

He led her away to the most quiet spot he could find, and first of all they talked over that old misunderstanding and decided that it was all the fault of a spiteful woman who had tried to part them. Then they forgave her—because she was dead, poor thing.

Then Jack told Lucy about his travels and the fortune he was making, and Lucy told him about her mother's death, and how she had left this world; sisters married before he left this world; sisters married

and gone far away; brothers married, too—such unpleasant women, of course.

"I'm quite alone in the world," sighed poor Lucy, wiping away a tear.

THE COURAGE OF DESPAIR

WALLACE P. REED.

When young Louis Duval, a cashier in the Bank of France, returned from a short vacation he was notified that the president and directors desired to see him.

The summons was imperative. Accompanying the messenger was a stranger whose face and general appearance at once attracted the cashier's attention.

For a moment Duval pretended to glance over some papers. But this was only to gain time. It did not take him long to come to the conclusion that the fox-faced man was a detective, and he shrewdly suspected his mission.

"It is too late this afternoon to talk business," he said to the clerk, "I would prefer to see the directors in the morning. The fact is, my trip has fatigued me and I need a night's rest."

The clerk shook his head.

"You must come immediately," he replied, "the president and directors are in their room waiting for you."

The cashier knew very well what this meant. He had anticipated it for a year and his features did not betray the slightest alarm or anxiety. The clerk looked at him curiously and his companion watched him closely.

"Very well," said Duval, "I will attend the meeting."



A MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTORS.

He started in the direction of the private office and not a moment later the clerk preceded him while the stranger followed him.

The three entered the office and the detective turned the key and placed it in his pocket.

President La Rue and the directors acknowledged the salutation of the cashier with stern gravity and in ominous silence. Duval coolly seated himself and faced the president.

"It is about my supper time," he remarked in an easy tone, "and I would like to get through with our business, whatever it may be, as early as possible."

"Your supper will have to wait," replied President La Rue, "Monsieur Duval, it is unnecessary to beat about the bush. Plain talk is best in your case. I regret to say

that during your absence an examination of your books shows a shortage of about 500,000 francs."

"I believe that is about the amount," responded Duval quietly.

The officials exchanged glances. Their cashier was evidently a fool.

"Of course we must prosecute you," continued the president, "but as you doubtless have a large portion of the stolen money concealed somewhere I would suggest that its return will cause the court to give you a lighter sentence."

The directors nodded approvingly.

"There is no money to return," said the cashier. "It is plain that you gentlemen do not understand the situation. I am no common defaulter, and if I have used your funds it was with no criminal intention, but because I needed money in certain scientific experiments. If you had not interfered with me my invention would have enriched me and I would have been able to square our account."

"This is idle talk," growled a director. "You appropriated our money to your own use. If you will return half of it your sentence will be light, but if you refuse you must accept the full penalty."

"Gentlemen," answered Duval, "you will get nothing from me. I can stand my punishment, and after my release my invention will bring me a fortune."

Then the president and the directors flew into a rage. They made furious threats, but the cashier's face neither paled nor flushed.

"If you had any sense," he said, "I would discuss the matter with you, but you are a set of pig-headed shysters. You know nothing about science and you cannot sympathize with me."

This provoked another outburst of wrath and the president narrowly escaped a fit.

The detective produced a pair of handcuffs and waited orders.

"Don't touch me!" shouted the prisoner. "I have my invention in my pocket, and if you handle me roughly it will explode."

"What did you say?" asked a nervous looking director.

"I said that my bomb would explode if you handled me roughly," was the reply.

"Exploit yourself," commanded La Rue. Duval drew from his pocket a small tin can. Opening it he removed a layer of cotton and then, between his thumb and forefinger a round object about the size of an ordinary marble.

"My new explosive," said he, "is the most wonderful invention of the age. It will revolutionize the art of warfare. This little ball thrown into a town would destroy a block of buildings and kill every body within a hundred yards of it. If I should unfortunately drop it here it would kill every man in the room and wreck this wing of the bank."

"Put it there on the table," ordered the president.

"No, I am not through with what I have to say," was the answer.

"Give it to me," said the detective, as he came forward.

"Back to your place, sir!" thundered Duval.

The president motioned the irresolute of-

val. "Dare to touch me and it will be your last moment on earth!"

The detective looked at La Rue for instructions.

"You will not frighten us with your extravagant ranting," said the president. "Put up your little toy and listen to reason. We must have that stolen money—what is left of it—do you understand?"

A strange expression came over the cashier's face—a look of confidence and enthusiasm. Still holding the bomb in his hand he spoke of his tremendous power, and told how he had given his nights to the study of science for years in the hope of making a fortune. He frankly admitted that his experiments had been very expensive and they had tempted him to become a defaulter.

"But," he protested, "I never intended to keep your money. There are several nations now at war, and any one of them



DUVAL SHOWS THE BOMB.

would give me millions of francs for my explosive. Then I could reimburse you, but if you refuse to give me a chance—if you are so stupid and cruel I must—"

He paused and fastened his eyes upon the floor.

Director Durant, a wealthy citizen who had given a large sum to escape military service during the Franco-Prussian war, went to the president and whispered something.

"Nonsense!" was the response.

"Officers," said La Rue, "do your duty."

The detective stopped forward.

Just then Duval rose and stood with his back against the locked door. He raised his hand and aimed his bomb as if about to throw it.

"Yes," he laughed, "let us all go together. Life is not a very precious thing after all. I am ready, Monsieur Detective."

There was a leaping devil in the man's eye, a mocking smile on his face and an indescribable expression of reckless daring.

The president motioned the irresolute of-

floor back, and the white-faced directors looked relieved.

Duval laughed in an unpleasant fashion.

"You are learning a little sense," he sneered, "and I hope to see all of you thinking and acting rationally before our meeting closes. The whole trouble is caused by your strange failure to properly appreciate science. If you had the slightest conception of the value of my new explosive you would stop your silly talk about prosecuting me and negotiate for an interest in my invention."

"You are an impudent scoundrel!" roared the president.

"Gently, gently, my dear sir," replied Duval. "I am not in a good humor just now, and you tax my patience too much. I shall feel tempted to—"

He left the sentence unfinished and looked at his bomb.

"I would like to show you how this



thing works," he continued. "It is a small affair, but a dose of these would shatter the world. A hundred of them would blow up the isthmus of Panama, leaving a chasm that would unite the two oceans. The only trouble is the difficulty in transporting these bombs. The least jarring or shaking would cause them to explode. They should be made on the spot where they are to be used. If that fool," he said, pointing to the detective, "had seized me, my natural resistance would have made the bomb explode. It will not stand any agitation, and when I carry it I walk with the greatest caution. If I should drop it now France would lose her bank and the major part of her financial wisdom."

There was a gasp of astonishment, not to say diabolical, in the fellow's coolness that began to impress several of his hearers. The president, however, renewed his efforts to persuade the cashier to restore the stolen money.

Duval quickly showed that he was irritated.

"See here!" he blurted out, "this persecu-

tion must stop. I have explained the whole matter to you, and I will not be bothered any longer. If you are not willing to recognize the claims of science you will be forced to do so. Before I will submit to arrest and imprisonment and run the risk of losing my invention I will dash this bomb on the floor and make an end of it all."

Then his manner changed. His eyes grew brighter and in almost pleading tones he told the story of his hard study and his numerous experiments with his explosive.

"I will do it for money for all this," he admitted, "and I had to secretly borrow from the bank. But if you let me alone I can repay you. Don't you see how foolish you are in waging war against science? In driving me to destruction you are sealing your own doom. Do you hold life in such light esteem that you are ready to die with me in this room without arranging your affairs and without a last word to your families?"

The president and the directors retired to a corner where they discussed the matter in low tones. One of the directors made a revelation.

"Duval means what he says," whispered the director. "To my certain knowledge he has been studying explosives for a long time. He has bought expensive books and chemicals and has fitted up a laboratory at considerable cost. Last summer he spent with the bombs tested at that time were no larger than bird shot they tore up the ground in every direction and the farmers were afraid that he would blow up the entire district. He is a dangerous devil, and his manner indicates madness. If we prosecute him I believe he would be adjudged a lunatic. But we are not likely to prosecute. The monster is in dead earnest, and if we do not yield it will be all over with us."

"You know these things to be true?" asked the president, frowning.

"Undoubtedly. I know all about the man and his experiments, and it is my belief that he is on the verge of lunacy."

There was a profound silence for some moments.

"I have no right to endanger your lives," said the president. "If you will leave the room and go to a place of safety I will deal with this wretch."

There was a chorus of dissent from the others.

"You forget," suggested one, "that besides the loss of your life the bank with its entire staff would be blown up."

"I will proceed cautiously," he promised, "and take care to avoid the worst."

"Let us cease this child's play," said the president, resuming his chair. "We have no desire, Monsieur Duval, to prosecute you. Will you refund 500,000 francs if we agree not to proceed against you?"

"Certainly not," was the prompt answer.

"Will you refund 200,000 francs?"

"Never!"

"One hundred thousand?"

"Not a penny!"

"What do you want Monsieur Duval?"

The cashier addressed himself to the bank's attorney.

"Draw up papers to show that the president and directors have paid me 500,000 francs for a one-fourth interest in my invention, and that I have transferred that interest to them."

lain extent, Americans are to blame for this condition of affairs. A lot of Americans with more money than maddest, go up and down the world making a great noise, and they prefer to pay the highest price rather than to control the water. These rainmakers make it hard for modest people, who are able and willing to pay hotel bills and railway fare, but who do not care to pay the salaries of hotel and railway employees.

"But a tip or fee is light in Europe, are they not?"

"True," said my friend, "but look at the army of people who have to tip; not less than ten in a first-class hotel. At 10 cents apiece that will cost you a dollar a day. The legitimate fees on an Atlantic liner are anywhere from \$15 to \$25."

"And what, may I ask, becomes of the tax one pays into the city treasury?"

"First, you have the use of the water for three or four months; and have also the pleasure of hearing good music while you take your medicine every morning. Part of this money goes to make the city water, to plant trees and to build the very forest and put boxes in the trees for the birds to build in, whose music cheers the thousands of strollers who through these winding ways."

So, although the tax one pays to the municipality is very little, even if you are first class, and as nearly every one leaves the place feeling better than when he arrived, there is no complaint.

What the Waters Will Do.

"Are all the people cured?" came here a question from a young man, who was medical inspector of the district for twenty years.

"Not all," he said, "but all who take the cure; for the doctor who examines the patient will not allow him to take the water unless he has a disease curable by the Carlsbad treatment."

There are many doctors in Carlsbad, and they are largely responsible for the splendid reputation of the place. They are honest enough to tell the patient to go away if they believe his disease incurable by the use of the waters. The waiters in the hotels all know what you are allowed to eat, and when you ask for a glass of beer or a plate of pastry the girl will shake her head, smile pleasantly, and say: "That is not good for you." In fact, all the people appear to want you to get well, and be happy, go away and eat bad things and come again.

Now, like many others, I am going away, and I have tried to find one man or woman among the thousands here now who is without faith in the cure or without hope of being cured. The water won't cure a stone bruise or a broken heart, perhaps, but it will brace you up, give you an appetite that will help your heart to heal, and the stone bruise will get well of its own accord.

And what do I know for sure? Nothing. But I know a man who has been going about for ten long years with a lousy liver and a gall ejector that wouldn't work and after twenty-six days in Carlsbad, he thinks he feels better than he has for years, and is almost foolish with joy at having been cured, and he wants to tell everybody about the wonderful waters that here come boiling up from God's earth.

CY WARMAN.

Dr. Hartman's Free Treatment for Female Diseases Attracting Wide Attention.

Chronic invalids who have languished for years on sick beds with some form of female disease begin to improve at once after beginning Dr. Hartman's treatment. The doctor's experience and knowledge of the cause of each case enable him to discern with great accuracy the wants and needs. These patients apply for treatment by letter, giving all their symptoms. The doctor then writes them what to do and what to eat. Those who have already applied, and still there is room for more. Each case receives careful and separate attention. In writing be sure to give all the symptoms and a complete history of the case, so as to make sure of valuable advice. Dr. Hartman's address is Columbus, Ohio.

For a short time the Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, of Columbus, O., are sending free to any address Dr. Hartman's handbook on female diseases, devoted entirely to the description and cure of diseases of the female sex.

For free book on cancer address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

PERSONAL.

C. J. Daniel, wallpaper, window shades, furniture and room molding, Marietta street. Send for samples.

Dr. Hartman's Free Treatment for Female Diseases Attracting Wide Attention.

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There was a brief conference and the proposition was accepted, with the stipulation that Duval should leave the country forever.

"That suits me," snapped the inventor, "I go to California."

The contract was drawn up and signed, and then another paper was drawn up binding the officer of the bank never to prosecute.

The papers are really worthless in law," explained the attorney, "because they are given under duress."

"We keep our pledges," said the officials simultaneously. "It is to our interest to hide this affair from the public, and we can afford to lose the money if Duval will stay out of France."

"Thanks, gentlemen," was the cashier's smiling response.

The detective unlocked the door and opened it.

"Would you mind giving me the bomb?" he asked.

"I may need it," was the answer.

"When do you leave Paris?" was the next question, this time from La Rue.

"Have you money enough for traveling expenses?"

"All that I need."

"Then, Monsieur Duval, go and never return. Our prayers are that you shall never see your face again."

The defaulter looked at the stern old president, and for the first time he hung his head in a shame-faced way. Without a word he left the room, passed through an outer door and vanished in the darkness.

"Have we done a foolish and a cowardly thing?" asked one of the directors.

"Very likely," answered another, "but I would do it again rather than be blocked up here with that devil."

And this seemed to be the sentiment of the entire party.

Two months later a dispatch from Chicago contained the following:

"Louis Duval, recently of Paris, was killed yesterday while experimenting with an explosive of his own invention. He was supposed to be an anarchist, but Frenchmen here say that he was once a cashier in the Bank of France."

That night, and the jolly bankers made the champagne flow like water. No outsiders were present and the newspapers were unable to find out what notable event had been seen by the financiers.

The Pursuit of Happiness.

When the declaration of Independence asserted man's right to this it enunciated an immortal truth. The bilious sufferer is on the road to happiness when he begins to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most efficacious regulator of the liver in existence. Equally reliable is it in chills and fever, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism, general trouble and nervousness. Use it regularly, and not at odd intervals.

To New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

Via Central railroad of Georgia and Ocean Steamship Company. Cheap excursion rates are now on sale. Make it a pleasure trip and go via Savannah and Ocean Steamship Company. For tickets, etc., apply C. R. R. ticket office, 15 Wall street, Kimball house.

June 16-1896.

Should be given at once to any symptoms or signs of disease as soon as they manifest themselves. By so doing you may save much suffering and expense. DR. HATHAWAY & CO., the experienced and established specialists, have devoted years to the exclusive treatment of those delicate and private diseases of men and women.

Blood and skin diseases, red spots, pimples in bones, sore throat and eruptions of skin and throat, painful swellings, etc., kidney and bladder disease, frequent micturition, scalding inflammation, gravel, etc., organic weakness, undeveloped organs, impeded marriage, nervous debility, impaired memory, mental anxiety, loss of vitality, melancholy and all diseases, cesses, indiscretion or over work, recent or old syphilis, thoroughly and successfully cured. How many suffer from the above diseases for many weary months without being able to get cured? Dr. HATHAWAY & CO.'S treatment. "Where shall I go to get cured?" many a sufferer asks, not knowing whom to trust. Go where thousands of others have gone and be restored to health, the comfort of home and the enjoyments of society—DR. HATHAWAY & CO. Many chronic diseases that have been neglected and failed to yield to the treatment of less skillful hands, soon get well under DR. HATHAWAY & CO.'S superior treatment. When suffering from diseases patients should seek advice from an expert whose experience and practice have taught him to apply promptly the proper remedy and quickly remove the disease. As experts DR. HATHAWAY & CO. acknowledge no superiors. An uncommonly successful practice during many years, with the honest experience derived from it, enable them to apply the proper treatment at once, without useless experiments, thus saving the patient much time, anxiety and expense.

Call on or address DR. HATHAWAY & CO., 101 South Broad street, Inman building, Atlanta, Ga.

Mail treatment given by sending for symptom blanks. No. 1 for men, No. 2 for women. No. 3 for skin diseases. No. 4 for catarrh.

A MEDICAL EXPERT, and he lives in Atlanta, Ga. He treats with great success all forms of Chronic Diseases of men and women. Do not give up, no matter what your trouble, if after you have submitted your case to Dr. BOWEN.

SPECIALTIES:

Blood Poison, Syphilis, Nervous Debility, Impaired Memory, Mental Anxiety, Loss of Vitality, Melancholy and all diseases, cesses, indiscretion or over work, recent or old syphilis, thoroughly and successfully cured. How many suffer from the above diseases for many weary months without being able to get cured? Dr. HATHAWAY & CO.'S treatment. "Where shall I go to get cured?" many a sufferer asks, not knowing whom to trust. Go where thousands of others have gone and be restored to health, the comfort of home and the enjoyments of society—DR. HATHAWAY & CO. Many chronic diseases that have been neglected and failed to yield to the treatment of less skillful hands, soon get well under DR. HATHAWAY & CO.'S superior treatment. When suffering from diseases patients should seek advice from an expert whose experience and practice have taught him to apply promptly the proper remedy and quickly remove the disease. As experts DR. HATHAWAY & CO. acknowledge no superiors. An uncommonly successful practice during many years, with the honest experience derived from it, enable them to apply the proper treatment at once, without useless experiments, thus saving the patient much time, anxiety and expense.

Call on or address DR. HATHAWAY & CO., 101 South Broad street, Inman building, Atlanta, Ga.

Mail treatment given by sending for symptom blanks. No. 1 for men, No. 2 for women. No. 3 for skin diseases. No. 4 for catarrh.

Dr. Bowen has cured his thousands, and he can cure you. We furnish all our own medicines free by express. Send 2c stamp for question list for males and females and for skin diseases. Address Dr. W. W. BOWEN, Room 209, Marietta Block, 25½ Marietta street, Atlanta, Ga.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Cotton States and International Exposition Co.

Atlanta, Ga., July 12, 1896.—Sealed proposals for furnishing material and labor, and for the erection of two public comfort buildings for this company, as per plans and specifications of Bradford L. Gilbert, supervising architect, will be received at the office of the company, at 121½ South Third street, on Friday, the 19th of July, 1896, at 12 o'clock, noon. Proposals must be made upon blank forms, and must be accompanied by a deposit of \$1000, payable to the order of the company, and must be made by cash or by check on a bank authorized to do business in this city. The deposit will be returned to the successful bidder. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of Bradford L. Gilbert, supervising architect, at 121½ South Third street, Atlanta, Ga.

GRANT WILKINS, Chief of Construction.

THE DRINKERS AT CARLSBAD.

How They Are Taken Care of and What They Do.

MORE THAN 1,000 DRINKERS IN LINE.

Cy Warman's Experiences and Observations at the Great Bohemian Health Resort.

(Copyright, 1896.)

Carlsbad, July 13, 1896.—The blue hills of Bohemia were beginning to grow green. The bees had just begun to put new honey in the hive. Of course the birds were happy, for the river sang between them.

When I took the cure at Carlsbad in the spring of ninety-five.

Carlsbad in the winter time is about as bleak and desolate as a western town, which, after a hard fight with weekly papers and Winchester, had lost the county that. The place is not dead; no more than the flowers are dead that are sleeping under the snow that had drifted deep in the Bohemian. With the first bluebird comes the man burdened with a bad liver, and the first patient is followed closely by merchants and shopkeepers, hotel men and waiters. There are merchant-tailors from Vienna, china merchants from Dresden and clock makers from Switzerland.

All through the month of April the signs of life are daily increasing. The walks that are about the many hills are being swept clean of dead leaves; houses are repainted and the rooms of hundreds of hotels and

little mistakes were no more to him than so many pennies.

So, in time, there came a gilt-edged card bidding my lord, the well born sardine and his friend to the feast—the guests of the city.

Just in front of the orchestra there was a narrow high throne, a kind of cross between a pulpit and a witness box, and from behind this little stand the speaker spoke. It is a good idea, this pulpit; it gives the speaker something to pound and does away with hands at the same time," said Jim, when the first man had finished. The lion of the evening was the architect who had built the Kaiserbad, and when he made his talk the men cried "Ho!" and beautiful women left their seats to click glasses with him. And the band played under the double eagle, and everybody stood up, and they were all very happy, and I knew that the homely leader with his ears full of cotton, had made a hit.

"Was that the Bohemian girl, Jim?" I asked when we had all settled down and began to feed again. "No," he said, "with a half bad smile. 'I don't know,' the Bohemian girl from the Irish washwoman, but I know that tune; it's the national air. Couldn't you hear the B flat scream and wall away down the line? Ah! if the Austrians had played that tune the seven days' war would have lasted longer."

It was an excellent little dinner, and the enthusiasm and patriotism of the people were good to see. True, they have been buffeted about by political waves between Germany and Austria, for many years, but the people in these Bohemian hills are happy, industrious and enterprising to a remarkable degree.

A Thousand Drinkers in Line.

On the morning of the 10th of May, when we went down to the Brunn to drink, a thousand people were standing in line.

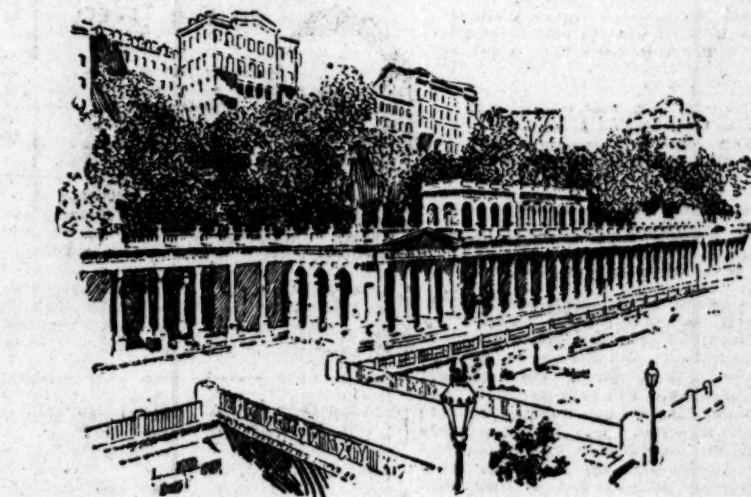
"Reminds me of the days when we used to line up at the post-office in Thompsonville," said Jim, his mind going back to the big days of Colorado, when he was mayor and silver was a dollar ten.

It was a great show; men and women from everywhere, with every disease that can be possibly charged to the liver, stomach or gall. Even nervous persons come here for the baths; and get well, or think they do, which is the same thing. There were men whose skin and eyes were yellow; and down to the liver, German dudes; fat young Germans who seemed to be walking on eggs, and old gouty Germans who did not walk at all, but shuffled.

There are big boys Britons in knickerbockers, and elderly Englishmen whose love of plaid is largely responsible for the daily rains that come to this otherwise de-

lightful region. There are modest Americans, with their pretty wives and daughters, and other Americans who talk loud in the lobbies and cafes; Tyrolese in green hats trimmed in feathers, and Polish Jews with little cork-crews curling down by their ears, such as we see in Jerusalem. Then there are a few stray Frenchmen, wearing hats and coats—but not more than once—in a while a Parisian lady, and you know her by the charming out of her skirt and the way she holds it up, and the beautiful dream of a petticoat the act discloses. There are Austrian soldiers in long coats, and officers in pale blue uniforms, spurred and cinched like the corset wearers of France.

In a solid mass the crowd of cup-bearers



CARLSBAD.

moves up and down in the great colonnade, keeping time with their feet or hands or heads to the strains of the band, which begins to play at 6:45 o'clock in the morning.

By 9 o'clock the springs are deserted, and the multitude has distributed itself among the many restaurants and cafes in the canyon. An hour later, having breakfasted lightly on toast and coffee-on such a hot day, the great army of healthy looking invalids loses themselves in the hills.

Carlsbad Hospitality.

Here comes an old, old woman, bearing a basket that would bend the back of a Turkish harem, followed by a landau, where loil the fairest dames of Saxony. Then a sausage man whose garlic-flavored viands freight the whole gulch with their fumes; and just behind him a wagon loaded with flowers and shrubs for the new gardens of the Grand Hotel Pupp, and their opening leaves fling such fragrance out upon the still air that it follows and tints far and wide. Behind this comes a locomotive followed by a freight train. Women with baskets on their backs, filled with empty milk cans, are climbing the trails that lead back to their respective ranches, which they must leave to show the date of their milk. The men are more polite to each other and always take off their hats as they meet and pass. The employees in the hotels do this, from the manager down. Indeed all these people are almost too polite. A table-girl who serves you at a way side cafe today will rush out to the middle of the street tomorrow and say good morning and ask you how you feel. She is honestly endeavoring to make it pleasant, and is unconsciously making it unpleasant for you. If you speak English, she argues that you may be a lord, or what to her and for her is better still, an American, grand, rich and awful, and she is proud to show the date of her milk. The men are more polite to each other and always take off their hats as they meet and pass. The employees in the hotels do this, from the manager down. Indeed all these people are almost too polite. A table-girl who serves you at a way side cafe today will rush out to the middle of the street tomorrow and say good morning and ask you how you feel. She is honestly endeavoring to make it pleasant, and is unconsciously making it unpleasant for you. 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The Object and Purposes of the Mission and How It Came About :: Lincoln's Position on Slavery.

never called in question by any of the participants in it and which account may be seen by reference to pages 576-626 of the text of the volume mentioned above.

"My proposition for a congressional commission, with its programme of action, was as different from Mr. Blair's secret military convention as day is from night, or rather as light is from darkness." It was "for a congressional commission to go public with the programme of the resolutions submitted to the Georgia delegation, and which

then become free under his proclamation? * * * Would it be held to emancipate the whole, or only those who had, at the time the war ended, become actually free under it? Mr. Lincoln said that was a judicial question. How the courts would decide it he did not know, and could give no answer. His own opinion was that as the proclamation was a war measure and would have no effect after the war had

any treaty or agreement looking to an ultimate settlement would be entertained or made by him with the confederate states, 'because that would be a recognition of their existence as a separate power,' which, under no circumstances, would be done, and for like reasons that no such terms would be entertained by him from the states separately; that no extended

At the Capital.
I have just taken the last of two bottles of Dr. Moxley's Lemon Elixir for nervous headache, indigestion, with diseased liver and kidneys. The Elixir cured me. I found it the greatest medicine I ever used.
J. H. MENNICH, Attorney,
1225 F Street, Washington, D. C.

MOTHERS' RELIEF.
(Woman's Comfort.)

This place. Can be bought at a very low figure. Will pay 15 per cent per annum. Will be pleased to show same.

\$2,000 buys two corner lots, one 37x200 to alley on Washington street, and one 50x200 on alley on Crew street. Either lot worth the money.

street, near Love street. Very cheap.

\$400 buys beautiful lot 50x145 on Gardner

\$2,000 local money to loan on Atlanta prom-

This was one of the points to be considered in acceding to it. My views upon this point, as given to Mr. Davis, are fully set forth in my history of the conference. Volume 2, page 592, 'War Between the States.'

What Mr. Hill says in his second letter put the 'rumor' that Mr. Davis had dismissed the commissioners by 'instruc-

City Point Va., February 2, 1865 - Thomas Major and A. D. Eckert, Major and A. D. Major - In reply to your verbal statement that you were willing to proceed on my instructions did not allow you to alter the conditions upon which a passport would be given to us, we say that we are willing to proceed on my instructions and there to have an informal conference with any persons or persons that President Lincoln may appoint on the basis of his own authority, ultimo, or upon any other terms, or conditions that he may hereafter determine, those not inconsistent with the essential principles of self-government and popular

northern people and the southern states would be under the constitution of the United States, with all their rights secured thereby, in the same way and through the same instrumentalities as the similar rights of the people of the free states were."

"Mr. Lincoln said as far as the confiscation acts and other penal acts were concerned their enforcement was left entirely to him, and on this point he was perfectly willing to be full and explicit, and in his assurance perfect reliance might be

to take effect, say in five years. Such a ratification would be valid in my opinion. I have looked into the subject and think such a prospective ratification would be valid. Whatever may have been the views of your people before the war, they must be convinced now that slavery is doomed. It cannot last long in any event, and the best course, it seems to me, for our public men to pursue would be to adopt such a policy as will avoid, as far as possible, the evils of immediate emancipation. This would be my course. I'll send

to the city engineer. The right to
 object any and all bids reserved.
 CHARLES E. McLEAN,
 Chairman of Street Committee.
 July 9-10t

TEETH
EXTRACTED
Without Pain



By Dr. Gust and Helzer, who are the

Real Estate & Loan Agents

MONEY—\$2,000 or less to lend on city property for two to five years, 8 per cent interest.

\$4,500 for 2-story, 9-r. house, lot 50x190 feet to alley; corner lot; level; east front; water and gas; street paved; worth \$5,000; owner must sell.

\$1,850 for new 5-r. cottage, near corner Pryor and Georgia avenue; easy terms.

HARPERVILLE—10-acre wood and water.

LIFE AS THE FUNNY MAN SEES IT

JUST THE MAN.



Professor Slippery—Next, ladies and gentlemen, I will cause silver dollars to fall out of this hat.
Joshua Lowhead—Gosh, Mandy! woul' dat' be a gran' boarder fer us nex' summer!

A Dialogue in the Night.

The man in the upper berth leaned over its edge, and jamming his frown firmly down on his brow, cried in a harsh, coarse voice that was audible above the rattle and rumble of the car wheels:
"Heh? you, down there! Are you rich?"
"Heh?" ejaculated the man in the lower berth, almost swallowing his Adam's apple. "Whizzer mazzer?"

Cause for It.

From The New York World.
Mix—You look despondent. Engagement broken?
Dix—Yes. Her mother accuses me of getting my fiancée loaded.
Mix—Heavens! Where did it happen?
Dix—At the drug store. Clerk made a mistake and gave her the soda water that had the wink in it.

JOKES ABOUT THE NEW WOMAN

The Revised Version.
From The Indianapolis Journal.
"Mother, may I go out to wheel?"
"Yes, my darling daughter."
"I suppose, of course, you won't wear skirts. Although I think you'd oughter."

Changed Woman.
From The Chicago Herald.
"Yes, indeed," said the old man, thoughtfully, after his wife had delivered a dissertation on the progress of the sex, "the new woman is vastly different from the old."

"I thought you would realize that in time," she returned, rather sharply.
"I have just been reading," he went on, "how girls used to be sold by their parents, and some of them brought fancy prices."
"But there's none of that now, thank heaven!" exclaimed the new woman proudly. "Woman has asserted herself, and—"
"No; there's none of that now," interrupted the old man. "That's all past. A man does not buy a wife in these days."
"I should think not!"
"Certainly not. It's all changed, all changed. Now he has to be paid to take her, and her poor, old father has to wreck his bank account to provide the dowry. Yes, I admit that the new woman, Maria—"

Then the door was slammed as she indignantly left the room.
From The New York Recorder.
Wife (paying for repairs on husband's watch)—What was the matter?
Jeweler—A hair was tangled in the works.
Wife (anxiously)—What color hair?
Jeweler—Exactly the color of yours, madam.

New Woman (playing poker with small brother)—Now, Johnny, you see how easy

THE IRREPRESSIBLE KID.

From The Indianapolis Journal.
Mrs. Figg—Dear me! You never come into the house without making an attack on that dish of doughnuts.
Tommy—Yes, maw; a home run doesn't count unless a feller hits the plate, you know.

An Appropriate Name.

Exchange.
A boy's fishing pole was fastened to the root of a tree on the river bank, and he was sitting in the sun playing with his dog, idling his time away, as he had been fishing all day and caught nothing.
"Fishing?" inquired a man passing.
"Yes," answered the boy.
"Nice dog you have there; what is his name?"
"Fish."

"Fish? That's a queer name for a dog. What do you call him that for?"
"Cause he won't bite."

At Boarding School.

From The New York Recorder.
Dear mother: Another boy and I went boat-riding yesterday. The boat tipped over. Some men rolled me on a barrel till I knew something. They will bury the other boy when they find him.
We are going to set a barn on fire tonight and have lots of fun. Do you think we want to be blown to pieces?
I am awful sorry, but I lost my watch and chain.
Please send me \$10 so I can buy some dynamite bombs, because the boys want to put them under the teachers.
Oh, golly! we have fun here. If I have room in my trunk I will bring home with

AGGRAVATING.



Her! What's the matter, darling? What are you kicking about?
She: Well, it's enough to make any one kick. Three girls on horses, two hands out, the score tie, and I punched out by that hateful Smith girl.

A Terrible Kicker.

"Please, sir," said the bell boy to a Texas hotel clerk, "No. 40 says there ain't no towel in his room."
"Tell him to use one of the window curtains."

"He says, too, there ain't no pillows."

"Tell him to put his coat and vest under his head."

"And he wants a pitcher of water."

Smothered with Roses.

To Wall street's arena the young man went.
And soon by a bull was floored.
So he said he had been, when his mate was spent.
By the horn of plenty gored.
Little Nephew—Uncle Jack, what is love?
Uncle Jack (twice married)—Love is some

A BOARDING HOUSE DRAMA.



1—D'Auber: Ah, an invitation from dear old Uncle Ben to come up and stay two weeks? But how can I leave this room?



2—If I attempt to move my trunk, the landlord will seize it for two months' rent. What must I do?



3—An idea!!!



4—Landlord: Take this trunk away from here at once! Do you think we want to be blown to pieces? You shan't keep it here another minute!!



5—D'Auber: These are "pretty hard haas," but I'll remove my inventions as you request. I never heard of such injustice!!



6—Uncle Ben: I'm certainly glad to see yer!

"I say, are you rich?"
"What's that, sir? Rich? What do you mean by waking me up in the middle of the night to ask me such a question as that?"
"I want to know—that's why."
"Well, then, confound you, I am rich. Now, I hope your infernal curiosity is satisfied and you will let me go to sleep."
"Very rich?"
"Millionaire, darn you. Now, shut up and—"
"Well, then, why in sizzling, blazing torment don't you hire a whole sleeping car to do your snoring in?"—New York World.

What He Might Have Done.
Smith—That was a horrible crime committed at Chicago by that fiend.
Jones—You mean the one that smothered a woman?
"Yes, but it was to be expected that he would smother her. One of the papers says that she was an old flame of his."
"He might have put her out instead."—Texas Siftings.

An Indication.
From The Pittsburgh Chronicle.
Mr. Northside walked into his parlor the other night and was rather surprised to see his daughter sitting on young Mr. Hilltop's lap.
The young people were surprised, too. The old man was the first to recover his equanimity, and as Miss Northside found her feet he remarked:
"Ah, Lucy! I see your race for a husband is nearly over."
"What makes you say that, papa?" asked the girl, blushing painfully.
"You seemed to be on the last lap."

An Age That Never Withers.
From The New York Recorder.
"I suppose you know in what age people got the most stuck on themselves?" the pretty girl said.
Young Mr. Youngly, in his new summer clothes and mustache, said that really, you know, he didn't—he didn't know as that is, he—
"It was in the muckilage," the pretty girl explained.

It is for a woman to beat a man even at his own game.
"Rats!" exclaimed the small boy in a startled tone.
While his sister fled from the apartment he coolly gathered in the chips and stacked the cards preparatory to a new deal.

And She Knew.
From The New York World.
Mrs. Pangs—Is your husband in Wall street a bear?
Mrs. Riggs—Yes; at least his typewriter, Miss Huggins, says he is.

What He Wondered.
From The Washington Star.
"You seem thoughtful, Henry," said Mr. Meekton's better half.
"Yes. An idea just struck me."
"What was it?"
"I was wondering whether by next season the new woman will be gentlemanly enough to take her hat off in the theater."

Change of Conditions.
From The New York Recorder.
The stout man wiped off his forehead.
"Yes, I was a good deal run down before I got a bicycle," he said.
"But now," he added, determinedly gripping the handles, and taking aim at an old lady crossing the street, "it is the other people who are that way."
The old lady was piled up in the gutter.

From The New York Recorder.
Soaque (who, at 4 o'clock a. m., has spent half an hour trying to unlock the door)—M'ria, get piece string!
Mrs. Soaque—What for?
Mr. Soaque—Don't ask questions. M'ria, get string. Get it quick! Think I can hold this keyhole all night? Been prancing all over door. Goin' tie it now so's can find it again t'morrow. Can't f'ord to waste time lookin' fer blamed keyhole every time I want it.

Summer Fishing.
From The New York Recorder.
"This higher criticism," began the secretary.
The president hastily recalled what the free silver editors were writing about him. "We will say nothing about the hire criticism," he interrupted, bitterly.
Then they baited their hooks in silence.

Shipping His Mind.
From The New York Recorder.
"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Tibbets, "you're no idea what it is to be troubled with a poor memory."
"Does your memory trouble you?" the caller sympathetically asked.
"Oh, no—not mine," Mrs. Tibbets explained. "My husband's. He forgets every errand I send him on."

The song, "I Am Weary Tonight, Love, Without You," was composed by a man whose wife had left him to take care of the children while she went to the theater with one of the neighbors.—Tit Bits.

me a mud turtle and a chipmunk. Goodbye. Your loving son. — WILLIE.
From Tit Bits.
The Teacher—Now, who can tell me which travels the faster—heat or cold?
Johnnie thought he was waddy—Heat, of course. Anybody can catch cold.

Hard on the Goat.
From The New York World.
Poet—Do you digest all the poems you read?
Editor—Oh, no; I have a goat to do that for me.

It Remained.
Her head had dropped upon his shoulder.
"If only," he whispered, "thy cheek could remain there forever."
Johnnie thought he was waddy—Heat, of course. Anybody can catch cold.

Delays Are Dangerous.
Mr. Johnson—Look here, Vandusen, you have been courting the same lady for the past thirty years. Why don't you propose to her?
Mr. Vandusen—I am afraid to. She might accept, and I am so old now that I don't believe I could stand the shock.—Texas Siftings.

He Was Near the Top.
One day on a third avenue elevated train I sat next to a young man who made such a bungling attempt to get into my trousers pocket that I turned on him and said:
"If I were in the business I'd do better than that or quit."
"In what business?" he asked.
"Picking pockets."

"I think I'm pretty well toward the top," he complacently observed as he began to read his newspaper.
"It don't look that way to me," I growled as a parting shot.
He got off at Fourteenth street, and then I began to feel around. I found he had taken my gloves, handkerchief, bunch of keys, notebook and the only \$10 bill I possessed. I went back to look for him and beg his pardon and tell him to continue in the business, but he was not to be found.—Detroit Free Press.

Her Strength of Mind.
He leaned soulfully near.
"And could you," he whispered, "think of another?"
She cast down her eyes in sweet confusion.
"Really," she faltered, "two plates already—or if you insist—thank you. Yes; strawberry flavor, if you please."—Puck.

"Suffering Cyrus! But he is the worst kicker I ever struck in my life. Carry him up the horse pail."
"He wants to know if he can't have a light."

"Here, confound him! Give him this lantern, and ask him if he wants the earth, and if he'll have it fried on only one side, or turned over."—Texas Siftings.

Explained.
From The New York World.
Occasionally you will find a college graduate who doesn't know what a rake is until he steps on the teeth of one and the handle whacks him on the nose.

My Preference.
Though my friends insist that it isn't right, yet, all their experience scoring, I'd rather be off on a lark at night than be up with the lark in the morning.
—Pick Me Up.

HAD PROVEN IT.



"She declared that she was going to wed a rich man and would stop nothing to accomplish her purpose."
"She kept her word. She is going to marry a wealthy dude."

HOW THEY MANAGED IT.



"You and Miss Highfly appear to swim together pretty well. How do you manage it?"
"Oh, we squeeze along somehow."

No Longer a Crime.
From Puck.
Tourist (in Oklahoma)—"Horses are pretty cheap here nowadays, aren't they?"
Alkali Ike—"Cheap? They are so blamed cheap that when we capture a horse thief we send him to the lunatic asylum instead of lynch'n him."

Van Bilby—What language do you speak, Miss De Gushah?
Miss De Gushah (sighing divinely)—But one.
Van Bilby—And that?
Miss Gushah—The language of love.
Van Bilby—Ah, really! But you must find it embarrassing that nobody in society understands dead languages nowadays.

Overplayed Himself.
For the fourth time in one evening the third assistant guard of the harem had beaten his royal master at chess.
"I envy you your skill," said the potentate.
"I flatter myself there are no flies on me," replied the underling.
"Yes, I envy you. I really wish I had your head."
And the thing was done.—Life.

From Life.
"Why did you ask the Boston girl to go with us?"
"It's such a hot day."



1—Gosh! dat fan is a corker. I never did have such a nice blowin' up.



2—Electricity certainly is immense. I wonder how it works!



3—Murder! Murder!! Murder!!!



4—Well, that's th' best hair cut an' shave I've had for ten years.

From The New York World.
Miss Gushah—My Lord, during all our American tour, which of the belles has proven the most irresistibly alluring?
His Lordship—The aw-dinner lady I assure you.

A Cure for Toothache.
In Staffordshire and Shropshire, England, they have a most extraordinary cure for toothache. The sufferer watches a rabbit runway with a spade and traps, and as soon as he succeeds in capturing one of these reputedly useless little animals, cuts off its paw and quickly applies it to the aching molar. In order to make the cure sure and effective the paw must be amputated while the mole is yet alive; furthermore, the aching tooth is on the right side of the jaw and a left-hand mole paw must be used, vice versa. A similar toothache cure exists in the Cape Verde Islands, and also on the Canaries.

Russia's Iron Hand.
From The New York Sun.
Russia takes drastic measures with her troubles. An English mill director murdered by the mill hands recently in Ivanovo, in the government of Vladimir, his severity so enraged them that they tore his body limb from limb. Thereafter the ringleaders will be hanged or shot to prevent the repetition of such a future.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to The
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ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1895.

NUMBER 37.

Ted's Potato Patch, and What Came of It

By HARRIET CARYL COX.



I.
"Please, sir, I want a potato patch, too." The man in attendance raised his head suddenly from contemplation of the diagram before him.

The child voice was almost startling in contrast with the gruff tones of the men who had preceded him and who now had passed on with the precious slips of paper entitling them to so much of the city's unused land.

"I want a potato patch, too," repeated the boy with gentle insistence.

Then, as the astonished secretary made no immediately reply, he came near and leaned confidently against the desk, an interesting specimen of ragged boyhood.

"It's just this way," the boy continued in explanation. "The papers said folks that had families and were poor could come here and you'd give 'em some land to plant on, and they could raise potatoes and things, and so be sure and have something to eat next winter. So I've come," and he smiled cheerfully.

"You are the head of a family, I presume? and needy, too?"

There was a twinkle in the secretary's eye as he put the routine question.

"Well, I just am," replied the boy earnestly, drawing himself up from the desk where he had been leaning, and standing straight and dignified.

"And if you don't believe I'm needy too, you can just look at that—and that."

He thrust a ragged elbow almost into the secretary's face and advanced a lively foot which was hardly covered by the worn shoe.

"That's the best I've got," he asserted, "but it don't make much difference, 'cause 'twill be summer pretty soon, and then there ain't any use for shoes, 'cept for folks who put on style, and I ain't one o' that kind," and he gave a hearty, careless laugh.

Then his face sobered. "But tain't so with grandad and little Emmie. Grandad he's old, and has rheumatiz awful, and he's just got to have shoes, 'cept in very warm weather in the house, and little Emmie ain't got no clothes at all, to speak of, and I've been wanting to take her up to the public garden for a long time, but I can't, 'cause she ain't got no hat or shoes, nor nothing."

He gave a little sigh.

"You see there ain't nobody earning anything but me and there's three of us to keep going, and it's pretty hard work. I sell papers and run errands and do lots of things, but somehow it don't count up very much, and so when I read that piece, I thought how I'd come and get a patch o' ground too, and grandad he'd be able to take some care o' the plants when they come up, and maybe by fall we'd have as much as a whole bushel of potatoes."

"'Twould be awful nice, you know, 'cause we don't often get any now."

"And grandad says he'll plant some flowers, too—they won't take up much room off in some corner somewhere, and that would be just fine."

"Just think, to be picking your own flowers out of your own garden. My!"

His face was aglow with eagerness.

The secretary scanned the diagram before him.

"You can have this bit of ground," he said, his finger placed at the corner of a plan all marked off with numbers. "It is rather smaller than the rest, but I guess it will be all you can take care of," and he smiled back at the boy who was intently studying the diagram.

"Go there and give the overseer this paper, and he will show you the place and tell you all about it—and here!"—for the boy

was about to dart out of the office in his eagerness.

"The overseer will give you the potatoes to plant, and this lady," handing him another card, "will give you the seed. So write your name here and then good luck to you."

With great care the boy wrote in large, irregular letters "Ted Daly," then with a happy smile he darted from the office, out through the busy streets, up past the new part of the city to where the vacant lots were.

II.
Of the garden plots cultivated by the city's poor, none received greater care than No. 37 did.

Nor was Ted's devotion confined to his plot alone. Those of his neighbors were watched with an impartial interest and there was an unselfish rejoicing as the green blades began to push their way through the hard earth.

And somehow it seemed as if every one's plants came up before the first tiny shoots



AT THE HOSPITAL.

showed in his. But he never lost his hope, but day after day as early as 5 o'clock in the morning Ted was there to see what wonders the night had brought. Seven o'clock would find him back again in the heart of the city, calling the morning papers.

Finally the tiny blades stole up and became leaves and Ted was wild with delight. One day he brought grandad and little Emmie out to see the wonders of his garden and his kindly neighbors stopped and chatted with the old man and shared with them the poor food in their bright dinner pails.

For this time grandad staid all day and slept in the warm sunlight or told stories of older times, while the men sat down to rest beside him.

And Emmie played in the dirt and pulled grass and daisies from a tiny uncultivated spot and were all happy together, till Ted came to take them home.

III.
The next day, and again the next, then a week passed without a sign of Ted or his family.

Those were hot, dog days, and his plants began to droop.

"I say, 'tain't no more than fair that we should water those plants a little," said one rough man, as he stood, pail in hand, looking down at the neglected garden.

"That's so," said another, pausing in his work.

"That Ted was a likely little chap and a

most tremendous worker. I'm afraid something has happened to him, or the old man, or the little girl, and I think we'd better just look after things a bit, until he comes 'round again.

"I remember one day I weren't feeling well, and he did most o' my weeding for me, and there was a dreadful lot of weeds, 'cause I'd let it go a long time for I'd had a week's work unexpected. 'N when I thanked him he just laughed, and said he liked to, 'cause was good practice, so I'll just kind o' turn round and pay him back," and the man dropped on his knees and began to thin out the rank grass.

IV.
So the weeks slipped by one after another yet the little gardener failed to put in an appearance. Still his garden flourished. Not a weed was allowed to mature, and the potato plants were green and thrifty. When the flowers too began to bloom, the query arose what shall be done with them? "They ought to be picked," the men said, "because if they don't they'll stop blossoming."

After a consultation some one said, "They ought to go to a hospital or something of that kind," and finally it was agreed to cut all the flowers and take them to the children's hospital.

"'Cause Ted was a child, and they ought to go to some child, seeing he can't have them," concluded the first speaker.

interested listener.

"Grandad was pretty stiff after sitting on the ground all day, so when we was crossing Tremont street, he didn't move quite quick enough when an electric car was coming. I was looking after Emmie and she was kinder scared at all the clanging and the ringing of bells.

"The first thing I knew there was a car 'most on us, and we'd have got out all right, 'cause the motorman saw us all right and was being careful, only grandad got kinder confused and turned right back onto the track so sudden there weren't no time for the car to stop nor nothing.

"I thought pretty quick, 'twan't fair to have an old man killed that way, 'specially when he was a peaceful, kind sort of man, so I just give Emmie an awful shove forward, and pulled grandad quick off the track, then we all fell down together and I didn't know nothing for ever so long.

"When I woke up I was here, and nurse she said it was three days. I couldn't just believe her, 'cause I don't see where I was all the time, but I guess she knows, 'cause she's sort of an angel.

"Well, grandad got shook up pretty bad, and they took him to the Emergency, but they didn't keep him there long, 'cause there weren't really anything the matter.

"Emmie was only scared and scraped her knee pretty bad, but nothing dangerous.

"They're all right now, and Mollie, the washerwoman, is taking care of 'em, 'till I get 'round again, and that'll be pretty soon I guess.

"What happened to me? Well, I struck on a stone and that's why I didn't know nothing for so long and broke one leg and arm, that's all.

"'Twan't very bad, only I've been worry-ing terrible 'bout them potatoes.

"I suppose they're all dead?"

His voice was wistful and his eyes studied his friend's face.

"Doing fine, you say? My! but ain't that nice, and these flowers grow there, too? Just as I planted 'em? And you ain't a joking either? Well, ain't that just scrumptious!

"I didn't expect to ever see nothing of 'em again.

"And sometimes I wondered if the flowers ever missed me.

"Awful foolish, thinking such things, but somehow when you're sick, awful queer things do come into your head.

"'N I'd watched 'em so long and faithful, I thought they must most know me, and praps they'd miss me when I didn't come and feel sorry and die.

"But they knew better, didn't they? Knew I was a going to get well all right, so they plucked up courage and went to blooming, so I could have some.

"Strange, ain't it?

"Now, I just tell you what we'll do. Just the first day I get out of this, you dig some of the potatoes, my very own, remember, and you and all the rest of the men come to my house, and we'll have 'em cooked, and eat 'em.

"Kind of a Thanksgiving you know, only 'twon't be the right time o' year.

"But I guess that won't make no difference.

"You say he must go now, nurse? Well, I'm sorry; but you can come again, and I say, give my respects to all the other men, won't you?

"Tell 'em I'd be glad to see 'em, and that I'm awful glad 'bout my garden.

"And if you happen to go down my way, you might take some of the blooms to grandad and little Emmie. They'd be awful glad 'cause I guess they've missed me.

"Well, good-by—I'm awful glad 'bout the potatoes."

"You never saw anything quite so touching in all your life," Ted's friend said the next morning as he told the story to the men.

"There he was all smashed up and he suffered lots, the nurse said, yet he didn't seem to think nothing of it, but was glad 'bout everything.

"I just guess we ain't wasted nothing on that potato patch."

The men stood in a group about the thriving little garden.

Fresh buds were unfolding and there was a sweet fragrance from the flowery corner, and the warm sun shone down on the uncovered heads of the rough workmen.

"I reckon we didn't make no mistake this time," and they fell to work on their own somewhat neglected plots.

The Tobacco Habit Growing.

The anti-tobacco reformers do not seem to be keeping up with the procession even, to say nothing of making headway. The consumption of tobacco in its various forms shows a steady increase. Last month, according to government reports, there were manufactured in this country 365,726,647 cigars, 305,150,369 cigarettes, 22,057,443 pounds of tobacco and more than 1,000,000 pounds of snuff. This was an increase over the production during the same period last year of nearly 2,000,000 cigars, 500,000 cigarettes and 1,500,000 pounds of tobacco.

A black and white portrait of a man with dark hair, wearing a suit jacket and tie. The drawing is done in a sketchy, hatched style.

A black and white line drawing of a group of nine young men, likely members of a school band or orchestra. They are arranged in three rows: four standing in the back, three seated in the middle, and two kneeling in the front. They are wearing uniforms consisting of sweaters and trousers. The man in the front center is holding a large drum.

The South Side Blues defeated the South Side Bantams by a score of 9 to 0, on ac-

Master George Winship is among the

Master George Winship is among the

Much has been written in ridicule of the wild guesses given from the witness stand

Value of a Minute.

He did a deed, and on his way
A bird sang in his heart all day.
—Robert Loveman, in *Munsey's Magazine*.

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A PANTHER IN THE HAYSTACK.

From Youth's Companion.

The valley of the Clark Fork, in Montana, is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque regions in America. Owing to the fact that winters here are not quite so severe as in the adjoining mountain valleys of the same latitude, the Flathead Indians had, for many years before the railway was built and white settlers came, been accustomed to drive hither their herds of ponies or cayuses to pass the snowy season in the sheltered, grassy vale of this beautiful, clear-tinted mountain river. One of the railroad stations perpetuates the name of Horse Plains, while another bears the yet more alluring appellation of Paradise Valley.

In a pleasant nook of the river and the crags, a Scotchman, McClerg by name, built a log cabin about twenty years ago, and beginning with a single ewe, soon possessed a flock of sheep. He fenced with logs and cultivated a small vegetable garden, had a shed for his sheep and cow, and was accustomed to cut and stack hay for the winter season near his little homestead.

McClerg brought from Scotland a wife, a little girl, and a boy about thirteen years old. The boy, who was a chubby, resolute fellow, was named Duncan, or, as they pronounced it, Dooncan, although he was more commonly called "Doonkie."

The first winter which the family spent in Paradise valley brought them many surprises. They marveled at the extraordinary severity of the cold, the "snapping" of the trees from the frost, and the great snowfalls.

McClerg himself, who suffered from rheumatism, would scarcely stir forth from the cabin when the great snowdrifts piled up about them, but Doonkie was more plucky. He shoveled paths through the snowbanks to the shed where the cow and the three sheep were sheltered, and attended to their food and water, which was no light task, for the water had to be brought for them in a bucket from a hole in the ice, down the Fork, or else the creatures had to be driven there once a day to drink.

It was with difficulty that the "drink hole" was kept open in the severest weather. Ice formed fully three feet in thickness and during one week the snowbanks quite overtopped the cabin and the shed.

In addition to these cares, the lad was obliged to cut and draw in firewood on his handsled from pine trees which grew at a little distance. Later in the season he had to draw hay to the sheds from the stacks which his father had made in August. But in this labor he had the cow's help.

He made a "crooked yoke" and led the cow attached to the handsled along the path which he opened to the stacks. Although he was kept so busy, the boy enjoyed his responsibilities. He liked to be stirring and bustling about.

He drew in the hay only as fast as necessity for fodder arose, and used the supply in the nearest stacks first. So as the winter advanced and the snow deepened he had farther to go. It was not very good management, but was pardonable in emigrants who were new to the country.

The farthest and largest stack stood nearly a hundred rods from the cabin, near a tall, blasted pine tree, and near also the rocky bank of the Fork. On the other side, distant fifty or sixty yards, rose a crag of jagged, wild aspect, crowned by pines.

A great deal of interest attached to this stack in the lad's mind, for during the winter he had frequently seen large, black animals about it. Sometimes there were two, sometimes three or four, and once five had been seen pulling out mouthfuls of hay.

Doonkie perceived from the cabin that they had made sad inroads upon the stack. Neither he nor his father knew that they were elk, but the fondness of the animals for fodder suggested that they were some kind of deer.

For a fortnight or more Doonkie noticed the black animals at the stack every day. Then nothing more was seen of them for three or four days. About this time it became necessary for Doonkie to make a trip there for hay. He yoked the cow one morning, and having hitched her to the sled, led her along by a rope attached to her horns, while he walked ahead with hay fork and shovel to open the path to the stack.

Approaching it, he perceived that the snow had been trampled, and that a good deal of hay had been scattered about. There was a path which led from the stack up the valley and a little way along the trail he could see where the elk had wallowed through a snow bank, eight or ten feet in depth.

All these signs the lad's eyes noted with

great curiosity, but going round to the other side of the stack he saw something which at once thrilled him with alarm. There lay gnawed bones, bits of black hide and the head and antlers of a large elk. The snow was discolored with blood stains, and there were other indications that a great struggle had taken place here.

With wonder and growing fear the boy peered about, stepping very cautiously now. Beneath the stack, close down to the trodden snow, there was a sort of hole or opening, under the hay. With heart thumping audibly, he stooped to look into it, when his eyes encountered those of some savage animal which was apparently in the act of creeping out!

Terrified now in good earnest, Doonkie darted around the stack to where the cow stood, harnessed to the sled. Then he turned to see if the beast had come out. There it stood, crouching on the snow, not twenty feet away, switching its long tail to and fro.

There is no doubt that the animal was a panther, but Doonkie McClerg knew only that it was a fierce and terrible creature of a species utterly unknown to him. With a howl of fright which his mother heard at the cabin, he dashed past the cow and started to run home.

The cow, frightened at the sight or smell of the panther, turned to run almost at the same instant; and with good cause, for the ferocious brute sprang upon her back as she turned to bolt, and fastened its claws into her shoulders.

The cow, a sturdy creature, galloped along the path, yelping, bearing the panther and jerking the sled behind her, helter-skelter. She went at such a pace that the lad was overtaken after a few rods and knocked aside into the snow, where he fell, rolled over and lay nearly buried. The sled had barely missed him, and as he raised his head and scrambled up a little he saw it as the cow galloped, bounding alternately high in the air and then plowing into the snow.

Once or twice the sled seemed to fall upon the panther, and this circumstance discomfited the beast, or perhaps actually knocked it off the cow's back. It lost its grip before the cow gained her shed, and then stood in the path a hundred yards or more from the cabin, looking wistfully after its intended prey.

It was at this juncture that Mrs. McClerg came out to ascertain what had caused Duncan to cry out in so strange a manner. Seeing the cow dash past, and then perceiving the panther standing in the path, the poor Scotch woman was horror-stricken and stood for a moment as if petrified. Then she cried out:

"Me bairn, oh, me puir bairn! That fearsome beastie has eaten him up!"

The lad, meantime, lay as low as he could in the snow in mortal fear lest the panther should turn about and find him. He heard his mother's lamentations, but probably felt that it was better for her to be mistaken and grief-stricken for a time, than to have her guess made right by his calling out.

Next the boy's father came hobbling forth. Strange to say, although this settler had wandered so far into the great west he did not possess a gun. He laid hold of his ax and advanced past his wife, but awed by the savage aspect of the panther took second thought and stopped short.

Mrs. McClerg, whose motherly anxiety had now risen to the pitch of frenzy, ran back into the cabin, and seizing with each hand a smoking brand from the fireplace, ran straight along the path toward the beast, brandishing the sticks and uttering shriek on shriek.

She presented such a singular and formidable appearance to the panther that its switching tail dropped and, suddenly turning, it trotted back along the path. As it came past where the boy lay in the snow, its flashing yellow eyes fell upon him. It paused, and for one terrible moment, he thought that the beast would surely pounce upon him. But with a backward glance it ran on again, passed the haystack and was lost from view along the elk path.

Duncan McClerg, now grown to be a man, tells the story in a very graphic manner. The sudden appearance of the panther from under the haystack plainly made a very vivid and indelible impression upon his boyish mind.

Children at the Capitol.

Gail Hamilton says: "The only difference between children and grown people is that children are not grown up."

Nowhere is this better illustrated than at the capital, where our little folk are all the fashion, and are early taught the social etiquette of their mammas.

It is the glory of Washington that fathers, mothers and children love the fresh air, and abundant outdoor life is the rule, not the exception.

The delicious softness of the air; the many parks, the smooth roads, make it an enchanted city of springtime, of flowers, trees and vines, for our little men and women. They may live in stately houses, have very costly playthings, have busy fathers and mothers, who fill public places, but they are daily to be found under the green trees, on the country roads, or in the beautiful capitol grounds and parks.

Lady Pauncefort says: "Nothing is more perfect in America than the freedom, good manners and beauty of the little people of Washington."

Of course, the more refined and watchful the mother, the greater care is used in choosing an attendant. Mrs. Dahlgren, Mrs. Lamont and many others tell me that of all service in one's household, the nurse is the most carefully selected and receives the highest wages.

With safety and dignity our young people drive and walk without danger or insult. In no way does it detract from the delicacy or manners of girls and boys to drive their handsome cars, wagons and phaetons themselves.

Nellie Grant is well remembered and loved as the merry little driver of fine horses; and our most daring small horsemen and horse-

women are children of secretaries, senators and millionaires.

The etiquette of riding, driving or walking is the same for children as for their elders. It is good form to touch or lift the hat, to smile or bow in quick return for like courtesy. Children are, however, not expected to speak first.

Master Edward McLean was met the other day while driving his four-in-hand, by an old friend of his grandfather's, General Beale. Little Ned clutched all the reins in one hand, snatched off his cap and bowed.

"Polite as his grandfather," the friend remarked.

Master Gould Lincoln despises a touch of his cap in courtesy; off it comes, his head bows with the old-fashioned manner of the Goulds and the courtliness of his dignified father.

Years ago the three little lads of Senator Hale were so marked in their recognition of people and politeness on the street, that Mr. Bancroft said of them: "Mary Chandler's lads do her honor, and their fine old grandfather Zack Chandler! They know that good manners comes from the heart! Runs in the blood!"

One social custom of which we are justly proud, is the outdoor companionship of distinguished men and their children in the past. Vice President Morton and his pretty daughters, Mr. Blaine and Miss Hattie, Henry Cabot Lodge and his daughter, the Brazilian minister, Senor Mendonca, with his handsome, dark-eyed Spanish children, all well mounted, galloping over the concrete roads or through the green, wooded country, have been greatly admired; and today nothing is more beautiful than the grave, gray-haired fathers walking or driving beside their wide-awake boys and girls. Thus they easily learn all the grace and manner of meeting and saluting their elders. They draw the bridge rein quickly, wheel about, and ride close to the lady or gentleman speaking to them.

General Logan's small grandson once met the president, who was driving into the city, from the soldiers' home. Logan mounted on his wild Mexican pony, quick as a flash, wheeled about, snatched off his cap, rode alongside the big carriage and shouted "good morning, Mr. President," and as quickly was off.

The president told the story to General Logan and laughingly added: "Your little chap most took my breath away, with his ease and manner!"

Mrs. John G. Carlisle, who is a woman of pure, strong character, good sense and unaffected speech, said to me not long ago: "Although there is much vanity and folly among our young people of today, they were never lovelier, more refined and courteous! In the eighteen years of my life at the capital, I see great improvement in their ways. As I work for, and with them in my own parlors, and in public places, I find them delightful and polite." Small "John G." is a fine, manly little lad of six, and with his two pretty sisters, Jane and Laura, do honor to their grandparents, and to the gentle, careful training of their young mother and father. They are unaffected, delightful children.

The little son of Chief Justice Fuller, the Thurburs, Lamonts, Hoke Smith's son Marion, and hosts of others among our official families are splendid examples of the well-bred, courteous children of the capital whose mothers are careful and tender, and who we believe will some day see these same free, merry, wide-awake boys and girls fill positions of trust and honor in our country.

MARGARET SPENCER.

Animal Happiness.

All animals, from ants up to whales and elephants, play together in youth, and some are fond of taking such diversion at intervals through life. One might search the world over and not find more playful creatures than puppies and kittens, but there are other dumb animals which not only frisk about, but actually descend to practical jokes.

A Brazilian parrot once succeeded in making a railway party believe that they had run over a child. Sudden cries, followed by a low moaning, rang out from beneath the wheels. The train was stopped and the employees nervously searched the track, but no child was to be seen. No clew to the situation could be found, until a large green parrot, swinging in his cage, uttered a mocking laugh.

A monkey, on shipboard, used to amuse himself in the cook's absence by turning the water cocks in order to enjoy that worthy's surprise when he returned and found the water running over the floor, and there are scores of authenticated instances of actual deception practiced by animals to gain some desired end.

A certain Skye terrier used to attempt deceiving its master by going through the action of killing a fly and then assuming an air of success. One day, however, when proof was given him that his hypocrisy was detected, he slunk under the furniture, evidently quite ashamed.

The merry antics of monkeys are many and diverting. Humboldt was acquainted with a monkey in India which took delight in riding a pig. Every morning the creature caught one, leaped astride his back, and clinging there with great firmness, took his fill of riding. Another monkey, domesticated by a missionary, used to put the family cat, a strong, good-natured animal, to the same use.

The favorite game of others seems to be that of sliding down hill. They climb to the top of a high snow ridge, lie flat upon the stomach, with the forefeet bent backward, and, giving themselves an impulse with the hind legs, glide down the hill, head foremost. In summer they select a sloping river bank which has a clayey soil and where the water at its base is of considerable depth. Climbing this bank, they start from the top, slip swiftly over the sloping ground and plunge into the water.

The gambolling of whales is often witnessed by sailors, and Paley says that any observer of fish must acknowledge that "they are so happy they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes and frolics are simply the effect of an excess of spirits."

SUMMER SWIMMING.

The Fun and Danger of Frolicking in the Water.

July and August are the prime months for swimming and boys who wish to become experienced and develop good speed in the water should indulge in this, the most delightful of all pastimes, as frequently as is consistent with the laws of health.

Comparatively few persons who swim are proficient enough to reach a drowning person and tow him to safety or support him until assistance arrives. This is due to the fact that the particular muscles which swimming calls into play have become flaccid through want of exercise and consequently give out at the critical moment.

For All Ages and Conditions.

Every one can learn to swim, even cripples and deformed persons. Self-confidence only is required. It is not intended here to outline the various methods of learning to swim. Detailed descriptions are in such cases almost worthless. The boy who really desires to learn can do so either at a natatorium or by watching a swimmer and picking it up for himself. After two or three attempts, either by crawling off a shelving shore until his hands cannot reach the bottom, when he is bound to take a stroke or two, or possibly by placing under his chest a board or plank, he will have made some headway, and proficiency then is only a matter of practice.

To Acquire Skill.

To become a speedy swimmer, however, is more difficult. This, as well as long distance swimming, requires considerable muscular effort and good staying powers. One of the great mistakes made by persons when they first begin to practice for speed is in trusting to their arms for the principal impetus. Any professional swimmer will tell you that this is wrong; that you should depend on the strong muscles of the legs to shoot you forward. The muscles of the chest are bound to become wearied if they are depended on for all the work.

The question as to the movement of the legs is an important one in connection with fast swimming.

Scissor Swimming.

Captain Webb, who swam across the English channel from Dover to Calais, a distance of thirty-five miles, in 21:45, contended that the best speed was to be had by moving the legs scissor fashion, while others have trusted entirely to the resistance offered by the soles of the feet to the water for the propelling force. Fast swimmers nowadays combine these two methods into a powerful stroke, which consists in straightening out the leg with a peculiar flip, the scissor action being combined with the downward or opening stroke of the legs.

The Arm Movement.

The fastest stroke for the arms is the "hand over hand." One hand is lifted out of the water, exposing the entire arm and shoulder, and swung through the air forward as far as the reach will permit. It is then dropped into the water edgewise and the other arm thrown out in the same fashion. A knowledge of this stroke is valuable in swimming short distances to reach a drowning person. It requires great muscular effort and cannot be maintained long. Another fast stroke which requires less exertion, consists in swimming on the side and taking but one arm out of the water. This may be relieved by turning over on the other side, or by using the common broad stroke.

Famous Records.

Among the famous swims on record is that of Captain Webb's, mentioned above, and his second one of four miles in the Thames river, accomplished in 9:51. Gus Sundstrom, instructor at the New York Athletic Club, swam thirteen miles from Macomb's dam to the Battery, New York, August, 1893, in 3:37. The best record ever made by a woman is that of Agnes Beckwith, who swam twenty miles in the Thames river, July, 1878.

Swimming contests are becoming more popular every year and some remarkable records have been made the last few seasons.

Dealing with Cramp.

It is a good thing for a boy to develop a fast stroke, though not quite so important a matter as that of acquiring good staying powers.

Among the great bugbears in the sport is the cramp, which is likely to seize the best of swimmers. Every one should know, however, that there is positively not the slightest danger from an attack of cramp if the swimmer does not lose his head. It can frequently be relieved by change of position, by a vigorous stroke or two with the limbs affected, or by rubbing.

If the cramp occur in the calf of the leg straighten the leg, elongate the knee and draw the toes up toward the body, regardless of pain. If relief does not come, float quietly or paddle toward the shore without trying to use the limb affected.

Learn to swim in clothing and to undress in the water, and in swimming under water remember to keep the eyes open.

LITTLE GAB

The Story of a Hunchback Boy.



By ANDRE THEURIET.

(Translated from the French.)

From my windows I could look across the court into the apartment occupied by the family of little Gabriel who was called "Little Gab."

His father was a cutter in a clothing house. His mother was sickly and white-haired at forty-five, and expended all of her health in her school duties.

He was an incurable invalid. His crooked spinal column made his shoulders rise to the level of his eyes. His legs were slender and soft and bent under a body warped and thrown out of equilibrium. He would not have been able to walk without an orthopedic corset.

From this distorted trunk with a hump on the chest, and one on the back rose a head too large, but the face had exquisite delicacy and an expression of singular poignancy.

Although he was eight years old one would have thought him twenty from his thoughtful face, his prominent forehead and his brown-black eyes so precociously pensive.

His father, mother and sister adored him for his affectionate ways and his extraordinary intelligence.

The physician had forbidden his working, but to amuse him and to change his surroundings they sent him to school, where he forced himself to listen gravely and to retain all that he heard.

One evening after school I saw him seated under the porch of the house against the rooms of the concierge. His mother had gone out to make some purchases, and his sister not yet having returned from the shop, he found the door of the apartment locked. He was watching the street with hungry eyes while his expression indicated deep thought and mournful resignation. While I questioned him the pupils of his eyes threw observant and frightened glances at me; during the interview his sister returned all out of breath.

"Oh! my poor Gab," cried she. "I have kept you waiting, and you are impatient, ain't you?"

"No," replied Gab, with a calm, silvery voice. "I said to myself, only that perhaps you did not want me any more, and would not come back. I am so sick and so troublesome."

"Ah! you naughty boy," murmured the young girl, covering him with kisses and then turning her eyes filled with tears toward me:

"He is so little and so intelligent; he reasons like a grown person. What a pity that he is not strong. The doctor says if he can go to Berck this summer the salt air and the sand baths will probably cure him. But it is far away, Berck, and it would be expensive; but I am going to try to make enough money to take him there."

This courageous young girl worked from morning until night to make the amount necessary. She broke herself down at her machine. She folded, gathered, seamed, basted and sewed without rest. I heard the dry, quick click of the machine late into the night; it sounded like a sharp chorus of grasshoppers in the fields.

Behind the curtains in the lamp light I saw the outline of the young seamstress. In the house everybody knew the history of little Gab, and the women willingly gave their work to the sister. They stopped the child on the landing, in the halls and court, caressing and fondling him and sending him delicacies. He was always shy, and he shrank from their caresses, which gave him more inquietude than pleasure; he thought a long time of these marks of friendship.

"The lady on the top floor has given me these toys. Why has she done so, when she does not know me?" he asked of his sister with a keenness which gave a heart-breaking understanding of the working of his brain: "It is, without doubt, because I am a hunchback."

Work was plenty and the bank grew heavy in a dark corner of the bureau drawer. July was approaching and preparations were already commenced for their departure. A trunk had been bought and a costume for the child, who, enchanted,

talked of nothing to his schoolmates but his trip to the seashore.

At the last moment everything was upset by an unfortunate accident.

The young wife of a clerk on the fifth floor had given her wedding gown to the sister to be trimmed in the prevailing fashion.

One evening, in playing with the ink bottle, Gab let it slip from his slender fingers, and its contents ran, unluckily, on the white satin skirt.

They did not scold him. Alas! no. The consternation in his face was too painful to see. His sister stifled a cry of terror; silently, nervously, she sponged the material. The ink had outrageously spoiled eight yards of satin.

Between the loss to the client on the fifth floor and pity for Gab, there must be no hesitation. The clerk's wife was not rich and her wedding dress was her only resource for fete day and occasions of ceremony. Then, again, the little dress maker was proud and did not wish the people of the house to know the cares and sorrows of their home. The most practical and dignified thing to do was to run to the Bon-Marche and try to match the stuff.

Eight yards, at 15 francs a yard, made a total of 120 francs—a rude breach in the bank—the fund for the journey.

It was finished. It would be necessary to give up the visit for this year.

The girl embraced little Gab and went to sewing again.

The following winter they worked steadily on the first floor. The autumn had been

looked far off, while his slender fingers designed vague ships on the window pane. Then suddenly seeing me in my window observing him and thinking himself spied upon, he made an angry gesture and drew the muslin curtain.

Toward the middle of March I saw him no more. His bones ached with increasing severity, the pains in his head were redoubled, and his legs could no longer support him. He lay now the entire day stretched out on his little bed, turning for the hundredth time the leaves of his picture book, where he saw the ocean and the vessels with their white sails.

He had not given up the idea of his trip. "When are we going to start?" he asked his sister, and when she explained that they would have to wait for warm weather he replied in his thin voice:

"But I am in a hurry. I want to be cured quick, very quick, so that I will not see you cry any more."

He had looked up the names of the towns on the route and he already knew them by heart. Chantilly, then Clermont, Amiens, Abbeville and then the ocean.

"Once we are there, I am sure my bones will hurt me no more."

In waiting he had constantly by him the large pink shell from the chimney and with his ear against its mother-of-pearl lining he listened to that distant murmur of the sea that was to deliver him from all his miseries.

Toward Easter I heard no more the heavy rumbling of the sewing machine. They worked no longer on the first floor, but I saw a light in the window far into the night, showing that some one was watching by the bed of the sick child.

"He is very low," the concierge said to me in low tones as she pressed instinctively against her skirts her sturdy, chubby-faced boy. "He cannot live long. Poor child! It will be a deliverance."

One morning I met on the porch a narrow



SO THAT I WILL NOT SEE YOU CRY ANY MORE.

rainy, and little Gab's health had suffered in consequence. His bones ached, he had a fever and pains in the head. The doctor examined him, stroking his beard meanwhile and again ordered the child to Berck as soon as the weather became warm.

This time it was decided, cost what it might, they would start for the baths at the end of May.

The sewing machine recommenced again and its grasshopper chorus was heard far into the night.

They had bought Gab a picture book with nothing but views of the sea. Here were ports with their forests of masts ranged along the walls of the quays. Steep cliffs and rocks washed by yeasty waves, and fishing boats disappearing at sea like a flock of white-winged birds.

The child talked of nothing but the ocean. He saw it in his dreams, and sometimes in broad day he thought he saw through the fog which filled the inner court, strips of coast beaten by the tide and large vessels with swollen sails.

Occasionally he took from the mantel a large shell and held it to his ear. He would stand thus, his neck lost in his shoulders, listening for hours to the noise of the sea, which seemed to him to come from far off—from very far off.

The winter was exceptionally damp and I did not meet little Gab any more on the porch of the house. The physician had expressly forbidden that he go out.

From time to time I saw him at the window; his eyes were sad, sunken and they

coffin, carried by two men and followed by the family.

It was little Gab, who was starting on his journey to the fathomless sea of the unknown.

Eloquent Rags.

"Eloquence is speaking out—out of the abundance of the heart," say the authors of "Guesses at Truth." An incident related by Dr. Barnardo, the English philanthropist who cares for friendless children, illustrates this characteristic of eloquence.

"I was standing," he said, "at my front door one bitter day in winter, when a little ragged chap came up to me and asked me for an order of admission. To test him, I pretended to be rather rough with him."

"How do I know," I said, "if what you tell me is true? Have you any friends to speak for you?"

"Friends!" he shouted. "No, I ain't got no friends; but if these 'ere rags'—and he waved his arm about as he spoke—'won't speak for me, nothin' else will.'"

A Turn About.

"I'm afraid you'll never learn much at this rate. Now, today we'll change places; you'll be mother and I'll be Tommy."

"Me be mother!"

"Yes, you are mother; and pow for lessons."

"Oh, as you're such a good little girl you can go and play—there's be no lessons today."



C. E. Harper, Longstreet, La.—Dear Junior: I have long been a silent admirer of The Constitution Junior. Papa has been taking The Constitution two years, and I enjoy reading The Junior. I am sorry that "Little Mr. Thimblefinger" has stopped.

I am a farmer's boy thirteen years of age. Papa raises cotton, corn, potatoes and sugar cane.

I went to a school concert last Friday; we all had a nice time.

I will ask the juniors a question: What is "fool's gold?"

Maggie L. Currie, Union Church, Miss.—Dear Junior: I am a little girl ten years old. This is my first letter to you.

I have three little turkeys. I have made two quilts. I can sew, milk, iron and wash.

When was the first steamboat invented?

Lizzie Parrott, Syracuse, S. C.—Dear Junior: I am a little girl ten years old. This is my first attempt to join your circle.

I have been going to school this spring, and it closed about three weeks ago—we had an entertainment.

I go to Sunday school every Sunday.

My papa is a farmer and a doctor. I have four little pets, three puppies and a cat.

Mary Parker, Whitesides, Tenn.—Dear Junior: I have been an interested reader of The Constitution for sometime. Now Dear Junior, will you be so kind as to let me, a little girl, come in a few minutes. I am always delighted to see the dear old paper put in its appearance every Tuesday. I read all the children's letters and like them very much.

I live in the country about two miles from town. The place is wild and picturesque. Beautiful ferns and flowers grow here in abundance. I think the little city cousins would enjoy it if they could be here during the flower season.

I have two pets, a doll and a dear little baby brother.

I will send my little mite to the Grady hospital.

Charlie Barrow, Shoccoe, Miss.—Dear Junior: Sometime in May I wrote a letter to The Junior department, giving a short description of my trip over the railroad to my aunts in Washington county, Mississippi, and also the loss of my trunk at Winona.

In that letter I sent 25 cents for the children's ward in the Grady hospital. I have heard nothing from my letter or the 25 cents. I think there must be some robbers on the way and am afraid to send another 25 cents as it might share the same fate of the first.

I am but a little boy nine years old, and an orphan, and would like to help the poor little children, but am too poor to help a thief. I think this matter should be looked into, as I see there is considerable complaint.

Hoping this may reach you, I will close for this time.

Lillie Currie, Union Church, Miss.—Dear Junior: My home is situated a mile from the beautiful little village of Union Church. This little village has three stores, two churches, a school house and a grave yard. I go to school there, but school is out now.

Papa is a farmer; he raises cotton, corn, potatoes, peas and sugarcane. I go to church and Sunday school. I have four brothers and two sisters.

Mamma has 126 little chickens; I have one little gosling. I am fourteen years old, and the oldest. I can sew, cook, wash, iron and milk.

Correspondents solicited.

Lee Newman, Opelika, Ala.—Dear Junior: Here comes a boy that enters with his whole soul into the contents of your paper, and am thus encouraged to write.

I live five miles east of Opelika on a farm. I am twelve years old, but I am old enough to do "we boys," for all girls must know that they never go ahead of us in anything.

I was so unfortunate as to break my limb just above the ankle.

Inclosed you will find 10 cents for the Grady hospital. I made the money digging roots, and think there are no more charitable objects than orphans.

Mamie Tatum, Fincastle, Tex.—I dropped corn all day for Mr. Roles, to get a nickel to send to The Junior for the children's hospital and then did not get to send it. Can any of the cousins guess the reason? Papa owns a calf that is afflicted; sometimes she can't walk any at all; first one leg is stiff and then another. The calf is thirteen months old, has been afflicted all its life, and is in good order.

Did the lady get well that had a swimming in her head so long? What has become of Millard Ford and Miss Lizzie Borden.

I am very anxious to hear from my grandfather's relatives named Saddler and Slaughter.

We are having a great deal of rain now. I send 2 cents for the Grady hospital.

Raymon Griffin, Lucy, Tenn.—Dear Junior: I am a little boy eight years old, very large for my age. I am staying now with grandpa and grandma on the farm. My papa wants me to be a farmer. My papa and mamma are in Luann, Ark. I have been helping Uncle Norris set out potato slips and cutting weeds in the yard, and grandma gave me 10 cents to send to the Grady hospital.

Quida Dillalunty, Osceola, Ark.—Dear Junior: I live on the Mississippi river about eighty miles above Memphis. I am eight years old.

I have been going to school at Osceola. My school is out.

I send 20 cents to help the children's ward of the Grady hospital.

Eula Legrone, Mt. Tabor, Fla.—Dear Junior: I have written to The Constitution four times, and have not seen either one of the letters printed yet, so I will try and write again.

I have been going to school, but I had to stay home and help hoe cotton. Our school teacher's name is Miss Sallie Edge.

Papa has a right nice crop of pears, and will soon be shipping. Watermelons will soon be in shipping shape.

THE CYCLING WORLD.

Edited by JULIAN HARRIS.

AN AUSTRALIAN COSTUME.
The Young Women of Melbourne Have Selected a Striking Uniform.

A splendid organization is the Cycling Club of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is well officered and has a membership of nearly fifty. The captain is F. G. Byrd, who is a thorough cyclist and who has a capital record. The vice president is Mr. Joseph H. Johnson, the well-known newspaper man who has won a number of events. The club has had three runs since its organization two weeks ago. The last run was made yesterday. It was what is termed a "watermelon run," a delight of which the cyclists not living in the south can never enjoy. The run was to Buckhead. The first run of the club was to Decatur and the next to Manchester. Captain Byrd told me that it was his intention to increase the distance gradually and to get the club members in such trim that they could scorch ten or twenty miles easily. He will not try any ride of over fifty miles. Every effort will be made to make the new club a success.

"We feel very much gratified over our membership," said Mr. Joseph Johnson, vice president of the Young Men's Christian Association Cycling Club, yesterday afternoon. "There are in Atlanta at present not less than 500 persons, exclusive of women, riding wheels. Perhaps some 150 of these are business men and do not have time to take a long spin. Many of the others are boys, but there are at least 200 riders who should join the Young Men's Christian Association Cycling Club. I am confident that when the ladies learn to ride wheels they will form a club and a joint pleasure trip on wheels to some nearby place would be thoroughly enjoyable. Atlanta has caught onto cycling in great shape and before six months more there will be 1,000 wheels owned in the city."

Atlanta should be a central town for cycling races but at present there is not even a track in the city. The exposition disposed of the old track, which was not a very fast one, though better than none. Road racing has been in vogue for quite awhile, through the individual efforts almost of Mr. R. L. Piggett, manager of the Piggett Cycling Company. He said yesterday:

"I am very sorry that we have no track in Atlanta and I fear that it will be many a day before we have any more track riding. When the Peachtree road has been cherted from the end of the asphalt out four miles we will have a splendid place for road racing—the best in the south. I want to see four or five ten-mile runs every year here. I agree with you that long distance cycling should be boomed."

The many friends of Ned Chalfant, who was for a long time one of the most popular cyclists in the city, will be glad to hear that he is making splendid progress in Chicago, where he is with the Sterling bicycle works. He entered the big road race there—the Pullman road race—and finished eighty-fifth out of about 300 riders. His time was fifty-eight minutes for the twenty miles, and much of the road was very bad.

On July 20th there will be a big meet at Meridian, Miss., and several ex-Atlanta men will be there. Hugh Caperton, an ex-Atlantan, who has a record of 2:24 for the mile, will go from Louisville. His time at the five-mile race here was 15:26. George Quinn, ex-Atlantan, but now in Mobile, will go. He does a fast mile.

Another man that may attend is one well known in Atlanta. He is the champion of the south, having won the championship at Charlotte. His name is George N. Adams and he is a Jacksonville man. Adams was 2:15 for the mile and has never made in a competitive mile in the south.

F. G. Byrd, captain of the Young Men's Christian Association Cycling Club, a modest fellow and is not prone to talk of his good rides. Nevertheless there is not a better rider in the city. He holds the state championship at 2:25 and in five consecutive hours and fifteen minutes rode seventy-six miles—a cracking good performance.

Cleveland Bolles, I am told, is getting back into something like his old time form. A year ago he gave great promise as a short distance man, but through a series of accidents fell out of training. He won for himself the sobriquet of "Dean Willie" by his fast quarter-mile performance. He is now going that distance in 24.

Bob Walworth is a promising youngster. He surprised the sure ones by winning the road race here and took a trip off and brought back several scalps in the way of two firsts and one second. He is a splendid man for five or ten miles. His time in the five miles was 14:30—a rattling good pace.

Kendall Spear and Herbert Post are two good local riders. Spear is quite a young fellow yet and with proper training can be brought out into a fast rider. He has lots of staying quality and can put up a good two-mile race with the best. He has been very fortunate in winning prizes.

Mr. E. L. Mathews, secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, took a trip with the Young Men's Christian Association club on one of its runs. He surprised the boys by his ability to keep in the front rank and was always in when there was scorching to be done.

There are any number of youngsters on Peachtree who can do several difficult tricks on the safety and think nothing of it. They do some lively scorching on the asphalt, too.

Records and Breakers. There will be some lively racing, if not record smashing, in August at the Manhattan Beach track. A big lot of prizes has been hung up and there will be a number of foreigners on hand to assist our cracks in the divide up. Harry Wheeler, the Jersey cyclist, who is just back from abroad, mentions a number who will surely sail across the pond and take a try for the cash prizes. He says that Houbert, the Belgian flyer, who defeated Zimmerman last year, will be Verheyen, the German champion; Edwards, Barton, Linton and Lewis, the English cracks, and Michael, the Welsh champion. Wheeler had had

luck while abroad and attributes it to a fall he received. He will go into the races at Manhattan Beach. He began training last Monday.

F. C. Bald, the clever little rider, is still at the head of the national circuit chasers' list. He has started in open events twenty-four times, defeated sixty-eight men and has been defeated by only six. This gives him a percentage of 83.3. L. D. Cabanna has a per cent of 75.2. Titus, who appears to be a coming champion, has a per cent of 53.0. In the list of prize values Cabanna leads off with \$1,925 and Bald is second with \$1,345.

C. Ford Seeley, of Bridgeport, Conn., is having a picnic in the road races he enters. In the last four he has made a rather peculiar record, winning eight prizes. In each race he won the time prize and one of the place prizes. He has the happy faculty of winning the time prize in the front rank.

The editor of The Wasp, an Indiana paper, who is trying to ride around the coast and borders of the United States in 30 consecutive days, or a daily average of seventy-two miles, crossing thirty-three states and territories, 220 counties and visiting 3,000 towns, is hustling along and still hopes to win out.

A remarkable performance at Jacksonville, Ind., on July 4th has been taken but little notice of. On that day E. R. Anderson rode a five-mile road race, winning in the wonderful time of 15:00.2. The road was in bad condition, too. This is phenomenal when it is considered that Cabanna required 13:01 for the same distance on a good track.

The twenty-five-mile bicycle record has been lowered nearly a minute by Lawson, who has been surnamed "The Terrible Swede." He was paced the entire distance by tandem teams and went the distance in 1:03:15.8.

It is the general opinion that class racing is the only thing now remaining to complete professional cycling. This style of racing will be inaugurated at the Floga meet next week. The men will be classed at 3:00, 2:40, 2:30, 2:20 and 2:10 men and so on, giving both slow and fast men chances.

WITH THE BLOOMERS.

The riding school for the purpose of teaching bicycle riding has been hailed with delight, I am told, by the ladies who desire to learn the art of pedaling cycles. As it is now those who are interested in cycling are forced to practice on the asphalt if their yards are not large enough. This, of course, puts them where the curious public can watch their movements. It must be said, in all candor, that the movements of a beginner on a bicycle are anything but graceful. The burdensome skirts make it more difficult for the ladies, and as they are unused to a wheel they are naturally timid. The presence of a starting lot of on-lookers has necessarily increased their timidity and rather retarded their progress in the way of cycling. The school will be established by the Gash Company, which is composed of a set of thoroughly enterprising young men. They will charge a certain fee, which fee, he it said in praise of their fine business sense, will be refunded on the price of a bicycle purchased from the Gash Company.

Several ladies who were violently opposed to cycling have told me within the past week that they regard it as a delightful recreation and prefer a spin on a wheel to a ride in a carriage. They do not own bicycles but are preparing to purchase some light wheels right away. A machine called the duplex is in a great measure responsible for the start that the cycling has been given among Atlanta's women. It was brought here by an enterprising firm who are now reaping the benefits of their clever idea. "I was actually afraid of a bicycle," a young woman said. "until I rode on that duplex. It went along so smoothly that I liked it and as I got accustomed to it I determined to try cycling by myself. My wheel is a beauty and I take an early morning spin every day. The weather is good. I wear short skirts—that is, to a couple of inches above the shoe tops—and black leggings. I find it more comfortable than the bloomers could possibly be, I imagine."

A list of the ladies now riding wheels would include many of the best known of Atlanta's society women—both the matrons and maids. They have been practicing almost every night on the asphalt and several, at least, have become splendid riders. Mrs. Frank Meador, who was Miss Willie Peck, is among the most graceful of the riders. This week she took a long run. In company with a cyclist friend she rode from one end of the asphalt to the other four times in fine speed. This is a good long spin for a beginner, but Mrs. Meador did it gracefully. She did not make the time accredited to Mrs. Clew,

but was thoroughly at home on her wheel. Miss Mamie Goldsmith is one of the young ladies who is making splendid progress with the cycle. Some of the others who are now learning the fascinating cycling art are Mrs. E. M. Inman, Mrs. William Inman, Mrs. W. B. Lowe, Mrs. Grant Wilkins, Mrs. Thomas, Miss Lula Thomas, Miss Lillian Goldsmith, Miss Julia Wilkins, Miss Moore of Mobile, Miss Virginia Arnold and several others.

The question of costume is agitating the minds of these ladies, so it is said, and they have held several informal chats relative to what shall be made the proper costume for cycling in Atlanta. They should not be too hasty, as whatever they decide will be looked upon as good form and will preclude the possibility of any other attire for cycling. A narrowness of mind in this matter should not prevail. It is not necessary to go to the very extreme adopted by the Melbourne women cyclists, but it is necessary that a costume should be as comfortable as possible. A very pretty costume is a skirt that strikes well above the shoe tops. Gaiters are worn with these rather abbreviated skirts and a jaunty sailor hat and veil make a costume look much prettier. There is nothing immodest in this and it is quite the go in many places.

Atlanta is never very far in the rear, and it is a matter for congratulation that the women of this city are not prudish regarding a wheel. Physicians say that

those of her own sex. I am told by a friend of hers that the fair cyclist was gazed by women as she rode along and that she was in perfect street costume those who recognized her would frequently whisper, in audible tones, "There goes the bloomer girl." Now, young women and old women, if you don't like bloomers, your dress must be completely confined to yourself. There are people who think that to chew chewing gum in a street car is not the most proper thing. Don't make fun of the bloomers for the chances are that you'll be wearing them yourself shortly—that is, if you want to keep abreast with the times.

Speaking of bloomers, I am going to tell of a conversation I had with a well-known minister some days ago. He didn't care, so he said, to be quoted, so I can't give his name. We were speaking of women who rode bicycles. He said that he believed that women should ride wheels if they wished to, if their physicians did not advise them otherwise. "But," he continued, "long rides should not be indulged in with the chance of overstraining the system." While we were chatting a young woman, her heavy skirts enfolding the not very round rear wheel and impeding her movements, passed by. "If the women are going to ride," said the minister, "they should also be properly dressed. If there is more comfort and more ease in the conventional cycling costume, they should wear that costume. I do not think that the bloomers with leggings are immodest. It is my opinion that they are much more modest than the average ball-gown or theater party dress."

There is a story of bicycles and the like in which it was shown that sometimes bloomers are not best. A very energetic New York firm decided, so I am told, to insure bicycles. In order to get a big lot of trade it was finally decided that a couple of bright, good-looking young women should be sent out as solicitors. They



were thoroughly trained and were given the points upon which the subject of cycle insurance. Unfortunately, as it afterwards proved, a bright member of the firm brought him of a great, great idea. He whispered it in confidence to the senior member. The senior member was particularly pleased. He gleefully embraced the junior partner. The result was that the young ladies consented to make the firm as in bloomers. After the first day, however, bloomers were abandoned, as the owners of bicycles found so many questions to ask and scrutinized the bloomers so closely that but little insurance business idea. I understand that the insurance idea is becoming a popular one, though the young ladies no longer wear cyclists' costumes.

A poet in an Indianapolis paper indorses bloomers in the following words: "Her bloomers filled the public eye. And put folks in the best of humor. This is the simple reason why. Because, you see, she filled the bloomers."

One of the big events north was the Century run last week from Washington Park, Newark, N. J., to Asbury Park, where the big meet was in progress during the week. There was a certain time set for reaching Interlaken bridge. The starters numbered over 300. In the lot were twelve women. Out of the twelve women seven finished seven minutes inside the time limit, while there were not less than eighty-five men who failed to get in on the time set. This is a remarkable showing for a little less conservative than the ordinary cyclist, but found the trip an easy one and not so fatiguing as was anticipated.

Away off in Melbourne, Australia, the young women there in the best society are not waiting for their French or American friends to get the pace in the way of cycling costumes. Not a single French or American has evolved a costume of their own and are wearing it, much to their own comfort and greatly to the addition of grace and ease. In looseness there is just a slight touch of the bloomers to the French or American. It is much the same as that of the old-fashioned knee breeches for men. Heavy pants are dodged, the trousers are cycling stockings are worn. The jacket is a simple, sensible, to the ordinary seaman's jacket in the waist with well puffed sleeves.

MEET NEWS AND GOSSIP.

The Asbury Park meet, which was the national meet of the League of American Wheelmen was a splendid success. The track was in a much better condition than at Manhattan and the races were sent off in much better fashion. At the Manhattan track were not less than twenty mishaps and one cyclist had a shoulder dislocated and will be out of the circle for a couple of weeks. The time made, however, was better than was to be expected and a couple of exciting races developed. One of the best races at the Asbury Park meet was the five-mile race between F. J. Titus and Harry Maddox. This race was regarded as a cinch for Maddox, as Maddox developed fine form during the meet. However, and thus kept himself fairly fresh. Titus kept right at Maddox's wheel and when the last lap was called it developed a race royal. The time for the last five seconds. All around the track the men in the race were bunched. At the last turn into the home stretch Maddox was a

couple of lengths to the front. He put up his best speed but Titus gained on him until within the last fifty yards when the "C" wheel of Titus' cycle came into play. The rear roller of Maddox's machine. Then Titus, in a magnificent burst of speed fairly lifted his wheel and landed himself a winner by more than half a length. The time for the race was twenty-six minutes and fourteen and four-fifths seconds. This is the track record for the distance.

One of the features of the Asbury Park meet was the introduction for the first time of professionalism into the League of American Wheelmen ranks. It was the League of American Wheelmen that kept the riders from racing for money. It was well-known, however, that the prizes, valuable in many instances, were converted into money and that money was the object of the racing. There are now Class A, Class B and Professional Class. The first named riders are men who ride only in their own state or 200 miles from their legal residences for prizes that do not exceed \$50 and who are not allowed any expenses whatever or payment from manufacturers. Class B men are those other than the above who have as yet not declared as professionals. The last named class are those who ride for cash prizes or prizes of greater valuation than class B men. This puts professional riders under the League of American Wheelmen wing and in, I think, much better for all hands. It removes the necessity for deception on all sides.

Thomas Edison comes to the front again in the way of inventions, but this time he is applying his mentality to a bicycle and is net using electricity as the motor power. It was thought by several of his cycling neighbors that he had invented an electric attachment for propelling cycles. This, however, the "wizard" denies. He says that the story started because he was experimenting with an attachment to a bicycle for his personal use. Edison's office is rather up-grade from his home and he says that he decided to invest an appliance that would give the necessary propelling power to carry him up the hill. It is a spring which is wound up by power from his laboratory engine. The device is arranged so that when riding on a level or down hill the rider can throw the gear so that the spring is wound up to its limit. Then, when a hill is to be climbed, by touching a small lever the energy stored up begins to aid the rider. Mr. Edison finds this method of navigation, even on a wheel, decidedly comfortable. The power of the spring, he says, is sufficient to carry a rider 1,000 feet along a level road, though it adds to the machine's weight.

Even bicyclist tell snake stories. There is a very intelligent snake near Decatur, I am told by a well-known local cyclist. In his own words: "I have been riding to Decatur very frequently and during the past month I have seen a large snake every day. As I whizzed past the snake appeared to look on with envious eyes; when I rode by slowly he seemed to be raising up my make-up and the machinery of my wheel. One day I was riding leisurely along when the snake, with almost a twinkle in his eye, glided out into the roadway. I put on extra steam and dashed away from him. The snake remained steadfast. I increased my speed to a three-minute gait and dashed over the snake. He made a vigorous motion and I thought I had been struck. My wheel began to give way. He had simply punctured the tire. While I was pumping the wind back, after repairing it, that same snake, a little dusty, glided by me and went into the undergrowth with an imperious swagger." Undergrowth with an imperious swagger. It is in connection with this story it is only just to state, in fairness to the narrator, that an intoxicated man cannot ride a wheel.

It is being urged by a number of journals interested in cycling, that our riders pay more attention to long distance riding than they have been doing heretofore. In this direction, it is true, but there should be some and would be if any American rider developed any ability in this direction. If it became known that Johnson could reel off his fifty miles within a minute of that made by the Welsh lad, Michael, it would be but a short while before others tried and there would be a big international long distance meet. Michael has gone the fifty miles in one hour, fifty minutes and fifty seconds. He also tossed off a hundred miles in the superb time of three hours, fifty-two minutes and forty-eight and three-fifths seconds. Besides he broke all the records from two to six hours, riding twenty-five miles an hour for six consecutive hours in order to do it. Fontaine, the French rider, rode 473.3 miles in twenty-four hours, a record that will stand for some time if Americans are depended on to win out.

That much talked-of Zimmerman-Johnson match will probably never materialize. Zimmerman's people all put up the story that Johnson is bluffing and won't meet the champion under any consideration. Now Johnson is a man who holds a lively record of a mile in one minute, thirty-five and one-half seconds, and it seems to me that he would give my friend Zimmerman a wide-awake stern chase at any rate. On the other hand, Zimmerman has a world's record of 2 flat on a quarter mile track, and in his cycling history he has won the first water. To lose the championship of the world by suffering a defeat at Johnson's hands is more than Zimmerman would relish. But he should give Johnson an opportunity to be defeated. Johnson beat both Sanger and Tyler in the race for \$1,500 stake, making the best time ever made in a competitive mile—1:29.4.

By the way, that will be a great race on July 27th at Lynn. It is then that there will be a five-mile race between three of the best cyclists in the country. The men to try to conquer with cycles are Johnson, Sanger and Tyler. It is true that Johnson won the mile race, but it is claimed by the friends of Sanger that when the last half is reached he will be in splendid shape and will have a couple of well-pumped cyclists to shake off for the finish. I do not believe that Johnson will be defeated. He is a clean, clear rider and has wonderful resources. For some reason, the friends of Tyler are not so hopeful of his success, but he has a happy faculty of proving a dark horse when least expected, as his past record will show. At any rate, it will be an interesting race and the finish will be a heart-breaker.

Speaking of Sanger, he may be ruled out of the League of American Wheelmen races in the future. It has been published in several papers that he skipped to Canada for the purpose of doing some riding. He left, it is understood, against the expressed desire of his employers, the Spaldings, who, by the way, employ Titus. Sanger not only did this, but he entered into races when he was wired not to and lost. It is also charged that he was guilty of palpable cheating. He had not written to the Spaldings or wired in three days. His beat at Waltham, Mass., made him a second rate man, where he was a top-notch. He is in danger of expulsion, too.

Costumes of White. The bicycle parade at Asbury Park last week brought out many delightful cycling costumes. The Denver wheelmen, writing a correspondent, "are the admiration of the town." "Every young man and woman in the delegation of eighty wore a pretty costume of snow white dact. The men's costume consisted of knickerbockers, black stockings, white flannel shirts, sack coats and white caps, and that of the girls—and there were a dozen of them—short white skirts, white stockings, with big sleeves and white caps. And what a ser-

vation they created as they bowed along the avenue! They were greeted everywhere with a hearty applause. "After the Denver club the prettiest sight in the parade was the delegation of the newly formed women's league. Here is where the bloomers came in. But they did not look badly in fact, they were extremely chic, and it is but fair to say, attractive. There were a dozen or more women in bloomers and one or two in costumes that suggested a compromise between bloomers and something else."

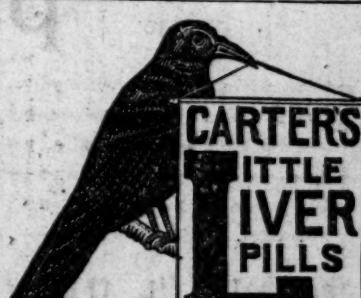
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DILIGENT IN FAMILY MATTERS

No Less Than in Affairs of State—Her Laborious Habits—Her Charities—Her Charm of Manner.

(Copyright, 1895.) London, July 12.—One day, very soon after her accession, Lord Melbourne, on placing a paper before her majesty for signature, observed that she need not scruple to sign it without examination as it was not a matter of paramount importance. The queen answered: "But it is to me of paramount importance whether or not I attach my signature to a document with which I am not thoroughly satisfied." On another occasion when the minister urged the expediency of some measure, the answer was: "I have been taught, my lord, to judge between what is right and what is wrong. Expediency is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand."

The extreme conscientiousness of the queen has never varied. In consequence she has had to go through an immense amount of work. The Emperor Napoleon III was perfectly aghast when he heard from Prince Albert how hard the queen of England worked. Lord Palmerston has put it on record that in 1848 no less than 28,000



FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF ENGLAND. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Albert Edward, of York.

000 dispatches were submitted to her majesty. When Lord Melbourne apologized for the mass application rendered necessary by so large a number of wearisome documents: "My lord," was the reply, "it is but a change of occupation. I have not lived a life of leisure, and, as you know, it is not long since I left off my daily lessons."

The queen kept a journal in which she entered everything remarkable that met her notice, with her own comments thereon. After every important debate she consulted the newspapers and made a summary of the whole. Now one of the ladies of the bed chamber is intrusted with that task. What precious documents for future historians! It was observed that the young sovereign never lost any time. Even when her hair was being dressed one of her ladies read to her, she listening with eyes closed to rest them from continual fatigue.

The Queen's Punctuality. Of course so much work required great punctuality, and the queen has always strictly practiced this politeness of kings. On two occasions one of her ladies kept her waiting. The third time this occurred the lady in question found her royal mistress with a watch in her hand. Blushing at this silent reproach, she said she feared she had detained her majesty. "Yes," for quite ten minutes," was the grave answer. This so abashed the culprit that her trembling hands were unable to arrange her own shawl, upon which the queen came to her rescue, saying kindly: "We shall all in time be more perfect at our duties."

When, at the fall of the Melbourne ministry, she was asked by Sir Robert Peel to dismiss certain ladies of her household related to members of the ex-ministry, this request met with a peremptory refusal, and her majesty wrote a letter on the subject to Lord Melbourne, which Queen Elizabeth might have signed. "Yes," for quite ten minutes," was the grave answer. This so abashed the culprit that her trembling hands were unable to arrange her own shawl, upon which the queen came to her rescue, saying kindly: "We shall all in time be more perfect at our duties."

The Queen's Daily Life at Windsor. Greville has left a graphic letter of the young sovereign's mode of life at Windsor, of her regular habits, assiduity in work, activity, cheerfulness and good nature. She rose early and all the morning was devoted to business. "At 2 o'clock," says Greville, "she rides with a large suite and she likes to have it numerous—for two hours along the road, the greater part of the time at full gallop." The queen may have been somewhat proud of her horsemanship. Soon after her accession she held a review at Windsor and charged her soldiers by her good riding and her half military dress. The prime minister suggested that it would be more becoming if the queen reviewed her troops from a carriage, but she insisted on riding, saying: "Remember, my lord—no horse, no review."

"After riding," continues Greville, "she amuses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing and romping with children, if there are any in the castle (and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there) or in any other way she may fancy. One of the little urshins one day horrified an attentive audience by telling the queen with the utmost candor: 'I don't like you.' 'But why don't you like me, my boy?' 'Because you are the queen of England and you killed Queen Mary.'"

Her majesty has always regretted that she was not a little taller. "Not quite tall enough for a queen," said she once or twice, and we read in her journal that the princess royal, "ran and jumped and out though I fear still little Victoria, used to do." "Such a little love of a queen," wrote

Lady Granville to her sister, "but her being rather short does not deprive the queen of real majesty." Before age and infirmities had wrought their usual sad effects, her walk and carriage were most beautiful and her manner of bowing is simply perfect. Tears have not dimmed her bright, limpid blue eyes and her smile is as sweet as ever.

Albert's Helpfulness to His Mother.

The queen's laborious habits were encouraged and developed by Prince Albert, whose sole aim in life, as he told his father, "was to be of use to Victoria." Her majesty has been singularly fortunate in the character and devotion of all her early advisers and Prince Albert's influence, in her private and official life, cannot be too highly estimated. The lofty moral atmosphere in which they both moved, the purity, honesty and simplicity of their life, were admirable examples for the nation.

The queen admits that previous to her marriage she was something of a partisan; her sympathies were all with the whigs. When the Melbourne cabinet fell, the prince consort told the royal lady it was high time to offer the Tories the olive branch, and she followed his advice. It was known that she did not like Sir Robert Peel. He, too, was aware of it and had been told that this dislike would induce her "to trip up his heels whenever she could." Such was not Lord Melbourne's opinion. "The queen," said he, "is not conceited. She is aware there are many things she cannot understand, and she likes to have them explained to her shortly and clearly." Immediately after his first audience, Peel declared "that the queen's behavior to him had been perfect."

Owing to her tact and that of Prince Albert, the difference which existed in reality between the place occupied by the prime minister after the queen's marriage and that filled by Lord Melbourne, was barely noticed by the public. But there is no doubt that the minister as well as

hers, leading the two little culprits by the hand. The woman was called out and the princesses were made to ask her forgiveness.

Prof. Tyndall's Visit to the Queen. The celebrated Professor Tyndall has left an interesting reminiscence of his first visit to Osborne. "He was invited," he writes, "with three other very distinguished men to go down to Osborne and talk to the children on matters of science; I did not expect more than familiar conversation, but I found I had to lecture before her majesty herself, and being entirely unprepared in the manner of a court, I fear my behavior was not what it ought to have been; my uncertainty in this respect was a cause of intense discomfort to me. But on the following morning the discomfort melted away like a cloud in the presence of the cordial, merry laughter and pleasant conversations of Prince Leopold, then a little boy. The prince took me over his small gardens, showed me his implements of husbandry, wheelbarrows, spades, rakes and hoes allotted to him, to his brothers and sisters by their noble and most wise father. He showed me their museum and told me to whom each of the objects belonged and it was a profound comfort to me, for I felt that I was standing, not in the presence of a royal personage, but in the presence of royal persons who had changed hollowness and artificiality for the cultivation of those virtues which lie in the power of every upright, wise man in any grade of society. I felt that I was enabled to get through the remainder of my work much more happily than I should otherwise have done."

A Letter to the Prince of Wales.

When the prince of Wales attained his majority the queen wrote to him announcing his emancipation from parental authority and control. "It is one of the most admirable letters ever penned," says Greville. "The queen tells the prince he may have thought the rule she and the prince consort adopted for his education rather severe, but that his welfare was their only object and well knowing to what seductions of flattery he would eventually be exposed, they wished to prepare and strengthen his mind against them; that they were not to consider himself his own master; that they should never intrude any advice upon him, although always ready to give it when he thought fit to seek it. It was," adds Greville, "a very long letter and seemed to have made a profound impression on the prince and to have touched his feelings to the quick. He brought it to Gerald Wellesley in floods of tears and the effect it produced is a proof of the wisdom which dictated the communication."

The Queen's Kindness to the Poor.

Of her visits to her sick neighbors, carrying with her useful presents, reading chapters of the scriptures to them, Osborne and Balmoral give touching words. Her majesty is always prompt to sympathize with those who suffer, and weep with those who weep, for she has suffered and wept much on her own account. When crushed by the most cruel affliction, the widowed queen was at first stunned by the blow. Prince Alice, whose fortitude amazed everybody, afterwards said she wondered how her mother and herself had lived through the first bitter days. At last helped and supported in every way by her most admirable daughter, she bowed in submission to the Almighty's will, saying: "I have had God's teaching and have learnt to bear all He lays upon me." To D. Norman MacLeod later she owned that everything seemed dead to her, that all she did was done mechanically, adding: "But I will never shrink from duty." And bravely has she fulfilled her resolution upheld by the love and veneration of her people. Even now her majesty works hard for three hours every morning. Since her one great sorrow others have clouded her life and rent her maternal heart. She has lost her beloved daughter, Princess Alice, her youngest son, Prince Leopold, her grandson, the duke of Clarence, heir to the throne. She has parted from many friends—and her majesty is the most faithful of friends. "You do not know," said Princess Christian a short time ago to Viscount Folkestone, "how lonely my mansion is. I feel as if all her friends were dying off one by one; all her daughters are married and with the exception of Beatrice, have left her. Oh, she is so lonely."

Who can envy kings and queens? Nevertheless if Queen Victoria's life had not been exempt from the trials of the common lot of humanity, it has been blessed in many ways and by thousands of people. The queen has reigned for more than half a century without making a personal enemy, or a political foe. This praise given to her majesty lately by an English publisher, is higher than any of which her ancestors can boast.

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